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Q.
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Easyriders

Number 109

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Spider picks up on little-known news	5
Praised and grazed by the readers	6
A bro and his rat, back after ten years	12
Puttin' painter has a vested interest	18
A photo stroll through Daytona's bars	20
Simplified chart for exact hole shots	26
Insane idea of a weekend warrior	28
Road vet has a rough day in the desert	30
Seven years of sweat went into his pan	32
A tribute for a fallen Blues Bro	41
Examining the latest in biking news	43
Possible tip on court case malpractice	47
Horrific jokes to make ya gag	48
Farout forecasts for Cancers	50
Squeezin' out an earned-burn payback	52
Females are gettin' ready for the summer	54
Ridin' bros are shown In The Wind	58
Beautiful refurbished knuck from Vegas	66
It's time to pick the ol' lady of the year	72
Chick recalls a super-heavy night	74
Canned Heat's burnin' boogie continues	76
She's just as rank as ever, folks	78
Potpourri of scooter-oriented ads	82

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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 **Number 109, July 1982.** Vol. 12. **Easyriders** is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. **Editorial mailing address** is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. (213) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright© 1982 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, **Easyriders** magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. **Subscriptions:** All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, **Easyriders** Circulation Department, Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. 1 year $23, two years $46 in the United States and its possessions. Canada add $3 per year. Foreign add $6 per year. Single copy price $2.00. **Postmaster:** Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301. **Advertising: Easyriders,** Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

Audited Paid Circulation

National Advertising Representatives: The Lifestyle Group, Box 88469, Atlanta,Georgia 30338. (404) 394-6767. Dale Naef, Frank Fittanto. Los Angeles: (213) 244-7044 Toll free: (800) 835-2246 (ext. 129). This number for advertising information only.

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 28th.

Issue Number Three cover photo by Pete Chiodo. Cover photo of Lisa by Ralph Hampton.

Everything For Ridin' Hard

The parts, the bikes, the women . . . we've got 'em all! Start your season off with a trip to your nearest motorcycle dealer or accessory shop. He's got Jammer's Handbook #12 for you and lots of our famous stock, show and go-fast winners right there in the shop.

There's also your local newsstand. If he's sold out, mail $3.95 (includes a buck for postage) to us at Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506.

Have you been skimmin' off cash, dealin' in drugs, makin' money illegally — like outright stealin'? Well, be warned. All income, even the illegal kind, is to be reported in your income tax return. Here's a quote from something the state of Massachusetts sent to its taxpayers: ''You must include all income you receive in the form of money, property and services if it is not specifically exempt. Report property (goods) and services income at their fair market values. Examples include income from bartering or swapping transactions, side commissions, kickbacks, rent paid in services, illegal activities (such as stealing, drugs, etc.), cash skimming by proprietors and tradesmen, 'moonlighting' services, gambling, prizes, and awards. Not reporting such income can lead to prosecution for perjury and fraud.'' So what do you do? Clean up your act and cop to your evil deeds? Wait until they catch ya? Pretend ya didn't know they'd want tax on such things? Doesn't it seem that by takin' a cut, it sorta puts them in ''business'' with you? Maybe there's enough oddballs that do declare such income — once.

The FBI recently advertised for a motorcycle helmet with a microphone and speaker installed for use with a G.E. radio or an RCA Tac Tec radio. What do you suppose for?

Latest word about Ponce Inlet's police chief's beef. His attorney claimed ''entrapment'' by his alleged former sweetie. The DA claimed that it wasn't entrapment. The jury convicted him of unlawful possession of a controlled substance and unlawful sale or delivery of a controlled substance. At this writing, he faces a fifteen-year prison sentence.

Fast-thinkin' file: His pickup load caught on fire while going along the expressway. He pulled to the side but didn't have an extinguisher, so he thought fast. He and his buddy opened the cases of beer they were takin' to a party. He shakes up the cans, pops the tops, and sprays the shit all over the fire. He used four cases (all but two beers) to put out the blaze. Maybe it's a first.

I want you all to sleep better tonight knowing Big Brother is taking care of ya. For instance, did you know the feds have 41,000 regulations that affect that hamburger you had for lunch?

Freaks Of The Month Dept.: They finally caught the dude whose kick was to sneak up behind women with long hair and clip a chunk off. He had four shoe boxes fulla hair when they dragged him off to the local slammer. Then there's the naked jogger who swore he was sent from another planet to free earthlings from their inhibitions about nudity. Or how about the dude who was arrested for sexually assaulting cats? I tell ya, it's either chromosome damage from the drugs taken in days past, or they've got a stronger batch of shit somewhere.

It's embarrassin', man, embarrassin': He coolly walked up to the cashier, asked for all her money, and pulled back the hammer on his gun for emphasis (like in the movies). But shit, the derringer dumped the bullets onto the floor. The cashier started laughin', and she laughed even harder when he got on the floor to pick up the shells. The bungling crook couldn't take any more laughin', so he finally got up and ran— with the store clerks in hot pursuit.

Man's best friend has done it again. Yep, another cop got shot by his best pal. While he and his dog were hunting, a rabbit ran in front of the Jeep they were travelin' in. The dog got so excited at seein' the rabbit that he jumped around and accidentally stepped on the cop's rifle, catchin' a toe on the trigger and blowin' a hole into the cop's foot.

Another dipshit: He went into a power company to pay his electric bill. He left a bag containing two grams of coke sitting on the counter. Discovering his goof, he went back to get it. Too late— the cops had it and hauled him and his nose candy away.■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

WORDMONGER

Felony Stupid

☐ Thought you would get a kick out of this. Late last summer I got a ticket from the locals. Now, everyone knows that they are smart and we are stupid, right? The ticket read "Accesive Exceleration and no motorcycle indorsement." The spelling (or lack of it) is the cop's, not mine. What really got me is that after I went bail, as I was leaving and kidding the cops about "felony stupid," the sarge told me straight-faced that that is the way it appeared in the state code.

I am trying very hard not to believe it. Those fuckers spell as well as I type.

Whitey
Tomball, Tex.

It's A Shame

☐ Just wanna say good fuckin' work to Greg Higginbotham. I'm referrin' to the letter he wrote on page 8 of your April '82 issue. He's right. Some people believe the shit they see on the tube. It's a fuckin' shame.

J.P.
Waltham, Mass.

☐ Right on, Greg Higginbotham! I think that in addition to writing to our legislators, we should also write to the media, which lead the public to believe this false image of bikers that they create.

Sneaky Pete
Colonia, N.J.

No Taste?

☐ Hey, man, I want to know why the fuck you don't show any '54 pans as feature bikes. You show all other years, but no '54s. Don't you assholes have any taste?

Freebird
Sacramento, Calif.

Likes "Garbage"

☐ I'm down for the time being and I need something good to read while taking a (hard-to-come-by) decent shit. Your rag just happened to be delivered on time this month. As I flicked down through the pages, I decided to check out wherever my thumb ended up stopping. It stopped on some story called "Hangaround" — and what a story it ended up being. All I can say is that it was a top story and you should give Garbage some extra raisin pie this month.

Jim Groid Page
Lewisburg, Pa.

He Checked

☐ Wrong, wrong, wrong. On page 46 of the April '82 issue, your article on the Motorcycle Safety Foundation states that big bikes averaged nine thousand miles per year, which is three times the small-bike average of three hundred miles per year. Where I went to school, three times three hundred equaled nine hundred, not nine thousand. I checked with the neighbors and some people across town. They agreed that three times three hundred equals nine hundred, and they went to different schools. So it ain't us — and that leaves you.

Wrong, wrong, wrong.

A. McBroom
Starkville, Miss.

■ You had to check it out? (Actually was missin' a zero.)

Chicks For Rufus

☐ Except for an occasional fuckup or a feature chick that looks like somethin' Rufus dragged in (to chew on Rufus), I have no beefs — I'd grab *Easyriders* before any skin book.

John T. Todd
So. Walpole, Mass.

■ Come on now, cut ol' Ruf some slack.

"Colors" Info

☐ Hey, check it out, bro. I need a little question answered and I can't ask any of the other bros around here, 'cause I'd never live it down. Ya see, two months ago I really started gettin' into the biker lifestyle, so I went out three weeks ago and bought a '53 Harley panhead and began ridin' in the wind.

Now, I want to know what the difference is between "colors" and a club patch. Quit fuckin' laughin'! I know what a club patch is, of course, but I'm not sure about "colors."

Hey, we all had little problems when we started out. I think you probably did too, so gimme a break, okay?

Spike
Oak Harbor, Wash.

■ "Colors" and patches are the same thing. They started off as club colors, when insignia were embroidered on cutoffs. Later on, with the advent of more clubs and more members, the club colors were/are sewn on a patch which is then sewn onto the cutoffs. Some still call them colors and others call them patches, but they mean the same thing.

There are strict club rules for wearing and caring for them. They cannot be worn or sold to any nosepicker on the block. You must be a member to wear a club's colors, and it would be extremely unhealthy to do otherwise.

Booze Fighters

☐ Over the past couple of years you've featured a couple of tasty old scoots owned by ex-Booze Fighters. How about an article on the Booze Fighters themselves? These guys were a part of our history, and when they're gone, so are the details.

These were the guys who laid the foundations of much of what we have today. I'd like to know what it was like to ride in those days. What were the heavies riding? What really did happen at Hollister? Where are they now? Why did the club break up?

Thanks for a decade or so of *Easyriders*, and especially for the article on the Road Knights' bash in the March '82 issue. (It's nice to see a familiar face once in a while.)

Craig Starnaman
Grand Ledge, Miss.

■ They mostly rode Harleys, Indians, and Trumps. Hollister was in our December '72 issue. The Booze Fighters were the club mentioned in *Best Biker* books. We plan to do an article on them this summer.

You Too?

☐ I can't understand why you dipshits get stoned before you do articles in your mag.

Rosie Greer
Killeen, Tex.

Promises, Promises

☐ If you print this, I promise to give my ol' man head every night for as long as we're together.

Baby Cakes
Latrobe, Pa.

■ Okay, start payin' off.

Shirley Fan

☐ Ya finally got some class! The fine-lookin' sweetie on your April '82 cover is my definition of a woman! How did you find her?

By the way, your featured nudie wasn't worth a sour asshole. I'm a man and I've got tit muscles as big as hers.

Mikie Morris
Beason, Ill.

☐ Ain't my "adopted" Southern mouse [Shirley, on the April '82 cover] something! Love her.

"Teach"
Bristol, Tenn.

■ She's somethin' and a half.

☐ Shirley can ride my bike anytime.

Diamond Dick
Herkimer, N.Y.

■ Yours too?

A Goof

☐ I was just checkin' out the jokes in the March '82 issue and saw the one about broads bein' like planes 'cause of cockpits. I knew you did that one before, so I checked through some older rags and found it in the July '81 issue. So what the fuck is

Fat "Bob" Sez It's Time Ta Ride

A

B

C

D

A.) This ass kickin' leather hat shows tradition. **S-M-L-XL $24.95** Goggles. **$41.95** #4 T-Shirt. **S-M-L-XL $7.95 B.)** Black leather flyers cap. **S-M-L-XL $29.95** Goggles. **$48.95** Hose monster baseball shirt. **S-M-L-XL $12.95 C.) Goggles. $42.95** #2 T-Shirt. **S-M-L-XL $7.95 D.)** Goggles for over glasses. **$48.95** Baseball shirt. **S-M-L-XL**
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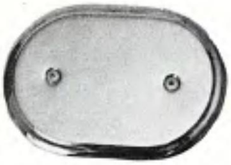
E

F

G

E.) Hustler Bags: Genuine black cows' ass with chrome buckles, snaps, and inner steel support. Neopreme backing to protect against weather damage. **$299.95** Mounting brackets fit bother Sportsters & Superglides, FX, etc. **$54.95 Chrome Taillight Visor:** For all 1973 & Later Hawgs. **$6.95 Chrome Rear Fender Trim:** For all FX's. **$18.95 Hawg Seat:** Bolt on fer all FX's. **$89.95 F.) Pony Express Bags:** These fuckers were designed ta fit all Hawgs with shocks. Ya can pack alot of shit in these. Thick leather, 12″ long x 11″ deep x 6″ wide. **$179.95 G.) '57 Rigid Bags:** Old style Hawg bag's fer rigids, comes with chrome mounting brackets, easily adaptable to custom fenders. **$299.95**

H



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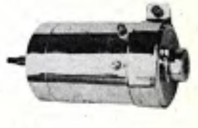

M

Round, oval, & rectangular, air cleaners fit all Tilloston, Bendix, & Keihien carburators. **H.) $24.95 I.) $34.95, J.) $19.95 K.) Hawg Pullback Risers:** Fits all XL or FX models. **$39.95 L.)** Tombstone Tailight. **$29.95 M.)** Chrome 12vt. Generator. **$165.95 N.)** Hog Wax. **$6.95 O.)** Chrome Master Cyl. **$69.95** Chrome Cap Cover. **$4.95 P.)** 12vt. Old Style Hawg Horn 5½″. **$39.95 Q.) Lower Triple Tree:** 73 & Later Sporty or FX. **$89.95**, Top Triple Tree. **$39.95**, Replacement Headlight Visor. **$24.95**, Stem Nut. **$8.95**,

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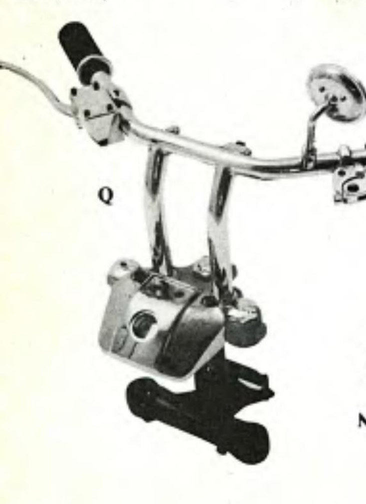
with chrome ends. **$18.95**.



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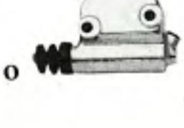

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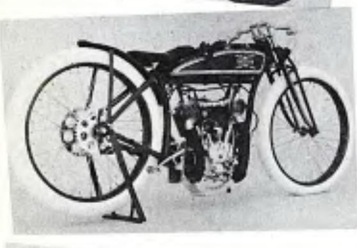

and they're all in **Iron Horse**

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Name ____________
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City ____________
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Do you own a bike? ________

goin' on? You must like that one. So hell, man, if you're goin' to print it, do it somewhere else. Save that space for someone else's joke, which might be better. Everyone can use the bucks!

The Motorhiker
Baltimore, Md.

■ The problem is waking up the editor involved.

On The Outs

☐ My ol' lady says "no way" to Dave Mann's centerfolds on the living room wall. So I put them on the outside of our front door, to let everyone know where I'm coming from.

Che
Pico Rivera, Calif.

Tech Tip No. 1

☐ You know all those used-up throwaway lighters that are lying around in your workshop? Take a couple of seconds, take the flint out, and throw it (the flint) in your toolbag. You never know when the little sucker, a pair of pliers, a file, and a little gas may start that fire ya need. Beats rubbin' sticks together.

Larry the Pervert
Germany

Ol' Man Contest?

☐ For some time now an Ol' Lady contest has existed in your magazine, and you have declined to realize that there are also women out here who would like to see an Ol' Man contest.

We're not saying that we need the guys showin' their chests off (although it's not a bad idea), but it would be great to have them decked out in their leathers with their Harleys beside them, under them, or wherever. There are some loving ladies out here who read your magazine and who would love showing off their ol' man by sending a pic of him and having it published in your magazine. Then again, there are the single ladies who not only love the life of a biker but love bikers!

Brenda Medina
Mountain View, Calif.

☐ What's fair is fair. Why don't you have an Ol' Man contest? That way, I can sit back and get into the bikes, the fun, and the men of *Easyriders!*

Rita
Temple Hills, Md.

Mountain View Gang

☐ Our complaint is that there are no pictures of nude males and very rarely males with their shirts off!

66 ladies from
El Cajon, Calif.

■ Gimme a kiss.

Gun Support

☐ Having been a scooter tramp for the past eleven years, I'm very concerned with the laws that affect our freedom and riding. I am a member of ABATE, and I appreciate what that organization is doing for us, but there's another organization that hasn't been getting enough attention.

I want all you fuckers to give some real serious thought to joining the National Rifle Association (NRA). There are a lot of assholes out there who wanna take away all our freedoms and make us behave like good little citizens (fuckin' sheep)! The right to keep and bear arms is the only thing that keeps the U.S. Constitution alive! If we give up that right, we give up all the strength we have. Don't let those communists take away everything else we have, like riding our scooters and being able to write this letter, etc. So if any of you wanna keep enjoying the wind in your face, good parties, and being able to call someone else an asshole without the KGB throwin' you in prison, it would be a good idea if you would cough up $15 and join the NRA. The address is 1600 Rhode Island Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C.

Rabbit
Danbury, Conn.

New Use

☐ I don't know if I should be sorry or grateful that I found a new use for your rag. The other night, while in my cell, I just couldn't take it any more. So I used my *Easyriders* to stamp out a whole club of roaches! Sorry, but thanks.

Dirt
Brentwood, N.Y.

Thanks For Help

☐ Thanks for helping me keep my ol' man happy all winter. If it wasn't for *Easyriders* and me, he'd have gone nutty! Good mag!

Mother Monk
Bowler, Wis.

Road Dog

☐ This is in response to the letter from Road Dog from Gasquet, California, in the April '82 issue. It's obvious that he has been hurt by a woman very recently, but I don't understand why he's down on all women.

S. Hood
Peoria, Ill.

☐ Road Dog of Gasquet, California, said it all. Every whore I meet thinks her shit don't stink, and even if it does, you'll love the smell. They seem to think that 'cause they've got you by the balls, they can change your life and mold you like a piece of Silly Putty.

Pussy doesn't fog up my thinking and it doesn't slow my cranking. If it's so much better than two wheels and an easy lifestyle, how come it's free?

L.M.
New Windsor, Md.

■ Free? You're kiddin'.

☐ There's some poor bitch out there for every bro alive. It just takes some longer than others to find theirs. Besides, if ya give up women, who's going to shine your putt or roll your joints?

Keilo
Nevada State Prison

☐ Did you ever stop to think you are the one with the fucking problem? There are a lot of righteous women out here and we're not all skinny-assed, cross-eyed, three-holed, sniveling mama's girls.

Plasma's Ol' Lady
West Pittsburg, Calif.

☐ Life is a series of gives and takes. The more you do for your man, the more he will do for you. That will get you both into Harley Heaven.

Short Stack
Los Angeles, Calif.

☐ You're right, bro. All these fuckin' women think they've got you by the hairs if they pat your scoot on the seat once in a while. Women are to be appreciated, but not necessarily believed.

Doc
Trinidad, Calif.

☐ We may be cunts, but there's a whole bunch of us who know how to keep their ol' men overfucked and sucked. We ain't heard no bitchin' yet — and we still

have a roof over our heads.

Stormy and Laci
Northport, Ala.

☐ Everyone is entitled to his own opinion. So, Road Dog, back off, you jackoff; you're a class-A, narrow-minded, pinwienie, dickless fucker.

Motorcycle Mama
Great Falls, Mont.

Via Fan

☐ I just thought I'd let you know that Jody Via has gotta be the best fuckin' writer you've got. I have read, reread, and read again the poem, titled "Devil's Run," in the November '81 issue. I tell you, that is a fucking good story.

Mac
Sydney, Australia

Reportin' The News

☐ I just wanted to say thank you for showing and proving that you all have a lot of heart for printing that very touching piece on the biker who was buried with his putt, just like he wanted, in your February '82 "Easynews."

If only more bikers could have one half the heart that his bros and you have!

Shady Lady
San Jose, Calif.

They Don't Look

☐ This letter is in response to T. Hart, who wrote to you in the March '82 issue. Many people I know have bikes. My sister has her own scooter and most of her friends do. I've always watched for bikes and small cars. I've almost been beaned myself because of my small car. Some people just don't look for any vehicle smaller than theirs. But if you see a blue Datsun with Harley wings, I won't try to blast you off the road.

Cager Who Cares
Sunnyvale, Calif.

■ They don't look, see, or care.

Downhill Slide?

☐ *Easyriders* is getting worse, not better. I am sick of seeing antique Harleys and rat bikes. It would be better if you left this shit out.

And who is "The Austin Animal"? He rightly wonders how thousands can take new wave music seriously, and then goes on to run off at the mouth about how great country music is. Well, all I can say is if he's amazed at how people can take this new wave crap seriously, I am amazed at how even dumb cowfuckin' Yanks can take country music seriously, especially after pulling down one of the few good bands around, AC/DC.

Well, that about sums up this month's glowing tribute, except to say that *Easyriders* is still miles better than any English bike mag.

Wayne
Rotherham, England

■ Country music is our heritage, and it's understandable that it may not be appreciated by people out of this country, although there are a lot of people over here who don't appreciate it either.

April Fool's Issue

☐ Since Spider didn't print this year's April issue backwards, I figured you must have a contest going. Well, I win! I found the fuckup! On page 100 of the April '82 issue, the Norton belt buckle, #B26, is upside down. I found this error exactly twenty-six minutes and fifteen seconds after I got my issue, so I must be the winner! So now that that is all cleared up, just one question — what did I win?

Paco
Marine, Ill.

■ You'll have to settle for six of Mutha's twat hairs (they're coming in the mail).

☐ Just dropping a line to see who the dumbass was that put the Norton buckle upside down in the April '82 issue, page 100. You're slippin', bros.

Churchvillin
Churchville, Va.

Different Width

☐ How come you made your fucking mag smaller this year? Don't come up with the same old shit that you're cutting back on expenses.

Jeff George
McLean, N.Y.

■ If you do any shopping at all, you know that everything is up. Magazine paper is over 60% of the cost of producing a magazine, and they raise the cost automatically every year. Our choice was to trim the size of the pages or raise the cover price. Most mags have been forced to do it.

☐ So what the fuck is the deal? Just got through with your March '82 issue and went to put another one of those great Dave Mann posters on my wall — and the sonofabitch was smaller than the rest. So I checked out the last few months' rags and noticed that, beginning with last month, your rag is smaller. So what the hell — are we getting less now? I want more, not less!

Skip
Moline, Ill.

☐ Hey, guys! Are you trying to save some bucks? I just received your rag (March) and fuck, it's an inch smaller!

What's it gonna be in ten years, man? A 4" x 5" book?

Ti-Gros
Canada

Red Is The Color

☐ I just want to say that N. Pallozza of Tucson, Arizona, (Nov. '81 issue) says that green is unlucky for bikes because it's in Capricorn, and Capricorns are accident-prone. This is total bullshit. He has his facts wrong. The only sign that's accident-prone is Aries, and their color is red. (Sorry I'm so late in complaining, but your rag takes a while to get down under.)

S. Walker
N.S.W., Australia

■ Hell, all this time I thought it was that shit I was screwin' around with.

Likes Candi

☐ When I saw the pix of Candi in the March '82 issue, I about crapped. She is the most deluxe bitch you've ever had in your rag. I need to know where to get more of her. I've licked all the ink off the pages of her spread. Tell her I love her, wherever she is.

Lucky Lane
Mill Valley, Calif.

☐ Well, guys, you've outdone yourselves this time. By the time I got done burning the pages of the monthly pictorial of Candi with my eyes, mama mia! My eyes are still burning. You all earned your raisin pie this time. Keep up the good work.

Mountaineer
Ridgway, Colo.

☐ I would just like to tell you that the cover girl on the March '82 issue was sweet. I've seen sweet broads be-

Continued on page 84

The INTERSTATE

New Nasty Feet

Made Exclusively for Us by Chippewa

No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe. . . 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Calistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrine sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for $90.00. The coupon below says it all.

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ **State** ________ **Zip** ________

Enclose $90.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width. Add $4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only. Add $9.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders accepted—Add $30.00 per pair.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

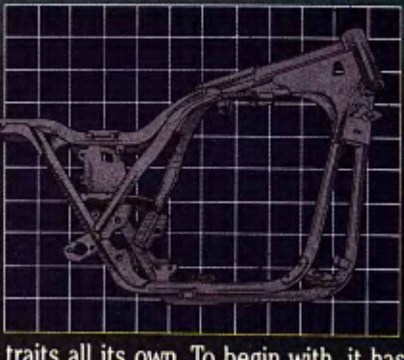
ITS REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN ISOLATES THE ENGINE FROM THE FRAME.

ITS AMAZING PERFORMANCE SEPARATES

INTRODUCING THE FXR. THE NEXT GENERATION.

The FXR Super Glide II® may be the newest model in our line. But it wasn't born yesterday. Unlike all those foreign sport touring bikes that are still wet behind the ears, the FXR grew out of a colorful heritage and years of experience. It is the proud recipient of our best road-tested technology.

But FXR has some very special



traits all its own. To begin with, it has a revolutionary frame and chassis design that makes it the best handling motorcycle we've ever built. Then we added road gripping Dunlop tires to make sure you get everything out of it that we put into it.

Another key innovation is the FXR's unique tri-mount chassis system. Maintenance-free elastomer engine mounts isolate the entire rear swing arm, drive train and engine from the rest of the machine. So road shock and vibration are dampened to deliver miles of smooth riding.

THE MEN FROM THE BOYS.

A new 5-speed transmission delivers loads of usable power and miles of smooth performance. And when it comes to long range cruising comfort, that Harley-Davidson laid back riding position and superb styling, FXR definitely takes after the other members of its family. Naturally, it has exclusive Harley staggered shorty duals, a fat 16″ rear tire and a new one-piece fat bob tank with a new console and gas gauge. It also has a new plush, soft wrinkle seat that flips up for easy access to the oil tank and battery.

The FXR is loaded with far reaching innovations. But also, all the Harley-Davidson heart and soul has been handed down. Immediately FXR was given the biggest production engine made, our massive 80 cu. in. V-Twin. In short, the FXR has inherited the Harley hunger for the open road.

True, FXR has only just arrived. But when you look at all those foreign bikes scrambling for position, FXR is way ahead of them.

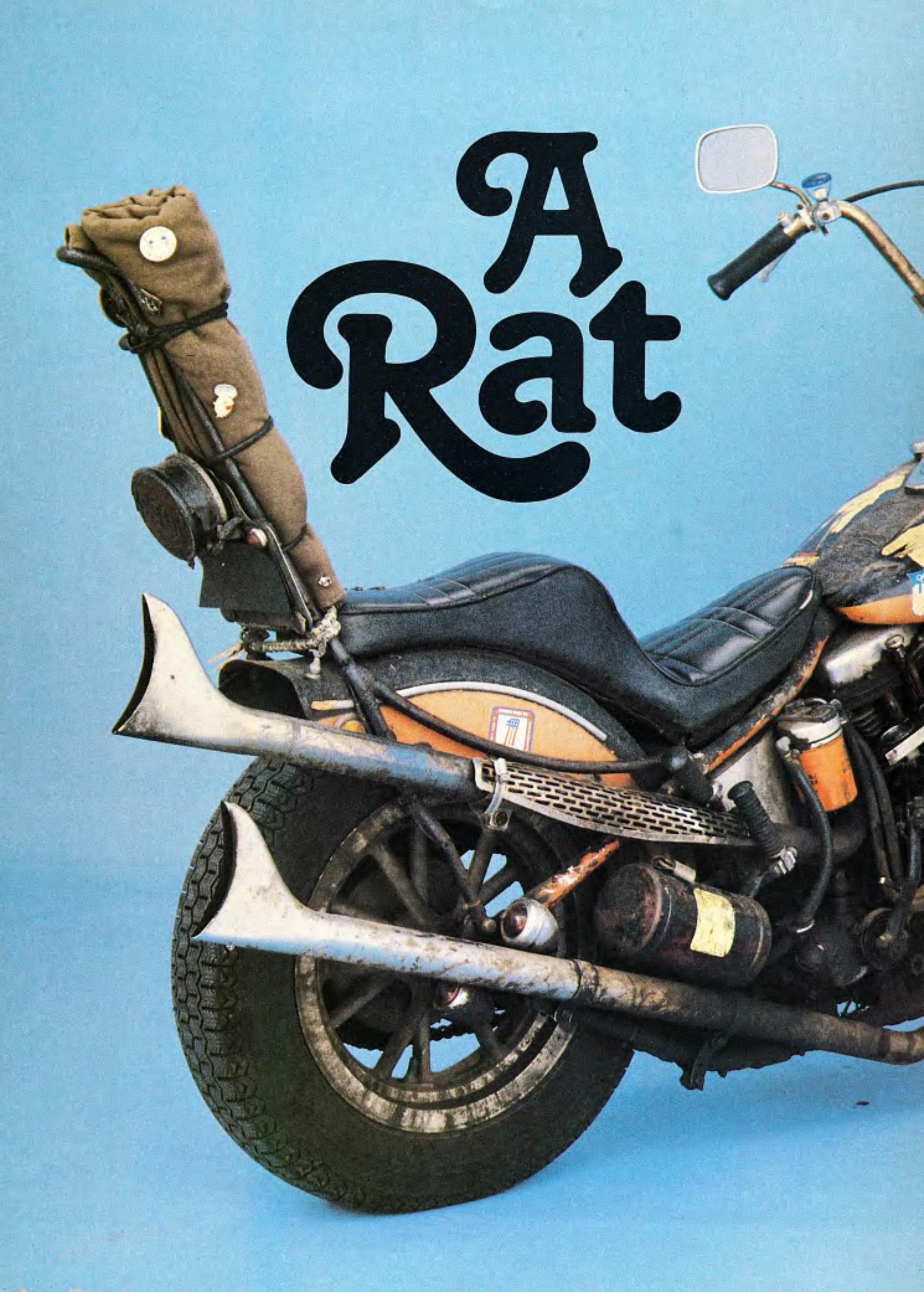
The future obviously belongs to Harley-Davidson. The next generation is FXR.

MOTORCYCLES.™ BY THE PEOPLE. FOR THE PEOPLE.

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON COMPANY ®

Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201

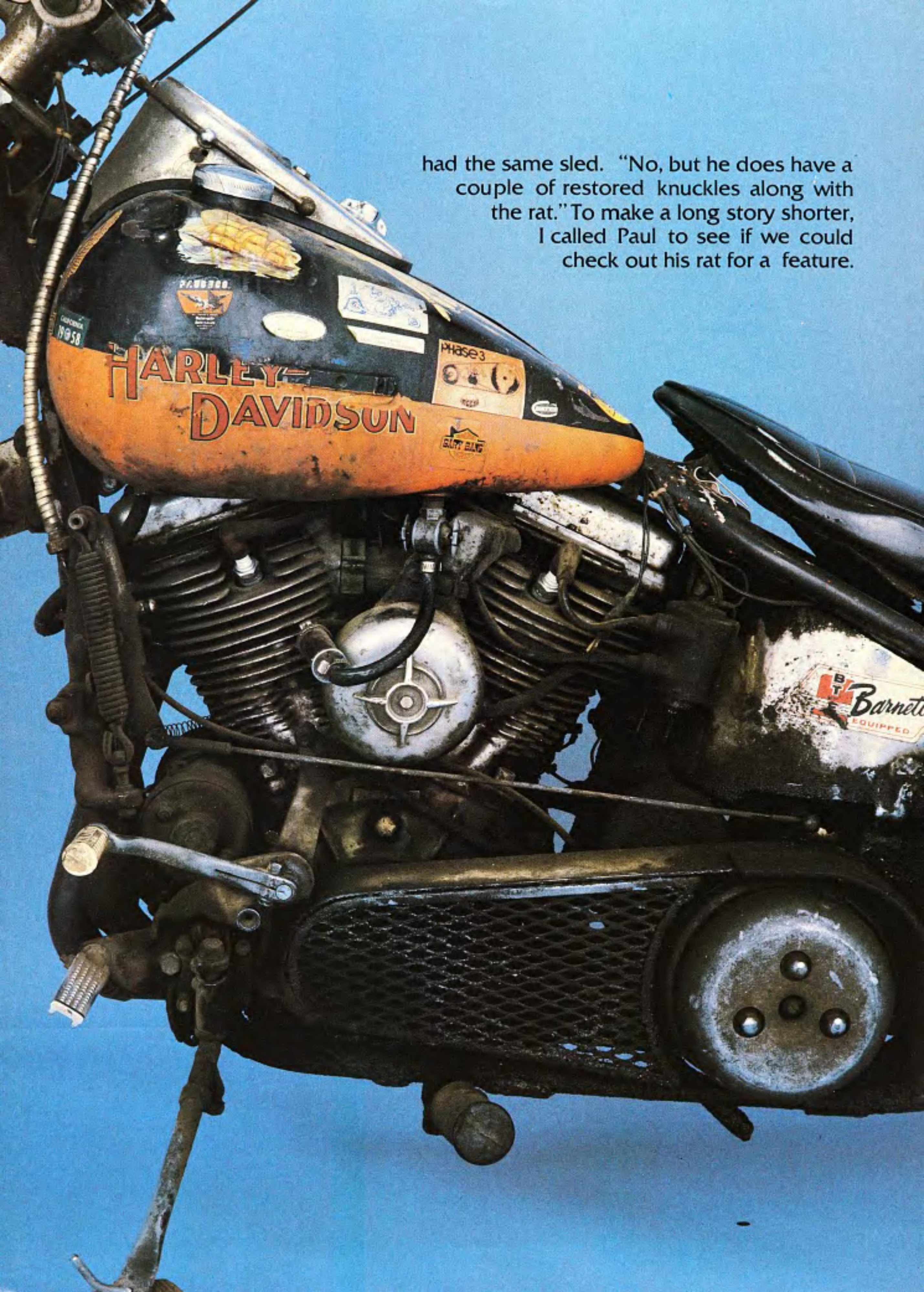
A Rat



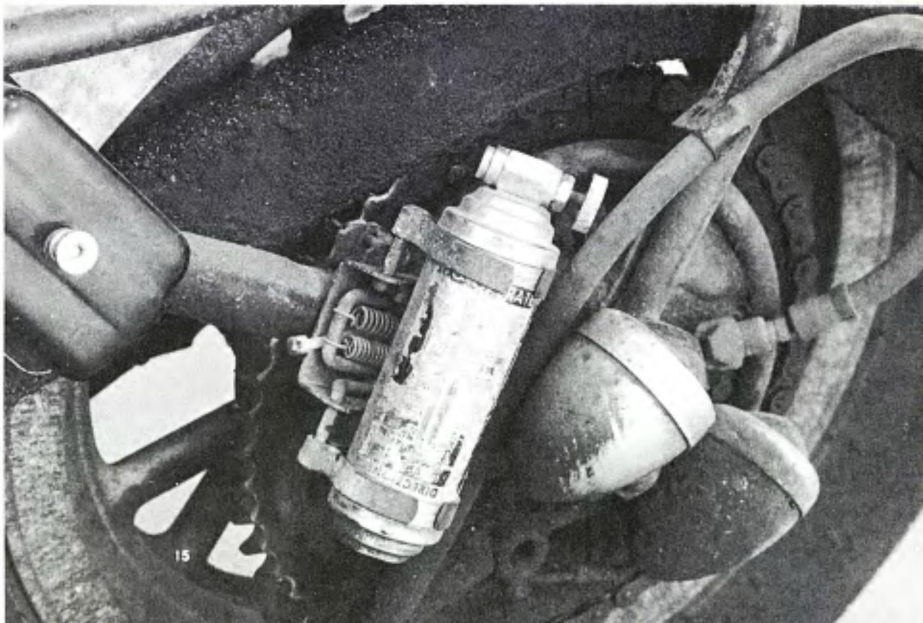
Cousin Rat: Remember that rat bike we ran in the March issue? Well, this is its cousin. When I went to Pete's for the photo session on that rat, Russell, the owner, told me about the rat you see here. He told me this bike was the inspiration behind the other scoot. As a matter of fact, the owner of the scoot you see here, Paul Wheeler, has already had another bike in the magazine and been on the cover to boot.

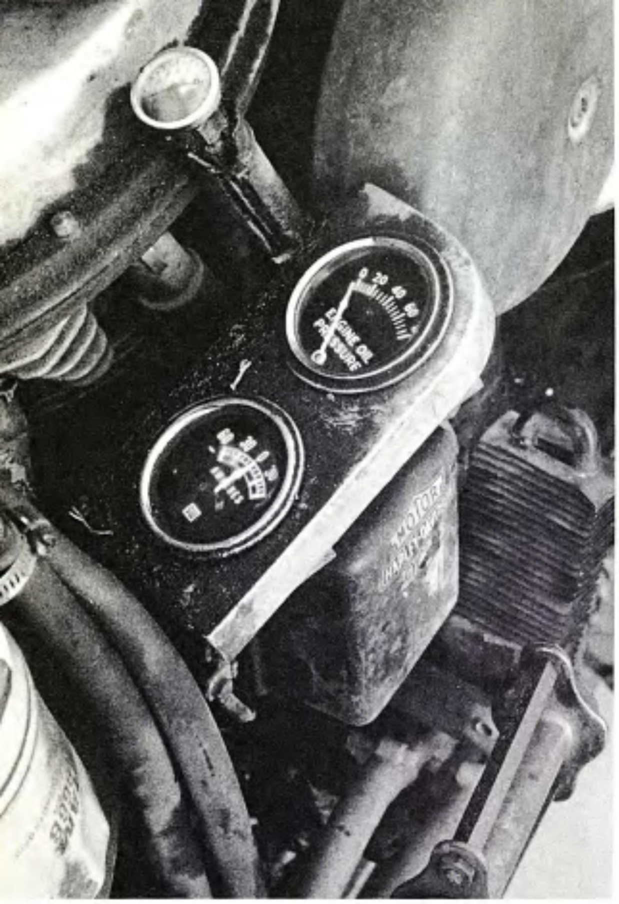
That was news to me, so I asked what issue. "The third issue," Russ said. "The one with the cover that made you think you were drunk from seeing triple." That did it — I was off in search of issue number three. Finally, Pete dug out his personal copy for me, so we could move on with the bike feature. While he checked, I looked. And while I looked, Russell was telling me about how he shared some garage space with Paul — and not only did he have a classic rat sled, but he also had put up some of the finest restored knuckles and pans ever to cruise the roads. That last remark must have cruised through my head — all I could ask was whether or not he still

had the same sled. "No, but he does have a couple of restored knuckles along with the rat." To make a long story shorter, I called Paul to see if we could check out his rat for a feature.



Easyriders
How to Drink from a Bota Bag

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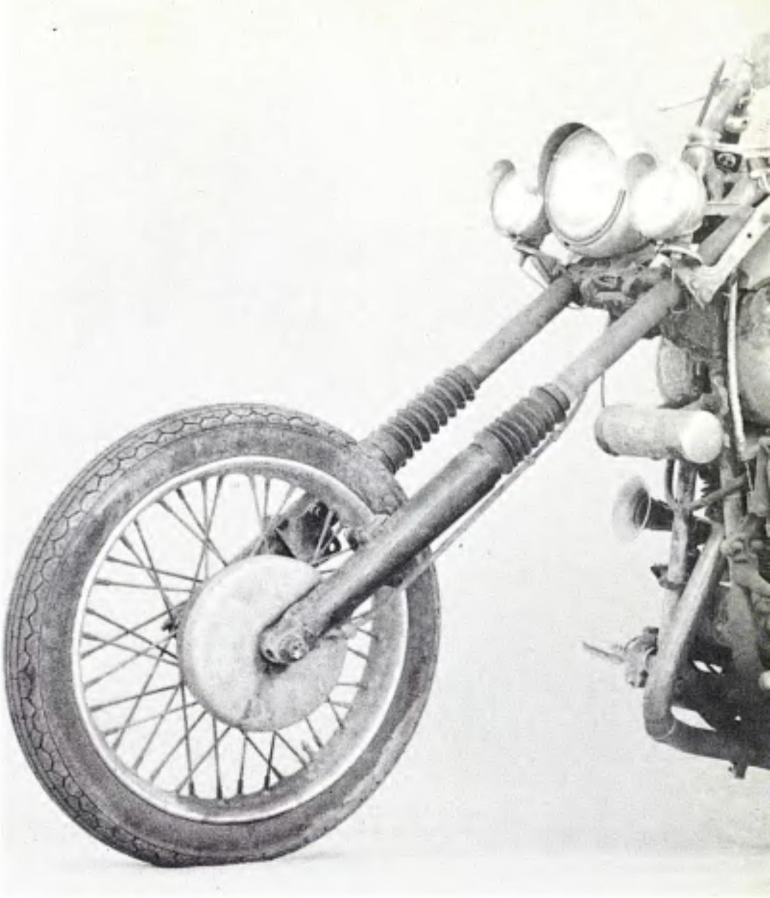
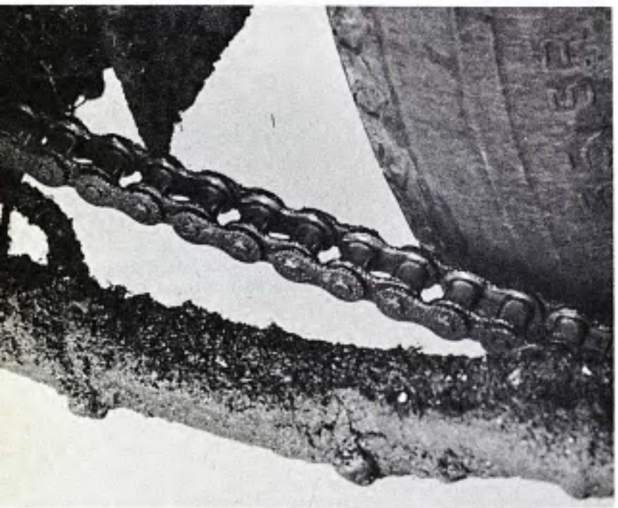

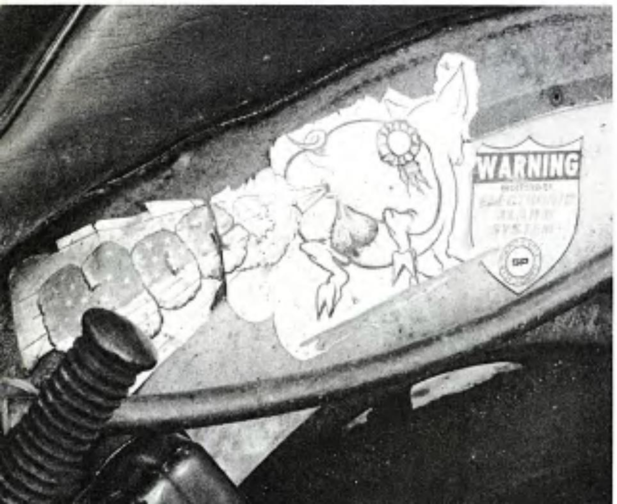
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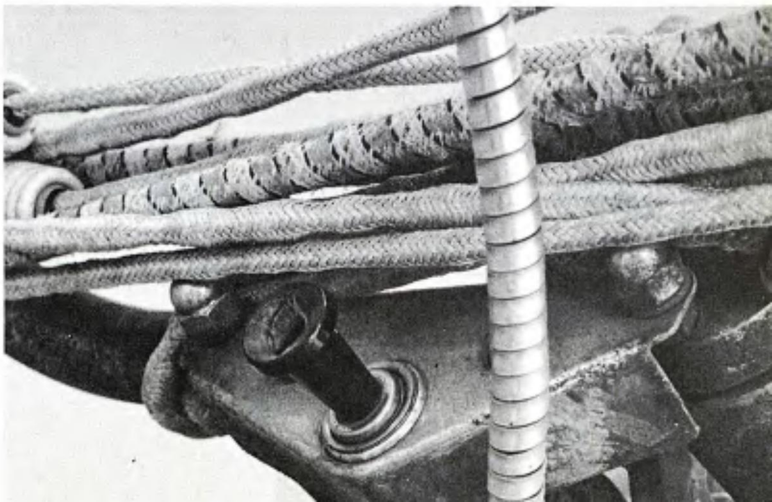


Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Paul Wheeler	**City:** Van Nuys, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1964 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FL	Type: straight bar	
Value: priceless	Rake: 3/4 in.	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 8 years	Other alterations: maybe a few	
Chroming by: dirt	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1964	Risers: 3-in. H-D	
Model: panhead	Fender(s): stock springer	
Rebuilder: Williams	Headlight: early Glide	
Ignition: distributor	Taillight: 1926 Pontiac	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: S&W police special	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: H-D	Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: .030 over	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: 5-gallon	
Heads: the same	Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): likewise	Oil system: filter, cooler, temp./pressure ga.	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: shroud	
Carb(s): MB74	Seat: Danny Gomez/army blanket	
Air cleaner: stock	Sissybar: one	
Pipes: upsweeps	Height: 36 in.	
Muffler(s): fishtails	Material: 5/8-in. round	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: rebuilt	Type: Glide	
Year: 1964	Extension: 12 in.	
Shifting: ratchet/mousetrap	Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt	Special features: adjustable trees/rust	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: 4 in.	Rim width: 6 in.
Color: orange/black	Tire: Continental	Tire: Michelin
Type: spray can	Brake: H-D drum	Brake: stock juice
Special paint: krylon		
Other special modifications: Bottle opener, cigar lighter, spotlight, fire extinguisher, spark plug box, etc.		

After a few missed-by-minutes deals, I thought the meeting would never happen. But I was wrong. Soaked to the skin from the winter rains, Paul pulled the tarp from the rat and I finally got to see for myself what Russell was talking about. I was speechless for a while — but nothing good ever lasts long. Anyway, Paul agreed to share his rat with our readers, so here it is — and it's not just another rat. —Toad

Howlin' Success

by Carl Kohler

Cozily camped beside the icy creek just a stone's throw from the road — one of those little Northern California backroads where the sound of any bike isn't often heard and where the thunder of three Harleys is as rare as the horny trumpeting of a bull elephant in heat — we heard them when they were still a mile distant.

Devildog pulled his nose from his bushy tail, stood up in the sidehack, and snarled softly.

"Knock off that shit," I told him. "We'll share this hot stew and coffee with them. Maybe even offer'm some wine and weed. Courtesy of the road, y'know. So relax, dammit, and be still."

Spotting our campfire, they slowed and, one by one, eased from the paved two-laner down through the trees where I squatted beside the crackling fire, stirring the bubbling stew. "Stay," I ordered Devildog, who obediently eased his steel-dust bulk to a sitting position and didn't budge.

There were three of them, two panheads and a knuckle. Couple more glances at their riders clued me that they didn't seem to be patch-holders of any kind. There's an unconnected quality among loners, a lack of cohesion that I had learned to sense. Two of the dudes were bigger than me, and I stand six-three. The third one was a runt with the sly face of a ferret. As he turned to check the pack strapped to the back of his bike, I noticed that his ragged old denim cutoff had a dark blue area on the back, as if he had once worn colors but had had them taken off. Torn off wouldn't surprise me none — I doubt any righteous club would have wanted him around long, judging by his sneaky look.

The giants looked genial enough, but gut instinct told me that I'd deserve what I got if I ever let one get behind me. Bikes leaning on stands, the trio walked toward our fire. I just kept tending the stew.

Devildog emitted a deep, chesty growl without opening his mouth. That startled me, 'cause he seldom acts that way. Apparently, he didn't like something about our company. Hearing his threat, the strangers froze stock-still in their tracks.

"Zeller's face paled, tiny eyes darting between me and Devildog, who was taut and trembling visibly with anticipation — my motion with the hooks having triggered his readiness. The slanty golden eyes gleamed with feral hope, a demonic light that never fails to send a shudder through me."

"Shut yer fuckin' nonsense!" I ordered him. The growling stopped like I'd thrown a switch.

"Does he bite?" the towering redhead asked cautiously.

"No," I replied, getting to my feet. "Rip and slash and tear and rend — yes, but he hardly ever wastes time just biting. Come on ahead. He'll behave now."

"Shit!" grunted the ferret-face, letting his companions take the lead as they came to the fire, warming their hands over it. Skittishly keeping his beady eyes on Devildog, the runt joined us.

"Tully Greer," said the giant nearest me, sticking out a huge open hand. "We're just back from —" His words stopped when he caught sight of the gleaming alloy I extended toward his waiting hand.

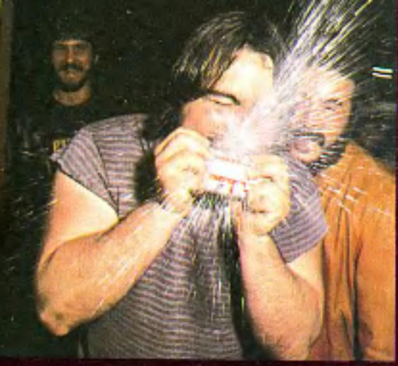
"It don't bite, either, man," I assured him, grinning. Warily, grinning back, he relaxed and shook it.

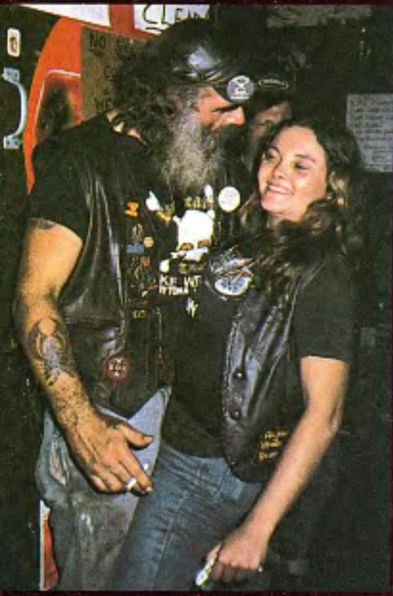
"Hey, how'ja lose both hands, man?" Ferret-face blurted, his voice loud and challenging.

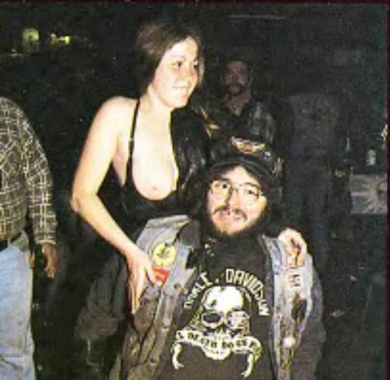
"In a fuckin' crap game."

Continued on page 85

Illustration by Duffy Duggan







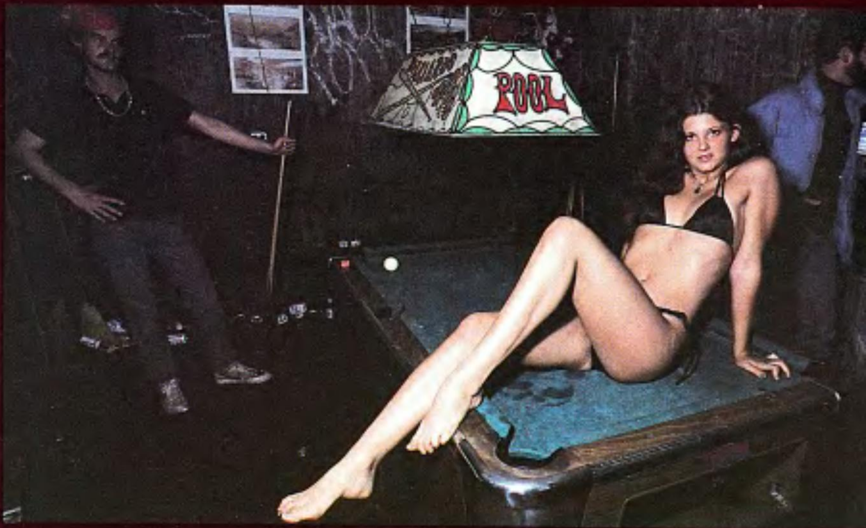
DO
NOT
OCK DOOR

BAR-HOPPIN'

At an editorial think-tank session, we decided to cover this year's Daytona Bike Week from the inside out — that is, from the inside of the bars down there. A sort of beer's-eye view, you might say. Or is that bleary-eyed?

In years past we've witnessed the traditional events, i.e., the Sand Drags, Cabbage Patch, Rat's Hole Show, the Harley parade, and the beach scene. This time we wanted to get right in among our people. And where the hell do partyin' people go, especially when it's rainin'? In, out of the elements, that's where. It wasn't much of a year for tans anyway.

We made it our crusade to be at every bar on Main Street and as many as possible in the outlying areas. Seven of the whiskeyest days of our lives. Bros, acts, an' sights can be remembered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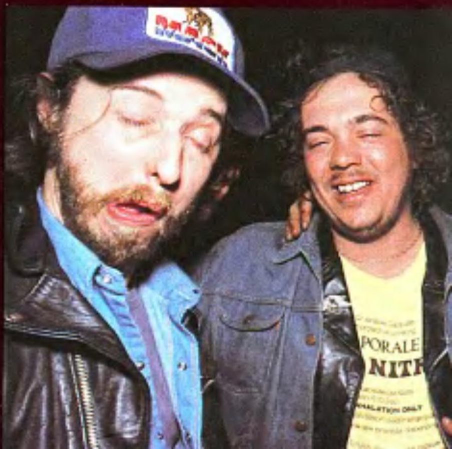
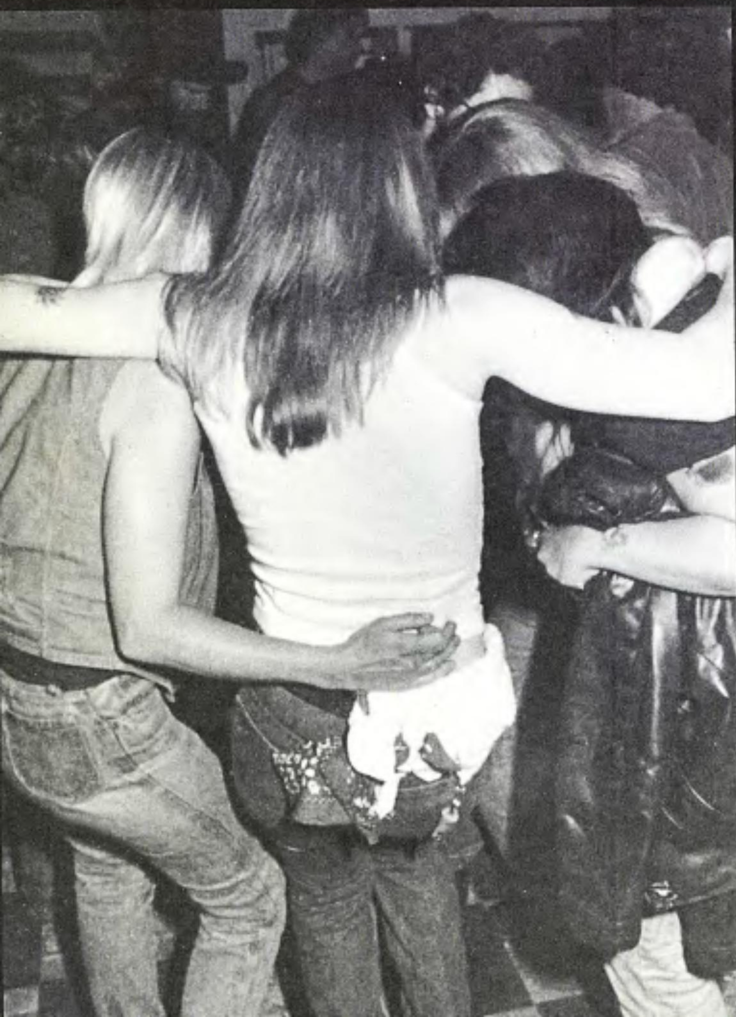


only vaguely — thank God for cameras.

People from all over the nation were tryin' their best to outdo each other, showin' pride and puttin' in a good lick for their home towns. Chicks boogied on dudes' shoulders, dancin' an' scribblin' their names an' towns on the ceiling of the Boot Hill Saloon. At the Cactus Bar, where we enjoyed Bill Van Dyke's biker songs, everyone got into backin' him up in singin' his tune "Brotherhood." Maybe we found ya packed in asshole-to-elbow at Blackbeard's, a virtual sea of Harley T-shirts, or gettin' wrecked at The Wreck.

The bar owners seemed cordial as could be; indeed some of the proprietors were bike people themselves, and went the extra mile to make out-of-towners feel welcome, like at the Iron Horse. They had it set up so those who wanted to could pull their scoots indoors in the back, cost-free, for safety's sake. Also in line with the good vibes to bikers from local businesses was The Last Resort, where the management put on a party for a bro who decided to get hitched. Five bucks got ya all the brew and good grub ya could eat. And out of town a ways, at the Aztec Lounge, the owner literally turned his joint over to a group from Kentucky for the week, as long as they partied (an' spent) there. No problems. Great attitude.

One thing about beer: there's intake and exhaust. When the toilet's busy, and it's too short for a knot, naturally ya heed the call of Ma Nature out in the alley. Ya think you're bein' cool till ya hear the sound of The Man. "Boy, where ya think yer at?" Right away you know you're busted.



Heineken

BAR
PACKAGE STORE
705

Four hours and thirty-two bucks later, if you don't have priors, you can be a free man again. There are other "hardened criminals" in the clink for such dastardly deeds as public peein', drinkin' in public, showin' tits, havin' dogs on the beach, and the worst crime of all, not wearin' a helmet. Gotta fix that one, Florida. We can handle the rest of the crap.

As the evening gets more and more liquid, the babes look better, and the frenzy in every bar reaches a wound-up pitch. Ya gotta be there to appreciate the zoo-like atmosphere of dudes puttin' lines on chicks, an' vice versa.

It's an annual ritual for longtime Daytona vets to check the taverns, tryin' to make contact with bros they've been out of sync with and haven't seen since the last time around. Sometimes old buddies hook up and the camaraderie continues. War stories from the past year fly back and forth, each tale one-uppin' the last. Bros fillin' in the voids of a long winter recount their doin's and antics.

It seems that makes us unique. We return, sure as a Harley's hard to kick, and the tide that rolls in and out, to pay our motorcycle homage. Think of it — forty-two years now of Daytona story-swappin', and each year's stories are different.

—Party Animal

Photos by Mike Lichter, Kim Peterson, and Roo

Tech Tip

Threaded Holes

This month's tech tip is short and sweet. What you have here are two different charts for the threaded sizes of Harley engines. One chart is for Big-Twin engines and the other chart is for Sportsters. The Big-Twin chart covers knuckles, pans, and shovelheads. These charts take all the guess-work out of chasing threaded holes that have been jammed up with chrome from the plater's or glass from the bead machine. Andy Hanson has these charts hanging on the wall of his shop and allowed me to copy them so I could pass them along to the readers. These charts have already helped me out and I hope they do the same for you. —Wrench

Tap Sizes For Sportys 1957-Present

Head bolts	1957-Present	7/16-20
Rocker box bolts	1957-Present	5/16-24
Lifter stools	1957-Present	5/16-18
Top motor mounts in heads	1957-Present	7/16-20
Cylinder base studs	1957-Present	3/8-16
Trans trap-door bolts	1957-Present	5/16-18
Primary chain adjuster bolts	1957-Present	3/8-16
Engine case bolts	1957-Present	5/16-18
Rear motor mt. bolts and studs	1957-Present	3/8-16
Primary cover screws	1957-Present	1/4-20
Cam gear cover screws	1957-Present	1/4-20
C/Shaft sprocket cover bolts	1957-Present	3/8-16
M/Shaft sprocket seal cover screws	1957-Present	10-24
Oil pump bolts and studs	1957-Present	1/4-20
Ignition plate stud	1971-Present	8-32
Timer cover screw	1971-Present	8-32
Oil line fittings	1957-Present	1/8 pipe

Tap Sizes For Big-Twin Harleys

Camshaft cover screws	1941-1969 1970-Present	1/4-24 1/4-20
Lifter stool screws	1941-Early 1976 Late 1976-Present	1/4-24 1/4-20
Oil pump bolts	1941-1978 1978-Present	1/4-24 1/4-20
Dist. drive stud	1941-1958 1959-1969	1/4-20 1/4-20 L.H.
Knuckle head bolts	1936-1947	7/16/16
Pan and shovel head bolts	1948-Present	7/16-20
Dist. mounting stud	1941-1969	1/4-24
Idler gear stud	1941-1969	1/4-20
Shovel rocker box studs	1966-Present	3/8-16
Engine case bolts	All years	3/8-16
Cylinder base studs	1941-Present	7/16-14
Motor mount studs on heads	1948-Present	7/16-14
Timing plug hole	1941-Present	5/8-18
Exhaust port shovels	1966-Present	5/16-18
Primary chain cover to case	1941-Present	5/16-18
Panhead cover screws	1948-1965	10-24
Alt. mounting screws	1970-Present	10-24
Ignition plate stud	1970-Present	8-32
Timer cover screw	1970-1979	8-32
Oil line fittings	1962-Present	1/8-pipe
Crankcase breather fitting	1965-Present	1/4-pipe
Trans top cover screws	1941-1979 1979-Present	1/4-24 1/4-20
Trans C/shaft cap screws	1941-1964	6-32
Speedo drive mount screw	1941-Present	10-24
Trans kicker cover	1941-Present	5/16-18
Trans drain plug	1941-Present	3/8-24
Trans adjusting screw	1941-1964	3/8-16
Trans case stud bottom	1941-Present	3/8-16 7/16-14O.S.

Biker Types 'Weekend Warrior'

One way or another, we try to sneak each leg-wettin' issue of *Easyriders* into neighborhood bread and beer stands across the U.S. Sometimes we slip 'em in between copies of House Mouse-keeping magazine, other times we smuggle 'em in with the burritos, but once in a while we don't make it and you could miss out on an issue.

Don't chance it. There's only one way to make sure you'll get your copy of the rag every month — let Uncle Sam do it! Just use the handy subscription form at the left and let the merry mailman cure your missed-copy blues. Subscribe now and we'll throw in a free color decal just to reward ya for bein' so smart.

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Smiley, you old pot-smoking, pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's $18.99 for 12 issues.
☐ Here's $36.99 for 24 issues.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

☐ Here's $19.00 for 12 issues. *Add $3 per 12 issues to Canada,*
☐ Here's $37.00 for 24 issues. *and $6 per 12 issues*
Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ *Zip* ______
Do you own a bike? ______ *Make?* ______
Do you plan to customize it? ______ *What do you like best about* Easyriders magazine? ______

BROS OF THE ROAD

by Jalil Damon

The chilly April morning wind hardened Clark Hunter's leathers and stung his weathered cheeks. He loved riding through this part of America, where Interstate 40 ties Barstow, California, to the Arizona state line. To Clark, the desert was the last refuge of freedom, the last wild thing in a country that his fifty years had seen grow too fast. He knew the desert and understood it, knew too the white, unbroken lines of I-40, lines that can send your senses into euphoric wanderings, hypnotizing you, killing you with the loneliness of its beauty and solitude, claiming you as the eagle claims the hapless jackrabbit, suddenly, coldly.

Clark knew that the desert can kill you, burying you with the sands stirred by the gravedigger wind, a distant mountain as your jagged headstone. Many bikers have died in the desert. It is a fit place to die. With no witnesses to your death, the desert offers an odd sort of immortality to those it claims. No expensive funeral borne by your brothers. No worms.

Clark had witnessed the birth of this portion of I-40. He'd seen the big Cats gouge and shape the black skin into two wide strips of virgin highway. Before I-40, he had known U.S. 66, which was now south of I-40, barely used, forgotten and neglected. He knew change and age, and death was no stranger to his thoughts.

Sandra had ridden U.S. 66 and I-40 with him. But the desert had not claimed her. Instead, life — the precious love of a new life — had claimed her. "Let's have a child, Clark," she'd said. And he had smiled, musing that at thirty-nine she was still the red-haired tomboy he had loved and ridden with for twelve years. She was always putting him on, teasing him, enjoying the quirks of his unassuming personality. "I'm serious, honey," she'd added.

"I know you are," he'd said. "But don't you think I'm too old to be a daddy? 'Sides, can't tote no sprout around forever on a motorcycle." He'd always pronounced it "motorsickle," and she'd laugh, as she had then. Her laughter showed the sureness of love, though, a sureness of having her way with him, too.

Last year, in the spring and summer of her pregnancy, they'd roomed with a friend in Dallas, and Clark had taken a job as a waiter in a fancy steakhouse, saving money for their child and a home off the road. "Time for us to put the old Hog in a garage and join the rat race," he'd said to her, and there was an almost enjoyable acquiescence in his words. "Can't ride forever."

* * *

He had wanted to curse the doctor, wanted to strike out at him with "Liar! Liar! No one dies from childbirth anymore!" But grief was his nature, not anger. Two days later, in a busy cemetery in a busy city far from the desert and the mountains he loved, he'd buried his woman and his child. A small, smooth marble marker, not the jagged and majestic mountain, *Continued on page 111*

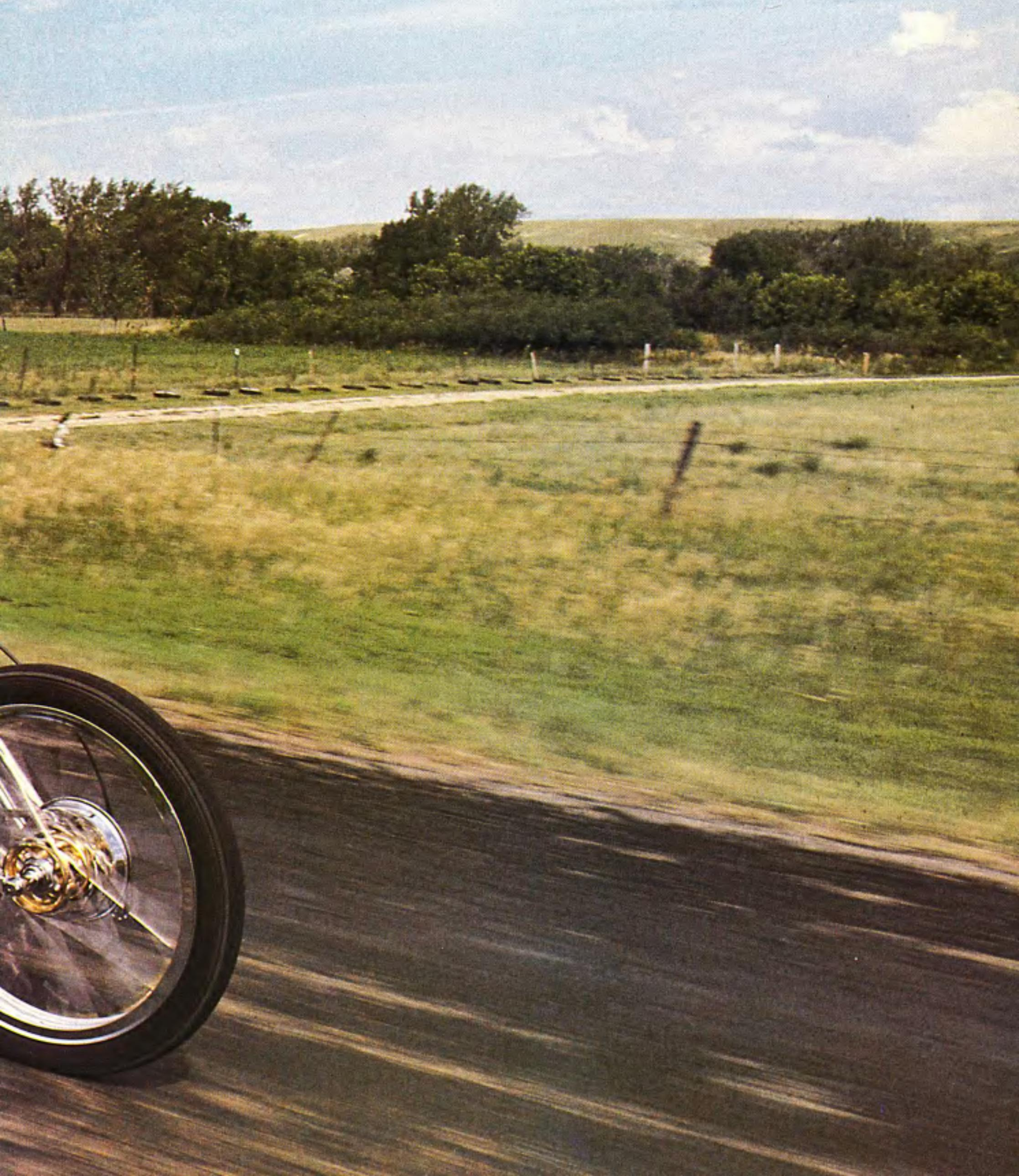
Lady Luck

Don't know if I'd go so far as to say this flashy pan came out of an ash-tray, but I know its name did. That goes back to when Greg pinched the lady statue from an auto parts store, rescuing her from a life of bondage standin' over burnt matches and cigarette butts — just a finishin' touch, but an appropriate way

to put a bike back on the open road after years of workin' and reworkin' it.

I'm sure Greg was pleased, too, by something already clean and gone through when he bought this pan back in '73. While she looked totally different from the way she does now, I hear she still looked pretty sharp, 'specially next to his two ratty 1942 military 45s. It wasn't a month of puttin' till he found that she wasn't as clean and tight as he'd been led to believe, so down she came for a valve job. Well, with a South Dakota winter comin' on, ya know how one thing leads to the next. . .

The years passed and so did his ideas of



just what he wanted. That was okay, so long as he had at least one of his 45s workin' well enough in the meantime to get around and make the annual trek to Sturgis. It gave him time to work on a few details you won't see anywhere else. His magneto modification was really trick, somethin' I bet a few of you guys wouldn't mind checkin' into. Knowin' that anyone can pinch almost any magneto-rigged

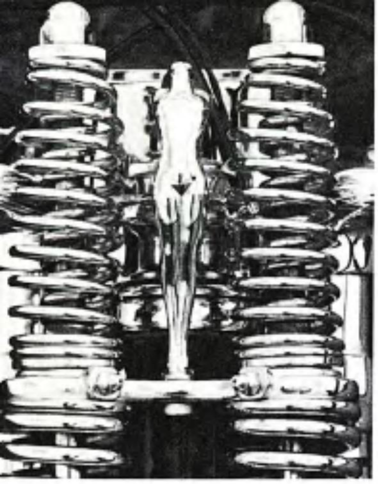
bike in no time, yet still wantin' to run one on his pan, Greg had to make it a little harder to mess with. That meant reworking the magneto case so that a round Coke-machine-type lock could ground out the mag and change the mind of anyone wanting to pick it. It's something to keep in mind. And who wants to be messin' with a dimmer switch in the middle of the night, every time ya got a cage barrelin' down the highway at ya, beams glowin' brighter than the sun in your eyes? A little switcheroo in that early-style H-D left-hand grip went from spark advance to workin' a switch that dimmed the Bates.

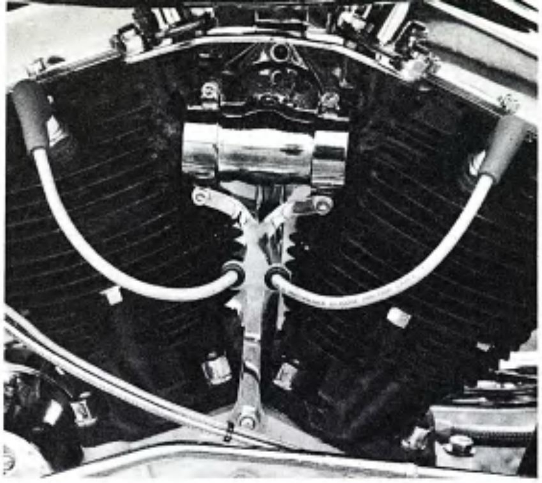
There's a lot of other details, like the rear pegs that push into the frame instead of folding down, little brake indicator lights hidden in the bars, and some

engraving on this or that. Just to be sure that some things would stay unique, he even smashed the mold after he had that one-of-a-kind brass hand cast which holds the clutch cable where he wants it.

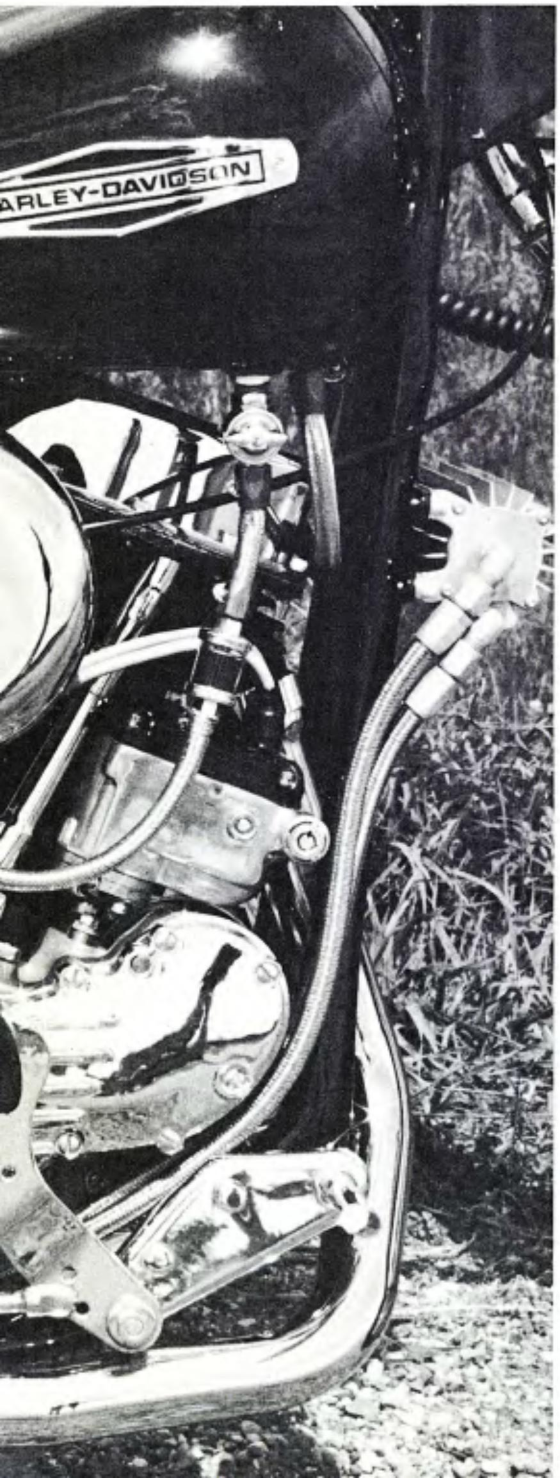
The seven years gave Greg enough time not only to pay for all this through the odd jobs here and there, but also to get a few things down right — like how to paint every one of those twenty-seven coats of candy lacquer and urethane. As a matter of fact, the last thing I remember from when we shot this feature was the sparkle of that lacquer. The sun was pokin' through a small hole in a sky full of dark storm clouds and spotlightin' the bike.

And that was it — all hell broke loose and everybody took off in different directions. The photo session was finished and another year of Sturgis was under our belts. We were hopin' we had enough stuff to show how hot this bike really is, and I think we do. Catch her yourself in Sturgis this year. —Flash





Photos by Mike Lichter



Owner: Greg Moses	**City:** Somewhere, South Dakota	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: knuckle	
Year and make: 1949 H-D	Builder: H-D and owner	
Model: FL	Type: rigid	
Value: big bucks	Rake: 3/8 in.	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: too long	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: modified Bates	
Year: 1949	Risers: Flanders	
Model: FL	Fender(s): just what it looks like	
Rebuilder: Lake Shore H-D	Headlight: Bates and owner	
Ignition: modified magneto	Taillight: modified Knight Light	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Lake Shore H-D	Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: Lake Shore H-D	Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: .040 over	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: bead blasted	Gas tank: 5-gal.	
Heads: ported and polished	Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Sifton 412	Oil system: late-model pump	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: engraved	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: owner and B&M custom seats	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: old Dick Allen	Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): yes	Material: flat steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: rebuilt	Type: springer	
Year: 1949	Extension: 12 in.	
Shifting: hand	Builder: H-D and owner	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: smooth	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: stock	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: candy blackberry	Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer	Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: urethane clear		
Other special modifications: custom cable holder		

WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

By P. Martinez

Wordsearch puzzles are fun and feisty. You may not use a part of one word to make another word. Example: the word BIKERUN is one word; you may not use any of those letters for the word BIKE. You may use letters of a word to connect with the next. Example SPIDE(R)AG. Go for it! And have some fun. (Hint: some of the hidden words will read backward and/or diagonally.) ■

Solution on page 84

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S H F O R C K C T S E T N O C Y D A L L O V O
H E A L H T N O N A I D N I G U C C I S P S K
O A T L A U U N I P N U R E K I B L D E C B N
V D F A W N C T N E C N T V O N I L E V A O U
E S L D G S K N O R S O O E L O L A N E R B C
L H A Y E O A T T P T R A F I F L C O N D T K
H T T C S M S T O I O S B T N A B E T T I A L
E I H O E I O R R O Y B T S T T L L S Y N F E
A G E V U H T R L R O S F O H B A A L F S T H
D E A C P S V R I F T T L C E O I M A O S R E
B D D O T P T D A E D T C I W T S K H U W O A
I A T E U O E F T I R U O W I O S T E R A P D
H E R L Y R D A N R P R T R N S O R R S L S S
A H M A S T B S T O N W E T D C A O N P T V T
W N A V I A D L T R R G L L R G F T W E E E R
O A L R V T S O E H N A P T O C O Y I C M P E
S P E E C B K L V O S W E N Y S A E G I L P D
P S C P O I T D M S S T O N E U R T W A E O I
I A A P B R E D I R D E R I B N S A A L H H P
D R L O U R R I E Y G O L O R T S S A V I C S
E T T H T O P A H T U M S U O L U C A R I M O
S L S C W C U N T E R S S E L C Y C R O T O M
T O S S P I E N O S D I V A D Y E L R A H O T
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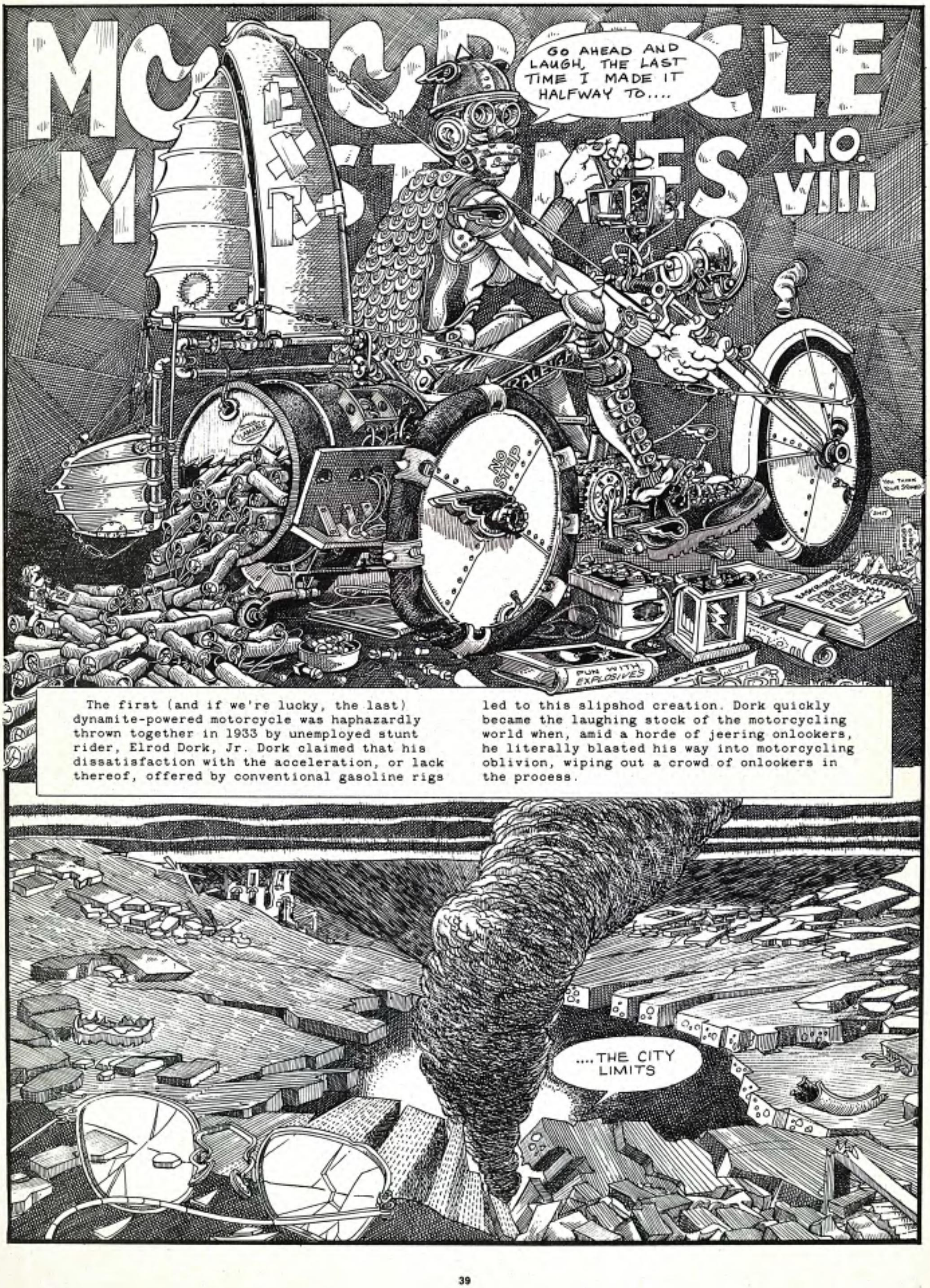
ABATE
ASSTROLOGY
BIKE
BIKERUN
CHOPPER
DAVE MANN
EASYNEWS
EASYRIDERS
FTW
FATBOB

FLATHEAD
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
HAWG
HELMET LAWS
IN THE WIND
INDIAN
KNUCKLEHEAD
LTR RTL
MALE CALL
MIRACULOUS MUTHA

MOTORCYCLES
OL' LADY CONTEST
PANHEAD
RAG
RED RIDER
SEVENTY-FOUR SPECIAL
SHOVELHEAD
SPIDER
SPORTSTER
WORDMONGER


NO. VIII
GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, THE LAST TIME I MADE IT HALFWAY TO....
NO STEP
FUN WITH EXPLOSIVES
The first (and if we're lucky, the last) dynamite-powered motorcycle was haphazardly thrown together in 1933 by unemployed stunt rider, Elrod Dork, Jr. Dork claimed that his dissatisfaction with the acceleration, or lack thereof, offered by conventional gasoline rigs led to this slipshod creation. Dork quickly became the laughing stock of the motorcycling world when, amid a horde of jeering onlookers, he literally blasted his way into motorcycling oblivion, wiping out a crowd of onlookers in the process.
....THE CITY LIMITS

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Booze Facts

Alcohol acts as a neural depressant (like ether or chloroform), rather than a stimulant (like diet pills). The apparent stimulation probably results from alcohol's depressant action on some inhibitory mechanisms in the brain. Loss of inhibitions causes the drinker to mistakenly believe he is becoming wittier when he's getting more obnoxious.

Alcohol begins to act instantaneously. A small amount of alcohol enters the bloodstream directly through the tissues of the mouth and throat, and 30 to 40 percent of an alcoholic dose can be absorbed through the stomach's walls within 20 minutes if the stomach outlet is closed. If the stomach outlet is open, the alcohol passes to the small intestine, where blood absorbs it much more rapidly. Once in the bloodstream, the alcohol soon reaches the brain and begins to affect it.

Once in the body, alcohol stays — at least for a while. You may down a drink in seconds, but your body must work hard to get rid of it. Some alcohol is discharged unchanged through the lungs and kidneys, but more than 90 percent must be oxidized by the liver, and that's the catch. The liver can break down pure alcohol only at a fixed pace; about 0.6 ounces per hour. That's one drink (1.5 ounces of hard liquor, five ounces of table wine, or 12 ounces of beer — these figures are for an average, 150-pound adult male). If you knock back more than one drink every 60 minutes, the liquor starts building up.

Tests show that alcohol impairs people in a variety of ways.

—Ken Lee
Cycle

Metric System

It passed almost unnoticed a couple of days before last Christmas; the sixth anniversay of this country's conversion to the metric system. Remember that? Turned out to be about as popular as the Susan B. Anthony dollar. Our Casual Caustic Observer, Harold Freeman, may have summed up the public attitude when he remarked: "If God had meant us to use the metric system, he would have made the weeks 10 days long and a year would have 1,000 days."

—Road Rider

FYI From *Cycle*

Who has not ridden up into the draft of a big truck on the highway and felt the steady side-to-side buffeting of its wake? The truck's flat back end doesn't permit the airflows moving along the sides of the body to rejoin each other smoothly after the truck passes — the air would have to make right-angle turns to do this. Instead, an unstable, alternating flow results. The flow along one side of the truck is drawn into the low-pressure region behind it, curling around that low pressure to form a whirling vortex that quickly grows in size until it is big enough to interfere with the air streaming off the other side of the truck. When this happens, the vortex is detached from the truck, or is shed, and goes whirling off into the truck's wake.

Now the flow curls in from the opposite side of the truck, forming a new vortex on that side, whirling in the opposite direction from that of the first one. It, too, grows and is shed into the wake. This process repeats itself steadily at a frequency roughly proportional to the truck's speed and inversely proportional to its width. The truck's wake now consists of a long series of decaying vortices, each spinning in the opposite direction from that of its neighbors. As you ride through this wake, you are pushed first this way and then that by these little tornadoes. The generation of such a wake is called Karman vortex shedding, after the aerodynamicist Theodor von Karman.

—Kevin Cameron
Cycle

New Test Procedure

. . .a new method of testing would-be riders for their licenses in Oklahoma is a breath of fresh air. A highway safety grant of $10,380 allowed development of the program, which uses radio transmitters hooked to the prospective licensee's helmet or belt. During the license exam, the tester "talks" his student through real-world traffic while following in a chase car.

—Cycle Guide

Which One?

I think my friend Carl Fisher said it best: "You want to know which bike to buy? Well, as far as I'm concerned, not one of them is worth the powder to blow it to hell. American bikes fall apart all the time, Limey bikes fall apart all at once, Italian bikes are never all together in the first place, and Japanese bikes aren't real motorcycles. So I never even think about which one is 'the best'; I always just buy the one I like the best. And that's what you should do, too — buy the bike that makes you feel good every time you so much as look at it. Even if it has problems—and rest assured, it will, no matter which one you choose — chances are you'll still be happier with it than with anything else, because you like it."

—Paul Dean
Cycle Guide

Instantly Noticed

To begin with, the police have broad discretion as to whether or not to cite a given offender. Obviously, many more traffic violations occur before the eyes of a police officer than that officer has the time to cite. Thus, the officer must select those individuals who commit the more serious offenses. Unfortunately, this process of selection can be highly arbitrary, as the owners of sports cars or motorcycles can attest. Motorcyclists probably do receive more than their fair share of citations. To give the benefit of the doubt to the well-meaning cops (a majority), the probable reason is not one of actual, overt bias on the part of the officer. Rather, motorcycles not only give the appearance of speed but are also distinctive by reason of being the exception. In other words, while we are invisible to cab drivers and little old ladies in station wagons, we are instantly noticed by the police.

—David Mallet
Cycle World

Bike Prices

The tops of both lines [Honda or Yamaha], as in Interstate Aspencade, CBX or XS11 Maxim, are not $3000 cheaper than the FXRS or any other Harley.

The price of a motorcycle is. . .the price. For every buyer who'll pay $4000 but not $6000, there's at least one who thinks $4000 is too much and $2000 just about right and so it goes, right down to the kid with the paper route and the $400 banger.

One man's bargain is the next man's impossible dream, so we avoid making judgments on prices.

Harley-Davidson builds and sells 50,000 bikes a year, compared with worldwide sales of millions of motorcycles annually by the Big Four. This alone means Harley cannot compete dollar for dollar, and that's why Harley-Davidson is careful to offer what the others don't.

—Letters Editor
Cycle World

John Belushi
(1949-1982)

Unlike his close friend Danny Aykroyd (shown here leading the funeral procession on his Harley), John Belushi wasn't a bike rider, but he was a bro nonetheless. He was like a symbol of the biker spirit — outrageous, free, and unique.

Like a good bro and a tight friend, John Belushi improved the quality of our lives, giving us uncountable laughs and a delight in the sheer *style* of the man. And to tell you the truth, it's not so much Belushi we feel sorry for; we're sorry for you and me, and all the other people now deprived of his very special talents. We're sorry for all of us because his loss — like the loss of any tight bro — diminishes our future and leaves a special vacuum in our lives that can't be filled.

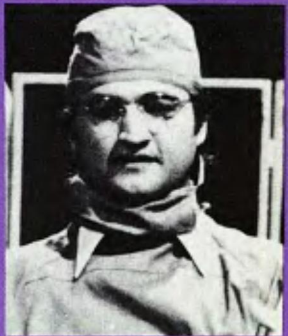
But he'll always live in some wry corner of our brains, still cracking us up with the memory of his samurai warrior or Jake (Joliet) Blues or his merciless impression of Joe Cocker or his incoherent, tangential editorials on "Weekend Update," or any of the rest of the characters he made so memorably funny.

Belushi was a partyin' fool and too much of a good thing finally caught up with him. He — like any good biker — was ready to try anything twice, and unfortunately he overdid it. At the ridiculously young age of 33, he cashed in his chips, a victim of the obscure demons that — at the height of his popularity — made him stick needles in himself and abuse his body as if it were his enemy.

Well, whatdafuck — he lived hard and died fast. As far as we're concerned, Danny Aykroyd put all that into perspective. Regarding the sad circumstances of his best friend's death, he said, "John was a good man, but a bad boy."

So long, brother.

—The Editors



Photos from Wide World Photos

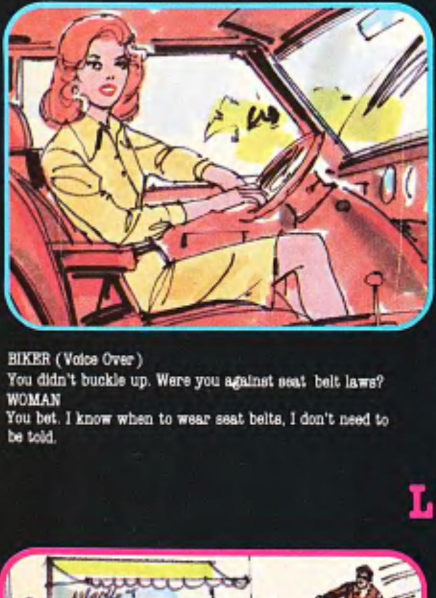
GETTING THE MESSAGE TO EVERYONE

Two-hundred-million American are waiting for the word and we're ready to give it to 'em. The Claybrook/Biker TV crusade is over and your contributions, supplemented by our matching funds, have paid for the creation of two thirty-second, professionally-produced public service TV commercials suitable for broadcast anywhere.

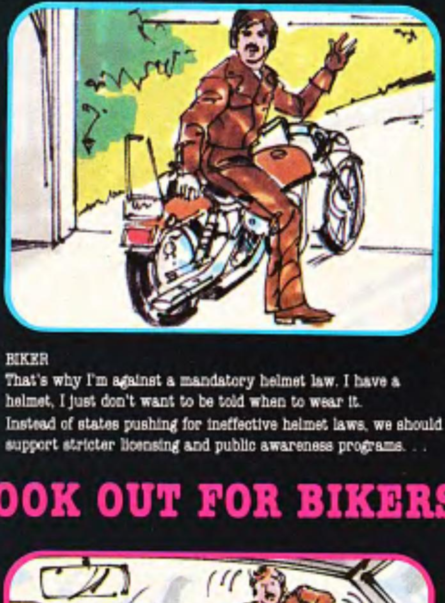
The first spot is called "Let Those Who Ride Decide About Helmets," and features a biker explaining why mandatory helmet laws are unjust and ineffective in preventing bike injuries. The second spot is called "Look Out For Bikers," and is designed to increase cage drivers' awareness of bikers and their rights. Both are, as we promised, available to you on two-inch video tape (used by TV stations everywhere) at cost — $16 apiece including postage and a special protective carton (and can be purchased individually).

Tired of hearing anti-biker propaganda day after day? Now you can do something to counteract it. Order copies of either one or both at one time, and get your local television stations to show 'em free as a public service. They must show so many free public service messages to keep their licenses — so talk them into offsetting the bad publicity given to bikers — have them save lives by promoting public awareness of motorcyclists.

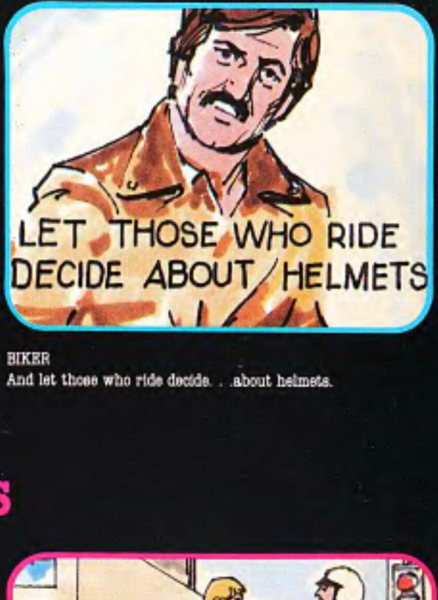
LET THOSE WHO RIDE DECIDE ABOUT HELMETS



BIKER (Voice Over)
You didn't buckle up. Were you against seat belt laws?
WOMAN
You bet. I know when to wear seat belts, I don't need to be told.



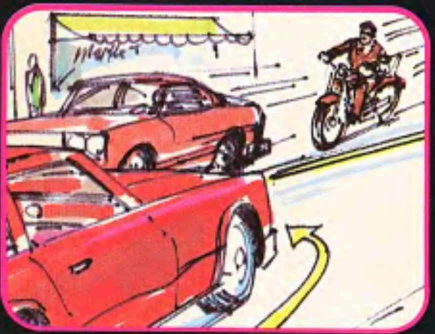
BIKER
That's why I'm against a mandatory helmet law. I have a helmet, I just don't want to be told when to wear it.
Instead of states pushing for ineffective helmet laws, we should support stricter licensing and public awareness programs. . .



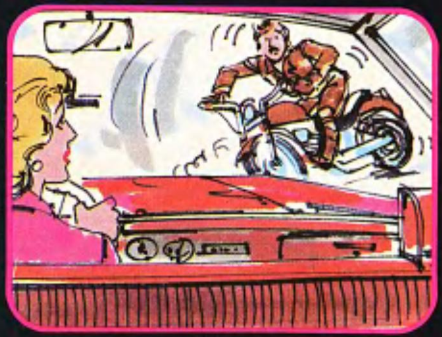
BIKER
And let those who ride decide. . .about helmets.

LOOK OUT FOR BIKERS

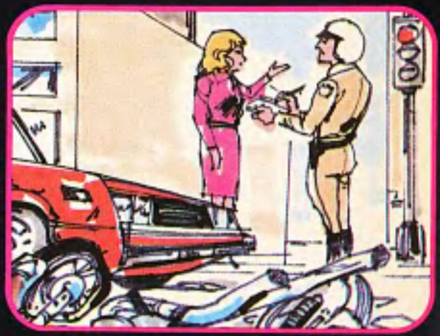
Storyboards by Ardel Read Productions



BIKER (V.O.)
To most drivers bikes are "Unfamiliar Objects."



BIKER (V.O.)
They may look right at the biker and still do this.
Sixty-five percent of all motorcycle/car accidents are caused by the so-called "innocent" driver. . .



MOTHER
But, officer, I didn't see him.
Safety is everyone's responsibility. So, drivers, wake up and look out for bikers.

It's about time you layabouts got those commercials done. I'm ready to spread the word. Send me: (Write number of copies wanted in appropriate box.)

☐ Anti-helmet law spot
30-second commercial

☐ Look out for bikers spot
30-second awareness commercial

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP ____________

Make check or money order for $16 for **each** 30-second commercial payable to *Easyriders* Bike Commercial and mail to: Biker Ad, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage.

Bikers welcome Florida lawmakers

The Florida legislature couldn't have generated more hoopla by hiring the Ringling Brothers Circus to perform at the opening of their 1982 session.

Most of the excitement was generated by three groups — bikers and pro- and anti-ERA activists — equally vociforous in their opinion of bills pending before the legislators. As multi-colored balloons commemorating the opening ceremonies sailed through the air, long-haired bros and short-haired broads cheerfully tried to outshout each other with the slogans of the day.

High-pitched chants of "Hey, hey, ERA must pass today," blended with hoarse masculine shouts of "Let those who ride decide," and strident choruses of "I didn't raise my daughter to be a soldier."

As of this writing, the outcome of both the ERA battle and the fight to repeal Florida's lid law is uncertain, but some progress on the helmet repeal was made when the Senate Transportation Committee approved a bill abolishing helmet requirements for all riders above 18.

Included in the helmet repeal bill is a provision calling for special licensing of bike riders following written and riding tests. If the bill passes, riders will be exempt from applying for the new permits until their current cage licenses expire.

National
OUR RIGHT TO DECIDE
DEDICATED TO FREEDOM OF THE ROAD
Abate
Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

Saddle up for Sturgis Aug. 8-15

As the summer sun begins to bake the chill out of the badlands, the residents of Sturgis, South Dakota, are cleaning off the pancake griddles, unloading the beer trucks, and generally getting ready to host the summer's biggest run — The Black Hills Motorcycle Classic, to be held this year from August 8 to 15.

As usual, the major attractions at Sturgis are expected to be girls, racing, camping with girls, the scenery, profiling for girls, and the world's greatest outdoor scooter sidewalk bazaar.

If you're goin', remember that even though South Dakota has no helmet or lights-on law, eye protection is required for riders and passengers. In other words, pack your shades.

Also, you might want to check our motorcycle law chart to make sure you're up on the status of lid laws in the states you'll be passing through on your way to Sturgis.

More media bullcrap

We're all used to seeing bikers portrayed as drooling animals on TV cop shows. We've gotten adjusted to the idea that the TV medium, in order to pimp its products, likes to portray the biker as the baddest-assed plunderer since Attila the Hun. Still, every once in a while, some bullshit comes along that makes us remember that we probably "ain't seen nothin' yet," as witness this so-called humor from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

> Hey, kids! Tired of the big guys kicking your snowman apart?
>
> Be the first on your block to have the meanest little snowman this side of Leavenworth. Make a "Snow Angel" — an icy approximation of those infamous two-wheeled terrors seen in bad bars and worse drive-in movies.
>
> Your parents probably will tell you that making snow angels (as far as they can recall) consists of lying spread-eagle on your back in the snow and flapping your arms like a bird. (Good for about 30 seconds of fun and a very wet back.)
>
> Today's kids know that a corncob pipe and a button nose and two eyes made out of coal went out with bathtub gin and spats.
>
> Get yourself a real Snow Angel. Mean suckers. Start with the regulation head-busting pool cue and chain, Harley-Davidson belt buckle, a few crushed beer cans for authenticity, and you're all set.
>
> Nobody messes with a Snow Angel. Not if they want to keep breathing straight, they don't.

A bunch of us have been thinking this over and we've got a better idea. Why not make a Snow Newspaper? First you collect a big pile of yellow snow. . .

Federal cycle safety funds may be cut

The Department of Transportation has "totally ignored" input from motorcyclists in determining which federal highway safety programs it should ask Congress to finance, according to the American Motorcycle Association.

Under the Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1981, Congress ordered the DOT "to go back to the drawing board" to produce a plan for most effectively spending the limited amount of money expected to be available to the agency.

To implement the Congressional order, DOT solicited public comments on which projects should be started or retained and which should be scrapped.

According to the AMA, comments from bikers, safety professionals, and state agencies "strongly suggested that rider education and licensing be recipients" of future federal funding. Despite this, the DOT findings, published in the Feb. 4 Federal Register, contained no mention of the groundswell of support for these programs. Instead, DOT urged Congress to consider letting it use most of its funds to persuade cage drivers to voluntarily "buckle up for safety."

Another threat to the continuation of federally funded rider licensing and education programs is a DOT proposal to provide money for specific programs based on a percentage of how much the program has gotten in the past. Since motorcycle safety programs have been traditionally underfinanced — about 1.44 percent of all federal funds made available under Section 402 in 1981 — this "prior funding" criterion could effectively eliminate them entirely.

"We don't think Congress meant for DOT to gloss over the opinions of citizens preferring rider training and licensing in favor of a pet program of questionable effectiveness," said AMA's Gary Winn.

If you wish to protest the DOT's high-handed manner of handling comments from bike riders, write your congressman.

ACLU blasts biker rights violations

Special cop squad perils Tucson-area bikers

A special police task force to harass bikers has been set up in Pima County, Arizona.

According to deputy county attorney Ken Peasley, the squad, which is composed of specially selected city, county, and state lawmen, will not bother with "hobbyist" motorcyclists, but will focus on "the fellows riding Harley-Davidsons." Also slated for intensive investigation are "biker old ladies and biker groupies," Peasley said.

"Like wolves or anything else, you find these bikers in packs," Peasley told a news conference in Tucson. "They don't have any respect for anything or anybody."

Creation of Pima County's anti-biker squad drew immediate flak from biker and civil rights groups.

"You're saying a whole class of people is bad because some of that class have been arrested for criminal behavior," protested Cornelius Steelink, chairman of the local American Civil Liberties Union chapter.

"The term *criminal* is now associated with bikers, so now bikers have fewer rights than anybody else on the road," said Jeff Bartolino, representing the Southern Arizona Criminal Defense Attorneys Association. "When you create a label, and decide to come down on that label instead of a person, you are in effect violating the rights of all citizens. It's against the U.S. Constitution to convict anyone because of associations."

Criticism of his totalitarian methods doesn't faze deputy prosecutor Peasley, however. Blaming bikers for county-wide increases in prostitution and drug usage, Peasley let slip what may be the real reason for his being out to nail all the bros he can — they look and act different from the pussy-whipped, three-piece-suited lawyers he considers respectable citizens.

"All of us have had the experience," Peasley squeaked, "of being in a restaurant, or on the highway, when a bunch of these folks went by, chains dangling."

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.

It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name here ______________________

I understand that **National Abate** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National Abate** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ **National Abate** membership and favorite organization, $10.00
- ☐ **National Abate** membership only, $5.00
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved organization

Name, nickname, or mark ______________________

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. ______________________

City ______________________

State ______________________ Zip __________

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Bikers demonstrate new minimum-security jail

Seemed like an ordinary Saturday night at the local shitkicker saloon. A bunch of bikers came in and were refused service. Words were exchanged and, as usually happens, the cops arrived.

Vega, Texas? Venita, Oklahoma? North Platte, Nebraska? No. No. No. The place was Iserlohn, Germany, and the seven bikers that were hauled out of the rathskeller and down to the stalag were all members of the Toros MC, a German club.

At the station house the bikers refused to give their names and were divided into two groups and placed in adjacent cells in a small three-cell holding area behind the station. Leaving the prisoners unguarded but locked behind bars, the cops returned to the front of the building to type their reports. When they returned to the holding area to book their prisoners they found two cell doors and frames lying on the floor, and a wall to the outside ripped out. Grouped by the torn-out wall were four bikers, poised to follow their bros to freedom.

Drawing their pistols, the cops tried to herd the remaining bikers into the one cell still intact. While they were doing this, one of the bikers rushed into the cell, pulled a blanket over his head and, screaming "I'm a ghost, I'm a ghost," ran out the hole in the wall.

Apparently afraid that the bikers, if left to their own devices, might demolish their little station house brick by brick, the cops gave up. Convoying the three remaining bros about fifteen miles out of their district, they cut the bikers loose with a stern admonition: "Don't ever come back into this district again, okay? Please. . .pretty please. . ."

U.S. And Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1-4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	No[10]	Yes	No[11]
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	Yes
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes[3]	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes[6]
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes[3]	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
South Carolina	Yes	No[9]	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2-8]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[1]	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

[1] Under 19, [2] Under 18, [3] Required even if bike has windscreen, [4] Helmet must be reflectorized, [6] Lights on if bike is made after 1977, [7] Required for speeds above 35 mph, [8] Bikes of 1970 or newer, [9] If over 21, [10] If over 16, [11] Certain cities may require lights. *Lights must be on 24 hours on all bikes equipped with automatic-on wiring when originally sold.

This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

A police constable in Cornwall, Ontario, was ordered to forfeit five days' pay for breaching the Police Act by drawing his revolver and pointing it at a biker. . .a Lansing, Michigan, man got tired of trying to keep his pickup truck running and junked it in favor of a bike ten years ago. Since then, he has used his bike as his only means of transportation — riding in temperatures as low as 40 below and snow as high as three feet. The result? No accidents and fewer colds and sore throats than when he was commuting by cage.

The South Dakota Safety Council, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has won a Motorcycle Rider Education Award of Appreciation for 1981. . .the Transportation Committee of the Mississippi House of Representatives has killed a bill to allow adults to shuck their helmets. . .A Camden, N.J., police officer, perhaps daydreaming about a promotion to the bike squad, drove his cop car through the window of the local Harley dealer. . .Maryland bikers have managed to stifle a move to reinstitute a helmet law in that state.

A bunch of bros are planning a three-day party on five acres outside of Daytona Beach, Florida. Set for June 11, 12, and 13, the rally will feature a bike show, events, trophies — and all the booze and food you can choke down. For more info, call Wayne Warley at (904) 788-2607. If it works, it may become an annual event.

Also in Florida, a courageous judge in Daytona Beach, Wiley Clayton, dismissed an "improper headgear" charge against ABATE member Berry Anderson. . .About 150 bikers in Charleston, South Carolina, showed up to donate blood in the second annual ABATE Valentine's Day Blood Drive. This year's blood drive was dedicated to the memory of Jerry Branham, killed by a truck in December. . .Madison Fox III, 26, of North Las Vegas, Nevada, has been sentenced to four years in the Nevada State Prison for running over and killing biker George Mettinger in 1980. Fox, who has a long history of DUI convictions, had a blood-alcohol count of .21 at the time of the "accident."

A prisoner in the Dallas County jail is suing the county for not letting him receive a copy of *Easyriders* mailed to him by his mother. There's one mom who knows which end is up. . .The Georgia House of Representatives has killed a plan to establish a statewide voluntary rider-education program. . . Spider's old heartthrob, Joan Claybrook, has become president of Public Citizen — an elitist lobbying group founded by Ralph Nader. Claybrook worked for Nader before taking over the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration during the Carter years.

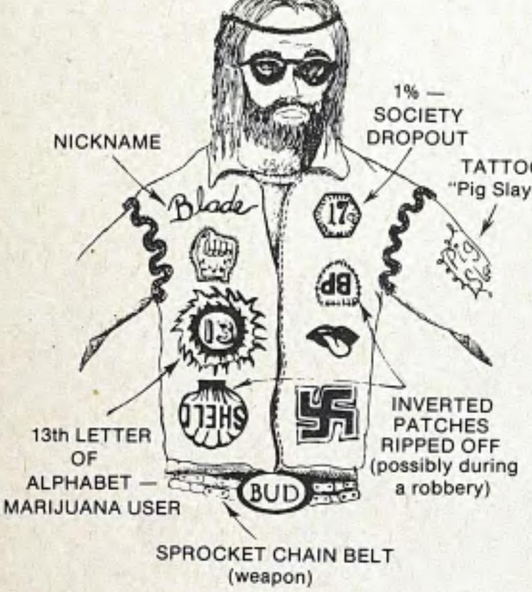
World's Fair to feature bike-only parking areas

For better or worse, some of the most scenic riding areas in the U.S. are going to be thronged with more than their usual number of tourists this summer as the Knoxville, Tennessee, World's Fair opens for business.

Aware that the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and the Blue Ridge Parkway have long been favorite riding areas for many bikers, the organizers of the fair have designated special motorcycle parking areas for riders who decide to drop in on the exposition.

In addition, a number of area bike events, such as June's Retreads International Rally, have been scheduled to coincide with the fair.

This is how you look to many cops



You're probably wondering which staff member's five-year-old rugrat drew the dumb illustration next to this article. Would you believe that one of the nation's top police sketch artists drew it?

Well, he did. The drawing comes from a top-secret inter-departmental police outline on "motorcycle gangs" and how to recognize and deal with them.

The four-page "manual" is chock-full of heavy, top-secret info such as:

- Why do they join? [clubs?] To party and have fun.
- The jacket with the sleeves removed is referred to as a "cutout."
- The rear of the jacket will have the colors sewn across the shoulders.
- A prospect is a candidate for the club.
- A common biker weapon is a sawed-off shotgun in the handlebars, with an activating switch near the clutch.

There's much, much more, but that'll give you the idea. At least now, if some cop bellows at ya to shuck your "cutout," you'll know what he's talkin' about.

City attempts to save historic old Indian cycle HQ

The city of Springfield, Massachusetts, has acquired title to the long-abandoned Indian Motorcycle building and has appointed a 21-member committee to find some way to preserve the historic site from the wrecker's ball.

"We're going to do what we have to and spend what we have to to try to market the Indian Motorcycle building," committee head Paul Mason told the press. "If we succeed, fine — if not, we'll have to make some hard decisions as to where we go next. But no one will be able to say we didn't try."

The building, which was vacated by its last tenant about ten years ago, was once a thriving factory turning out thousands of Indian bikes in the days when the "Crimson Steed of Steel" was, with Harley-Davidson, the most shining example of technological achievement in the world's number-one motorcycle-producing nation, the United States.

Since being vacated, the Indian building has been repeatedly hit by both vandals and arsonists. A year ago the city attempted to tear it down, but was thwarted when federal historic preservation officials blocked the use of federal funds for its demolition.

Harley, Kawasaki to recall faulty bikes

Both Harley-Davidson and Kawasaki have announced recalls of bikes that have potential mechanical problems that could turn dangerous while you're peacefully puttin' down the asphalt.

The Harleys affected are all '82 FL/FX models which, according to H-D, have a gearbox glitch that could cause the tranny to lock up during operation. Only bikes with the following serial numbers are affected by the recall: BO 1576-1581; BO 1641-9999; and BP 0100-4644. The transmission number is on the rear of the tranny case, above the transmission-to-frame mounting plate.

If you have one of the above bikes, return it to your local Harley shop for a free fix.

The Kawasaki problem involves certain wheel and tire combinations in which the clip-on balance weights could break the seal between the rim and the tire while the bike is being ridden. Models involved are: KZ1000J1 models made from February through August 1981; KZ1000J2 models made from May through October 1981; KZ1000L1 models made from September 1980 through July 1981; KZ1000K2 models made from May through October 1981; KZ1100B1 models made from October 1980 through September 1981; and KZ750H3 models made from April through October 1981.

If you've got one of the above bikes, take it to an authorized Kawasaki shop for installation of improved balance weights.

Million-dollar settlement in defective helmet case

The manufacturer of a defective motorcycle "safety" helmet has agreed to pay more than $1,000,000 to the widow of a motorcyclist killed when the chin strap of the helmet broke loose during a collision.

The case involved the death of Randy Pyles, 38, who suffered fatal head injuries after he put his motorcycle into a slide to avoid hitting a cage that made a U-turn in front of him. Pyles was unable to completely avoid the car and, upon impact, the helmet came off.

According to pre-trial testimony in the Sacramento County (Calif.) Superior Court, the lid flew off when it did because a raised chin strap rivet on the helmet popped open while Pyles was in his slide.

C. Afton Moore, Mrs. Pyles's attorney, charged that the helmet was defectively designed and manufactured. The defendants, manufacturer Griffin Corp. and co-designers Roper-Landco and E.H. Land, made the settlement with Mrs. Pyles shortly before the case was set to go to trial. Under the terms of the settlement, she will receive $1,050,000 in increasing payments until she is 70.

Parking ban

Add Stillwater, Minnesota, to the list of cities hanging out a "Bikers Not Welcome Here" sign.

"I want a situation where they (bikers) can't show off," Stillwater Police Chief Wally Abrahamson told the city council. "That's exactly what a lot of them do, show off. If they don't have that opportunity, they probably will leave town."

Though Abrahamson urged the council to adopt an ordinance banning motorcycle parking on Main Street on all weekend nights during the summer, the majority of the council sided with Mayor David Junker, who favored a bike parking ban that would be in effect only during the city's mid-summer Lumberjack Days celebration. ■

LOCKDOWN

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —*Anatole France*

by Boomer

Occasionally a lot of good can come from something that, on the surface, seems like nothing but bad news. Frequently this is the case in law, when the issues raised in a losing cause come back as the basis for other, more successful actions.

What we're trying to say is that a prisoner-rights case that loses in court can sometimes have a more positive impact than many cases that are won.

Though it is too early to tell for sure, it seems likely that Polk County v Dodson — *102 S.Ct. 445 (1981)* — will go down in history as one of those cases.

In this case, an Iowa prisoner, Russell Richard Dodson, acting as his own attorney, sued his former public defender, the Polk County (Iowa) Board of Supervisors, and the county Offender Advocates Office for violating his civil rights under Section 1983 of Title 42 of the United States Code, which among other things, allows prisoners to sue for monetary damages if their rights have been violated. According to Dodson, his public defender, Martha Shepard, was acting in the interests of her employer, the county, when she asked the Iowa Supreme Court to allow her to withdraw as Dodson's attorney because she felt an action he had pending was "frivolous." In Dodson's view, such conduct violated his right to be represented by counsel and he filed his Section 1983 action, seeking $175,000 and injunctive relief.

In her response, Shepard claimed that she was not acting as a state advocate while representing Dodson, and that her "undivided efforts" were directed toward the benefit of her client. She further claimed that rules of appellate procedure in Iowa required that all attorneys, whether public defenders or privately hired counsel, withdraw from cases that they considered frivolous. Shepard also claimed that, because she had withdrawn with the state supreme court's sanction, her client did not have a valid claim that she had violated his civil rights.

Dodson filed his case in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of Iowa, which dismissed the case against all defendants. Upon appeal, however, the Court of Appeals reversed the district court, ruling that Dodson's claim should be liberally construed and that the defendants were not entitled to "absolute" immunity from such action, even though they were employees of the state.

The United States Supreme Court agreed to review the case to decide the issue of "whether a public defender acts under color of state law when providing representation to an indigent client." In other words, whether a public defender can truly go all out to win a case for his client, despite the fact that such a victory might be contrary to the interests of his employer, the state.

In ruling against Dodson, the Supreme Court said that a public defender does not act under color of state law while representing clients. In the Court's view, a public defender becomes an adversary of the state from the moment he is appointed to represent a defendant and is expected to "represent the undivided interests of the client."

In the Dodson case, the Court noted that Shepard had reviewed the client's claims on appeal and found them frivolous. "It is the obligation of any lawyer," the Court noted, "whether privately retained or publicly appointed, not to clog the courts with frivolous motions or appeals." Therefore, the Court reasoned, since Shepard was doing her job as well as she could, consistent with her responsibilities under the law, she in no way violated Dodson's civil rights.

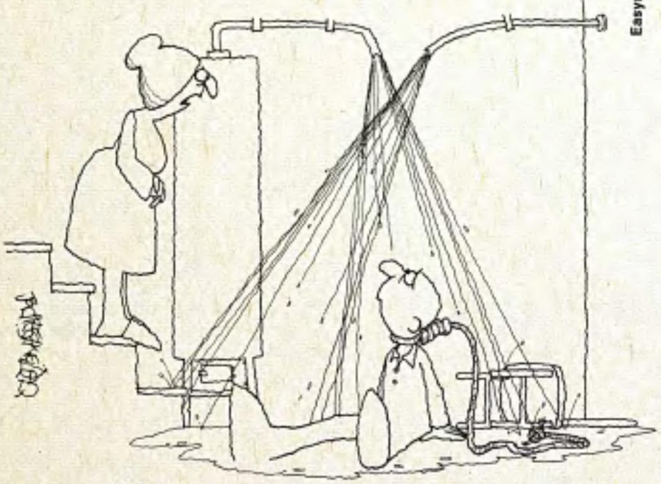
In throwing out the civil rights action, however, the Court opened another door that may provide an entrance to justice for many prisoners who feel they were unfairly convicted because their public defenders lacked the necessary skill, ability, or interest to win an acquittal.

"In essence [Dodson's] complaint asserted an ordinary malpractice claim, which would be equally maintainable against a retained attorney or appointed attorney," the Court ruled, indicating that had Dodson filed a malpractice suit against Shepard in state court, he might have had a greater shot at winning a judgment.

Emphasizing that their ruling against Dodson was based strictly on the fact that Shepard's performance did not violate Dodson's civil rights, the Court again made it clear that incompetence on the part of appointed attorneys could be redressed through appropriate malpractice action. "We intimate no views as to a public defender's liability for malpractice in an appropriate case under state law," the Court stated.

As with medical malpractice, legal malpractice is a tough charge to prove. You'll need to have all your facts and documents together and you, or a sharp jailhouse lawyer working for you, will have to carefully research both the specific malpractice laws in your state and the precedents, if any, for malpractice cases based upon the same kind of errors your lawyer committed.

Still, if you really feel you've been screwed by a public defender, or even a lawyer you hired, a malpractice suit could be the way to go. Further information on malpractice actions, and sample forms for filing one, are available from:
The Committee to Safeguard Prisoners' Rights, National Headquarters, Box 4305, Waco, Texas 76705. ■



"Howard, you unmitigated asshole, can't you do anything right?"

This couple divorced, but remained good friends. One night, the man, who had a broken arm, called his ex-wife and asked her to come over and help him take a bath. She agreed and hurried over.

After she had helped him into the tub and began washing his back, she noticed a gradual change in his anatomy.

"Now isn't that sweet," she cooed. "Look, Jack, it still recognizes me!"

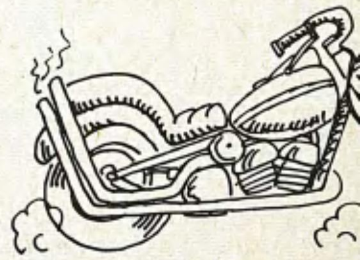
—Jack Hansom
Grand Rapids, Mich.

A biker and his ol' lady got married and they were both happy about the whole thing. He was happy about the hole and she was happy about the thing.

—James Cole
Newport News, Va.

On an outhouse wall: Texas is like old pussy. You know it's down there, but who cares?

—Loner
Denver, Colo.



"You're right, it

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his girlfriend dry. Stuck in his tongue, pulled out some come, and said, "This is a helluva lot better than pie!"

—Mike Gearman
Madison, Minn.

Did you hear about the club mama who went to the bar? She went in, sat down on a bar stool, and fell all the way to the floor.

—Greg Hutchinson
Omaha, Neb.

"Damn speed bumps!"

Question: Do you know why a dog licks his balls?
Answer: 'Cause he can!

—Mark Gluss
Larchmont, N.Y.

How do you tell the difference between a snowman and a snowwoman? Snowballs.

—Winter
Carson City, Nev.

A biker was talking to his daughter and he asked, "What's the difference between a man and a shower?"

She thought a minute and then said, "I dunno."

"Well," he said, "you'd better find out before you get under one."

—David Jens
Mayville, N.Y.

Two bikers were arguing about how far back they could remember.

One said, "I can remember how mad my ol' lady got when I shit my clean diapers as soon as she put them on me!"

"Aw, that's nothing," the other bro said. "I can remember hiding behind my ol' lady's liver to keep my ol' man from poking my eyes out!"

—Tom Misercola
Watertown, N.Y.

What does an Eskimo get when he sits on his igloo? Polaroids.

—Don Linn
Madison, Neb.

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Willie warned us. He said that if the jokes didn't get better he was gonna drown himself. Well, he's in the toilet and goin' down for the third time. Only you can save Witty Willie. No, asshole, ya can't save him by holdin' hands and chantin' "I believe"; ya can save him only by sendin' him your best funnies. You know, the jokes you've been savin' to tell at your landlord's funeral. We'll be so grateful to ya for gettin' Willie out of the can (ever try an' piss with someone clawin' at your balls?) we'll pay ya $25 for every joke we use. Send 'em to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

"When you drag them face dowr

Old men are like the holidays. . .they come too fast and don't last long enough!
—Crazy Ed
Fairbanks, Alaska

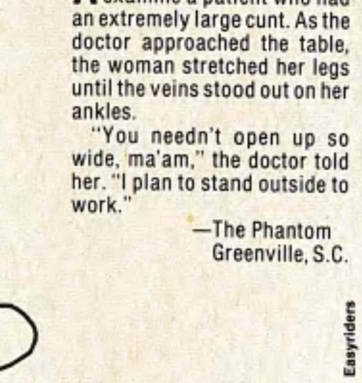
ot great brakes!"

She's got an elevator cunt — always room for one more.
—Tree
Vacaville, Calif.

Easyriders

A gynecologist was about to examine a patient who had an extremely large cunt. As the doctor approached the table, the woman stretched her legs until the veins stood out on her ankles.

"You needn't open up so wide, ma'am," the doctor told her. "I plan to stand outside to work."
—The Phantom
Greenville, S.C.



Easyriders

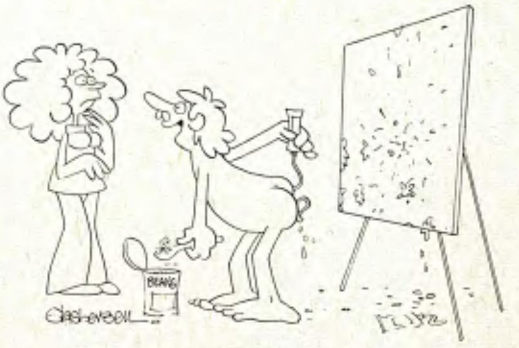
ke that, it messes up their tits."

A blind man was calmly walking down the street with his seeing-eye dog when he suddenly grabbed the dog by the collar, picked him up, and started swinging him around his head.

Seeing this, a cop ran up and asked the blind man what the hell he was doing.

After putting the dog down, the blind man replied, "Just looking around."
—Jasup Hoffman
Youngwood, Pa.

Why do fishermen make better lovers? 'Cause they're used to the smell.
—Charlie Goodman
Sepulveda, Calif.

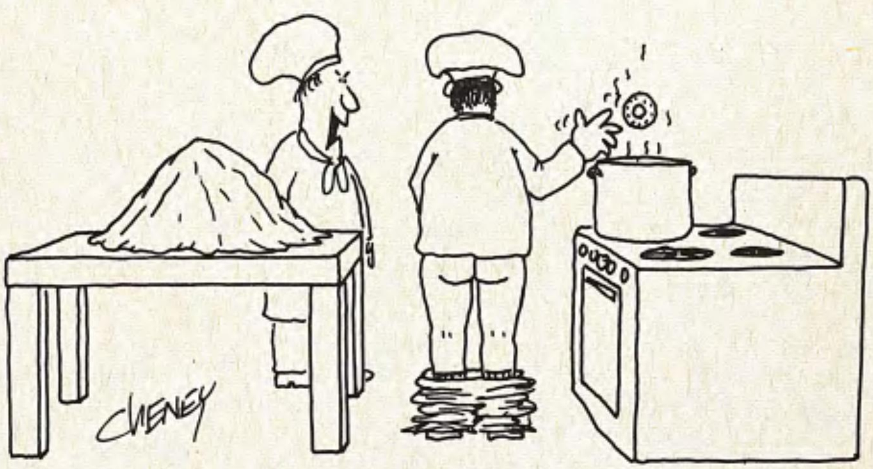


Easyriders

"It's my newest creation. I call it fart art!"

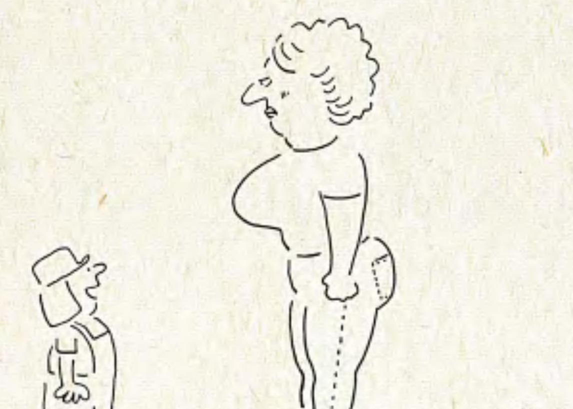
Why do they call chicks from the South "Southern Belles?" Because they always have a dong in them.
—Renegade
El Paso, Tex.

Did ya hear about Martha the midget? She went into a bar and kissed everyone in the joint!
—C.K.
Simi, Calif.



Easyriders

"I don't *care*, Marvin, that's *not* how we put holes in doughnuts around here!"



Easyriders

"Hi, ma'am, I'm looking for a dyke that I can stick my finger into."

How about the newlyweds who decided to try oral sex, so they stood on opposite street corners and yelled, "Fuck you!"
—Rick Browning
Marietta, Ohio

One bro said he liked screwing a mule all night. "Yeah," his buddy said, "but you gotta go such a long way 'round to kiss her."
—Bob
Vacaville, Calif.

Here's to the biker's ol' lady, most beautiful vine. Blooms once a month; can bear fruit every nine. The sweetest little creation this side of hell. Can get nectar from your nuts without ever cracking the shell.
—Gypsy
Roseville, Mich.

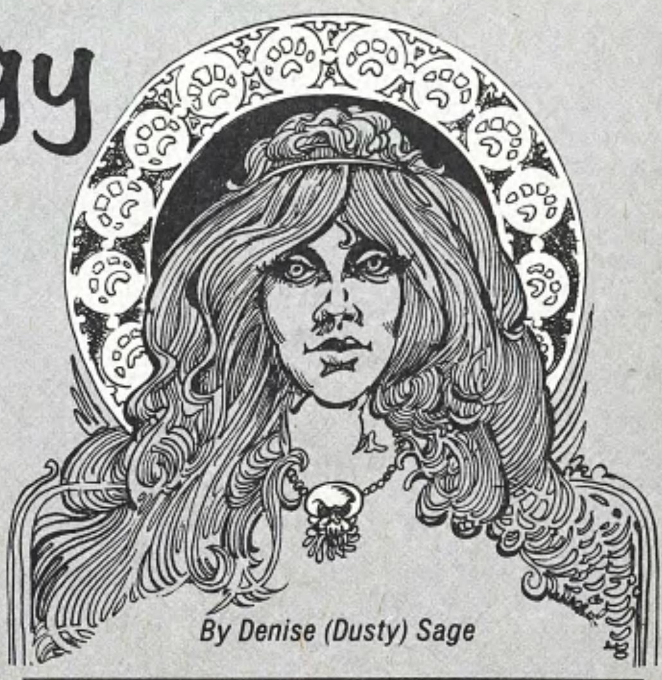
A drunken biker staggered into the bar, slid down on a bar stool, and yelled for the barmaid to give him a fuckin' beer.

The barmaid gave him a dirty look and said, "Sir, that's no way to order a beer! Come around here. You be the bartender and I'll be the customer and I'll show you how you should ask for a beer."

She put him behind the bar, sat herself down and said, "Good afternoon, sir. May I please have a beer?"

The biker eyed her for just a minute and then said, "Fuck, no! You wouldn't give me none!"
—Rebel
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
An arrangement that was a ballbuster in the past may now be definitely raggy. Unless someone is putting in a plug for you, don't put up with this messy situation. Grab the rip-cord and bail your buns out. You may have to wade in and get your socks wet before things clear up. Worse yet, the shit might hit the fan first.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
You'll need more than a motor manual this month. What you need is a money-back guarantee. Parts you've recently purchased might work better if stuck up the dealer's ass. You're too financially fucked to get stuck with a lemon — even if your pucker's cute! You need to cut loose and unwind for a few days, so that mind-bogglin' head trips won't ruffle the hairs on your ass.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
Best keep your eyes open and your ears closed to bull-shit rumors; otherwise, a scheme could backfire and you could get burned. Temper flare-ups can also have you doing a slow singe. And if you're not careful with what you say, the less lovely side of your past could become a real assgrabber. Invest in a muzzle, just to be on the safe side.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
Happy birthday! Be prepared for someone from the past to invade your birthday bash with a bonus that will boggle your brain and tickle your funnybone. Getting frisky with the wrong filly can leave your nuts in a knot; otherwise, you can dive in for a second helping of hair pie at party time. This month you can keep your head and have some too. (If you play your hand right and don't fumble.)

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
It's high time you got hold of yourself and took inventory of your assets. If you're breaking your balls and not getting any-where, as usual, it could be that your approach is wrong. Remember, all problems can't be solved with a shoving match or a set of dotted eyes. Try using some tact for a change. The results will be worthwhile if you polish up that ol' Leo charm.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
If you're waiting for a tight partner to 'fess up to a recent fuckup, don't throw in the towel yet. Cut him some slack, kick back, and wait a while. If he's a tad lame, toss in a few subtle hints (send anonymous threats). Just don't kiss ass, or everyone will start lining up and bending over. Unless you're into playing spin-the-bottom, forget it!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
If you're the kind who figures that liquor is quicker, you could reach an all-time low this month. Your usual good health could take a dip and leave your dick in the dirt. Best dust yourself off and shape up (dry out). Remember, your sign is highly prone to kidney prob-lems, and you're not really allergic to water. Spending time in bed is no fun — alone.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
You're so accident-prone this month that you may need training wheels on your machine and safety belts on your bed! You'll have more than your share of skid marks on your shorts, and you can scrape your knees while putting on your shoes. Slowing down and taking a few precau-tions should take care of you; but if you're really a klutz, buy a case of Band-Aids and wear a parachute around the house.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Sorry, it's still tough-titty time. You could really make a dipshit of yourself with some blabbermouth tactics. Best stick to talking about what you really know, even if it's only dope, sex, and putting. You're better off exposing yourself than your ignorance. Just don't overestimate your ability to rap about a lot of things, 'cause others might know more.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
You're up to your nose in nookie this month, but the situation may be short-lived if you smell and tell. And more so if it's a piece you're sneak-ing on the side and your ol' lady has a nose for news. There's some out-of-the ordi-nary tripping on the agenda. Just don't let it drag your balls down until you're tripping over a limp nutsack. Keep things down to a low roar.

Astrological Profile For Cancer

Cancers are so overly sensi-tive that when things don't go their way they either clam up immediately or dump on the entire world. They often pull a real mind-blowing Jekyll-Hyde routine around home base be-cause they're extremely pro-tective of their pads and possessions.

Even those who seem to be easygoing are likely to be smoldering beneath the sur-face and inclined to worry, even if it's only what to worry about! Cancers do have an over-active imagination, but sometimes their intuition bor-ders on the psychic. They should follow their own in-stincts, which are usually reliable.

On the negative side, Can-cers are generally big pigs who overeat, overdrink, and over-fuck (is that possible?) — and then wonder why they fart, belch, and have dripping dicks. They are prone to ulcers and nervous stomachs and can turn into real butterballs if they aren't careful.

Cancers are excellent at sav-ing bucks and anything else they can get their paws on. They hate to throw away or otherwise part with anything. They also have a good eye for valuables that others pass up as junk. They're often into old cars and early cycles.

Cancers are not loners and make loyal friends who'll drop everything to bail out a buddy. They are great in the sack because they're sensitive and aim to satisfy.

Some famous Cancers are: Alexander the Great, John D. Rockefeller, James Cagney, Yul Brynner, Ringo Starr, Linda Ronstadt, Red Skelton, Cheryl Ladd, Neil Simon, Charles Laughton, Ernest Hemingway, and Natalie Wood.

Your Cancer buddy may be moody, get on your nerves, and eat you out of house and home — but he's still an un-beatable buddy.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
There's a strong chance that the second half of this month will find you looking for a new place to park your playpen. Maybe your job has petered out, or maybe you'll be getting a new career opportunity. If so, don't waste time yawning and scratching your nuts — or belching, farting, and counting your dingleberries. Get moving before someone else goes for it. If you snooze, you lose.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
Right now, there are more than a few jealous assholes sniveling at your good fortune, so don't let your ego show. Bet-ter to keep your ears pricked for a slip of the tongue or a flap of the jaw. Keep your snout free from any brown-nosing of your boss. Pack it with some righteous snow instead. Pro-ceed to work yourself into a better position and pass up the pissers and moaners. ■

FREE IRON-ON

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's all there is to it.

Perfect PAYBACK

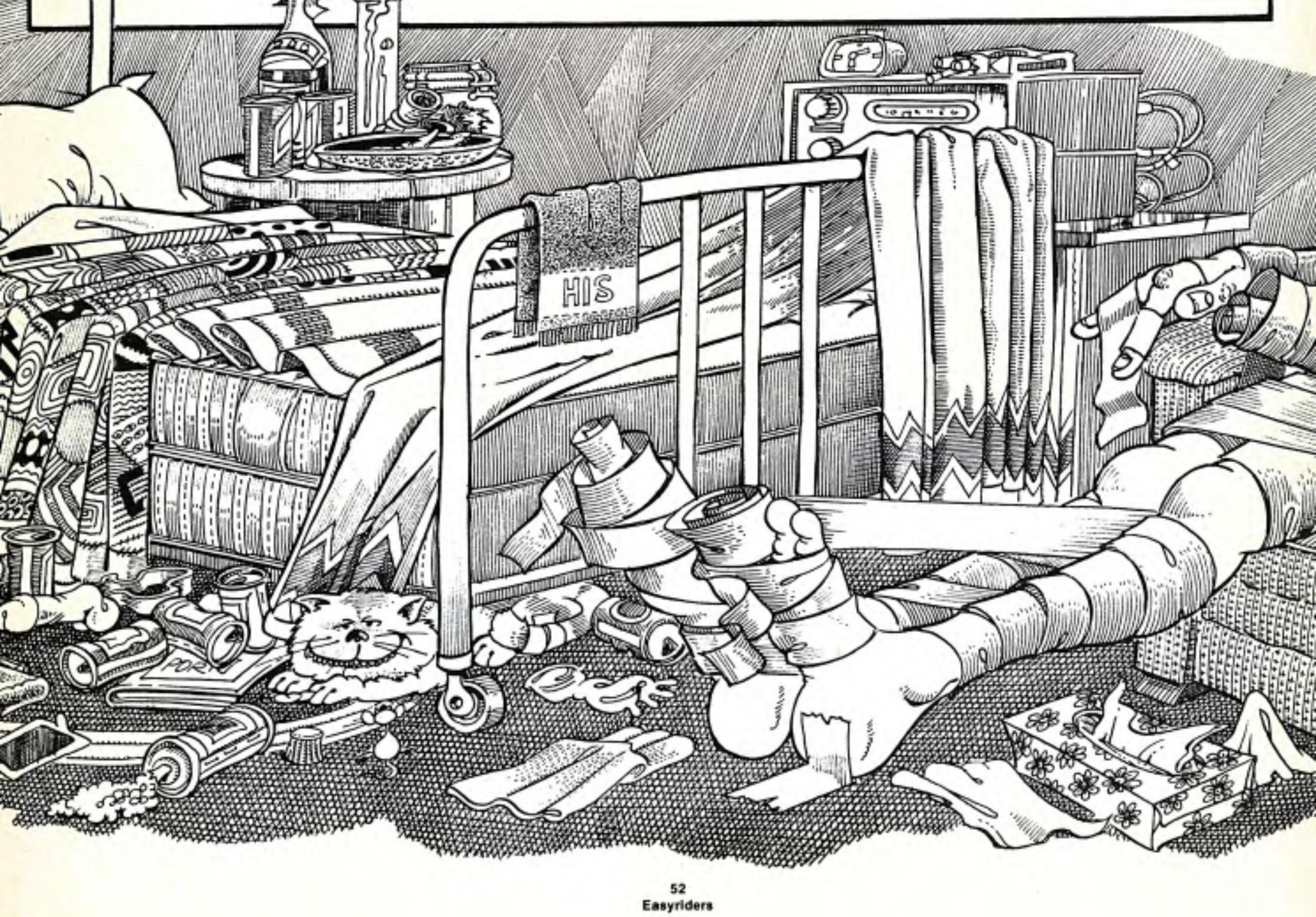
by Spindle

Weasel had pissed me off one time too many. Now, I gotta tell you from the gate that the beef wasn't anything worth killin' about. I knew he'd had his eye on my ol' lady for quite a while, and I can't say I blamed him. She had a pair of bra-bustin' 38-Ds that stretched even the most demure top to the breakin' point — tits with big, pale pink nipples thrustin' against the fabric, boobs that made a man want to grab a double handful and gobble mounds of soft female flesh till he choked.

No, I can't blame Weasel for gettin' a hard-on over Sarah. Plenty of guys have felt the same way in the past and plenty feel the same way today. What can I say? I went berserk over her the very first night I ever saw her. She was a vision of beauty sittin' on a stool at Dixie's, the local biker bar: full, pendulous tits, a trim waist, long, tapering legs, and a face that would tempt a saint. She had soft blond hair and slanty, catlike eyes over a pair of lips so full and ripe that just to look at them made me dizzy with obscene fantasies.

She was no blushing virgin, not by a long shot. That's why I say it wasn't Weasel's attraction to her that pissed me off. Shit, before I ran into her, the bros already knew her as Sarah Suck-Off, and I found out why the first night I met her. After a little small talk and a couple of beers, Sarah walked me outside to a dark corner of the parking lot and gave me the kind of head I thought existed only in sex-saturated porno novels. It was a warm summer night with a full moon. Hardly believing my eyes, I watched my stiff dick slip in and out of that beautiful mouth until, delirious with lust, I pumped a shot glassful of hot come down her throat out there between the garbage cans and the busted beer bottles.

I guess she dug it as much as I did, 'cause she packed behind me from then on. We rode home on my pan that same night, and a couple of hours later I discovered that her oral talents were just an appetizer. I drilled her the dork three times before morning, and each time I thought I was gonna explode. Man, I filled that broad with enough sperm to fill a primary case. Shit, the stuff was still dribblin' down her thighs eight hours later when we got outta bed for breakfast. *Continued on page 99*



DIE
Robinson 82
IT BEATS WORKING

WORKIN' OUT TO GET A BIKER

Bros beware! This is the time of year when the chicks are preppin' themselves for the summer slaughter. Soon they'll be rovin' the streets an' bars, on the prowl — lookin' for a dude on a scoot to fill those full-moon, half-moon, an' no-moon summer nights.

It ain't exactly summer yet, but the broads aren't wastin' a minute of the rays. Even now, sun-drenched goddesses of love can be found on remote patios an' beaches, goin' for an all-around tan to lure their unsuspectin' victims.

Others, like Lisa, the perspirin' (women don't sweat, ya know) darlin' ya see in these pages, can be found in living rooms, toning and tightening their bods with leg lifts, sit-ups, curls, and stretches. Dumbbells become a part of the furniture. Within months they'll be able to flex their muscles anywhere – around a dude 'way back from the p-pad, twitchin' on the dance floors, or playin' tag-team in the sack.

After a pussy-poopin' workout, a lotta gals like to lube up with a bottle of baby oil to get the skin all smooth an' slick. Shit, it makes my tongue hard just flashin' on it.

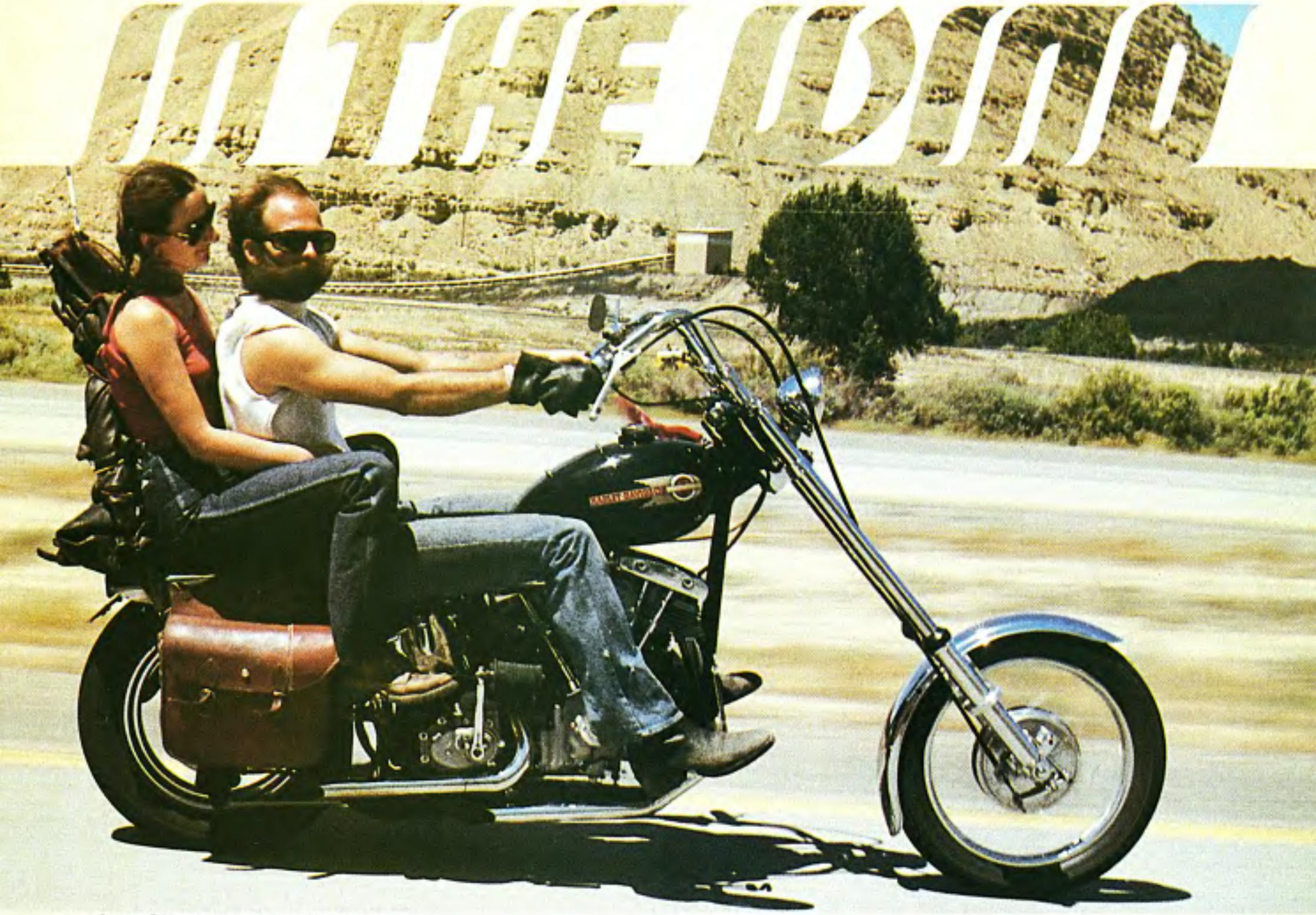
Photos by Ralph Hampton

Anyhow, you've been warned, bros, 'cause sure as shit, as soon as winter rolls around, so will the fat. And the attitudes. You know, the "Not Tonight, Honey, Blues." That's when the broads are in scant supply, a natural cycle completed.

But right now it's almost summer and the meat on the hoof is hot, lean, mean, an' — needless to say — highly horny for biker flesh and the labia-lubin' thrill of ridin' king and queen seats on swingarms or rigids. Believe it, bros, the dolls are twitchin' for the thunder of a Big Twin. Shit, they're so desperate they'll even ride a Sporty.

—Victim

IN THE WIND



—from Ginger Brooks, Clifton, Colo.

—from Dan Maust, Flagstaff, Ariz.

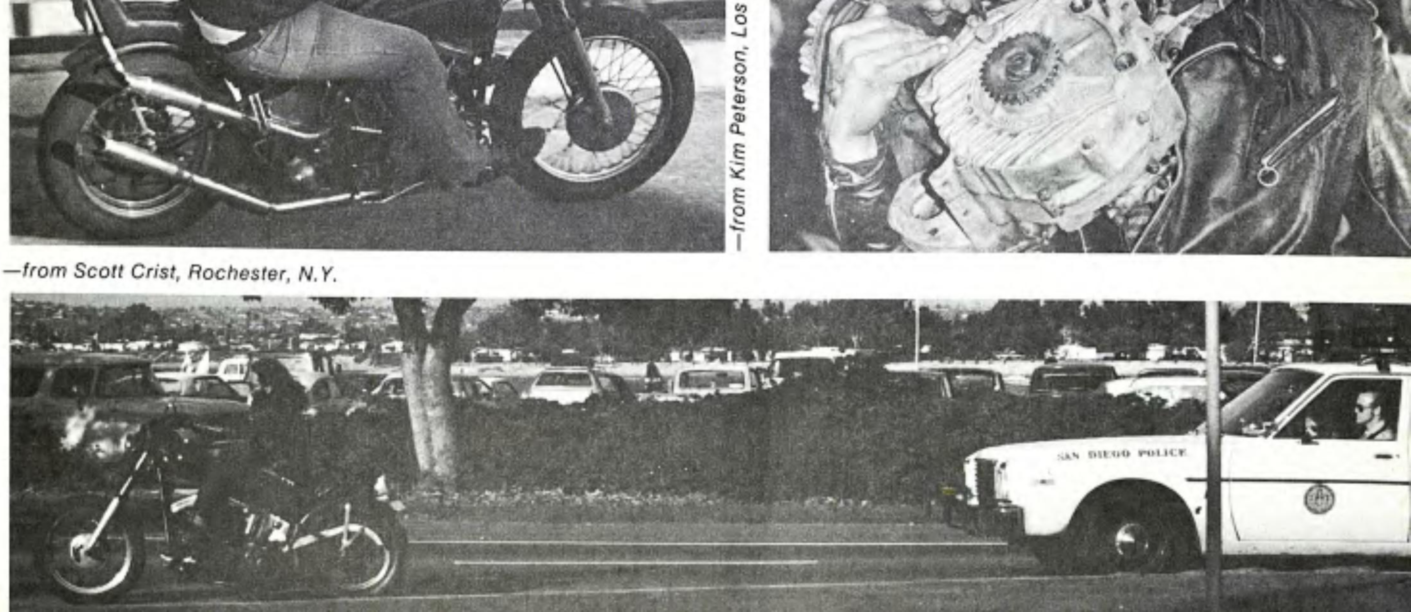
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)

—from Kris Coughlin, Seattle, Wash.

—from Dennis The Welder, USA

—from Kim Peterson, Los Angeles, Calif.

—from Scott Crist, Rochester, N.Y.



—from Jim Kemp, Baltimore, Md.

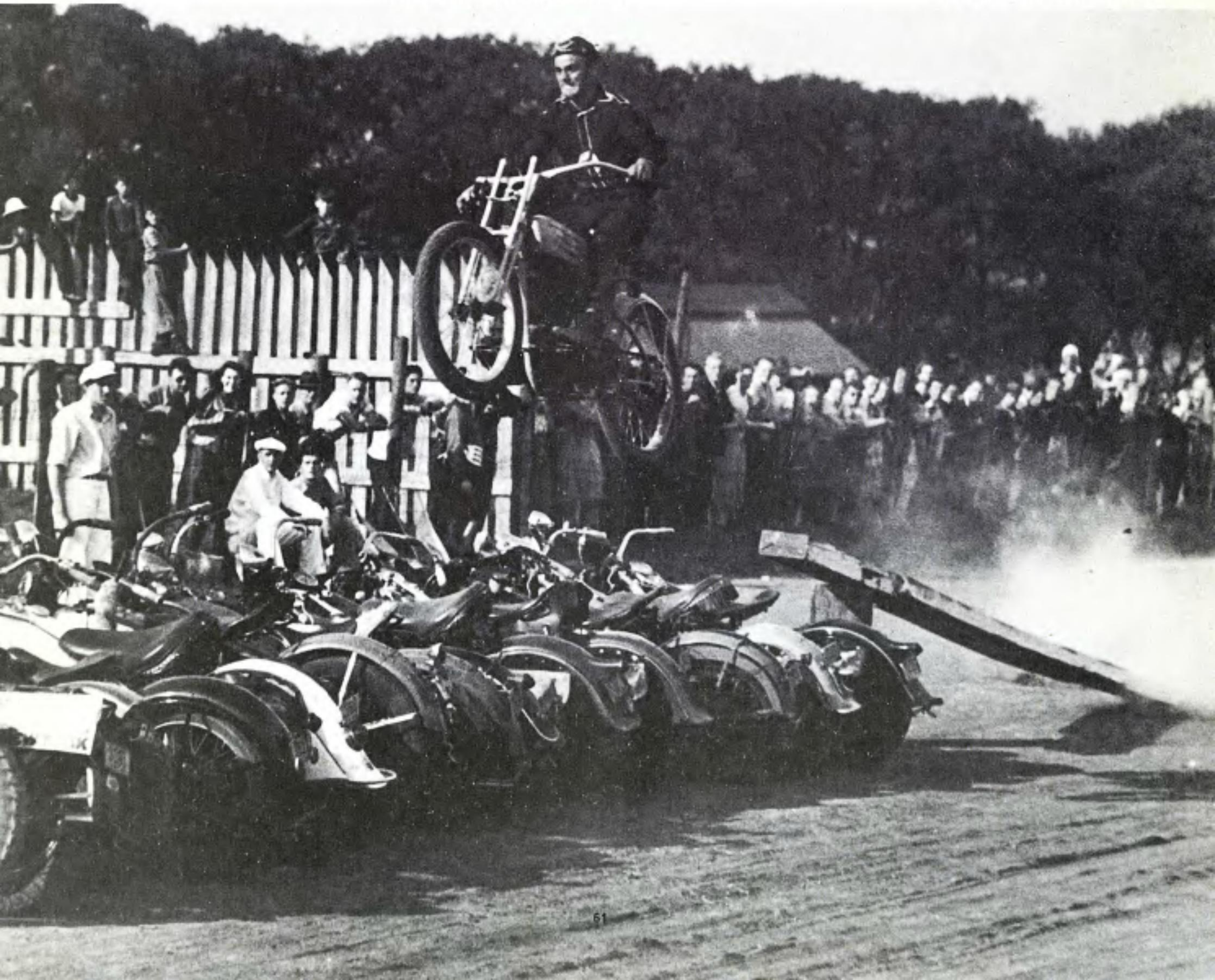
—from Paul V. Valovic, Johnstown, N.Y.

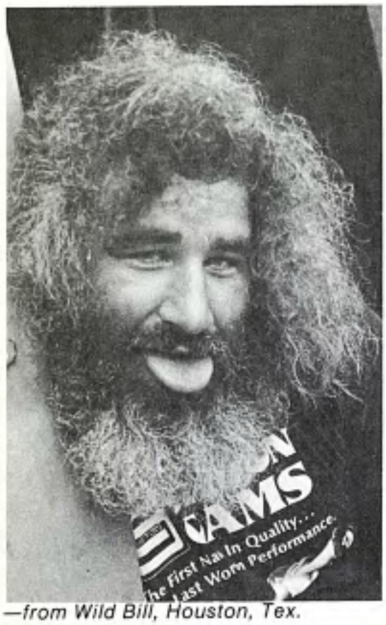
—from Jim Kemp, Baltimore, Md.

—from Jim Kemp, Baltimore, Md.

—from Big Jim, Zanesville, Ohio

—from Big Jim, Zanesville, Ohio




—from Wild Bill, Houston, Tex.

—from Scott Crist, Rochester, N.Y.

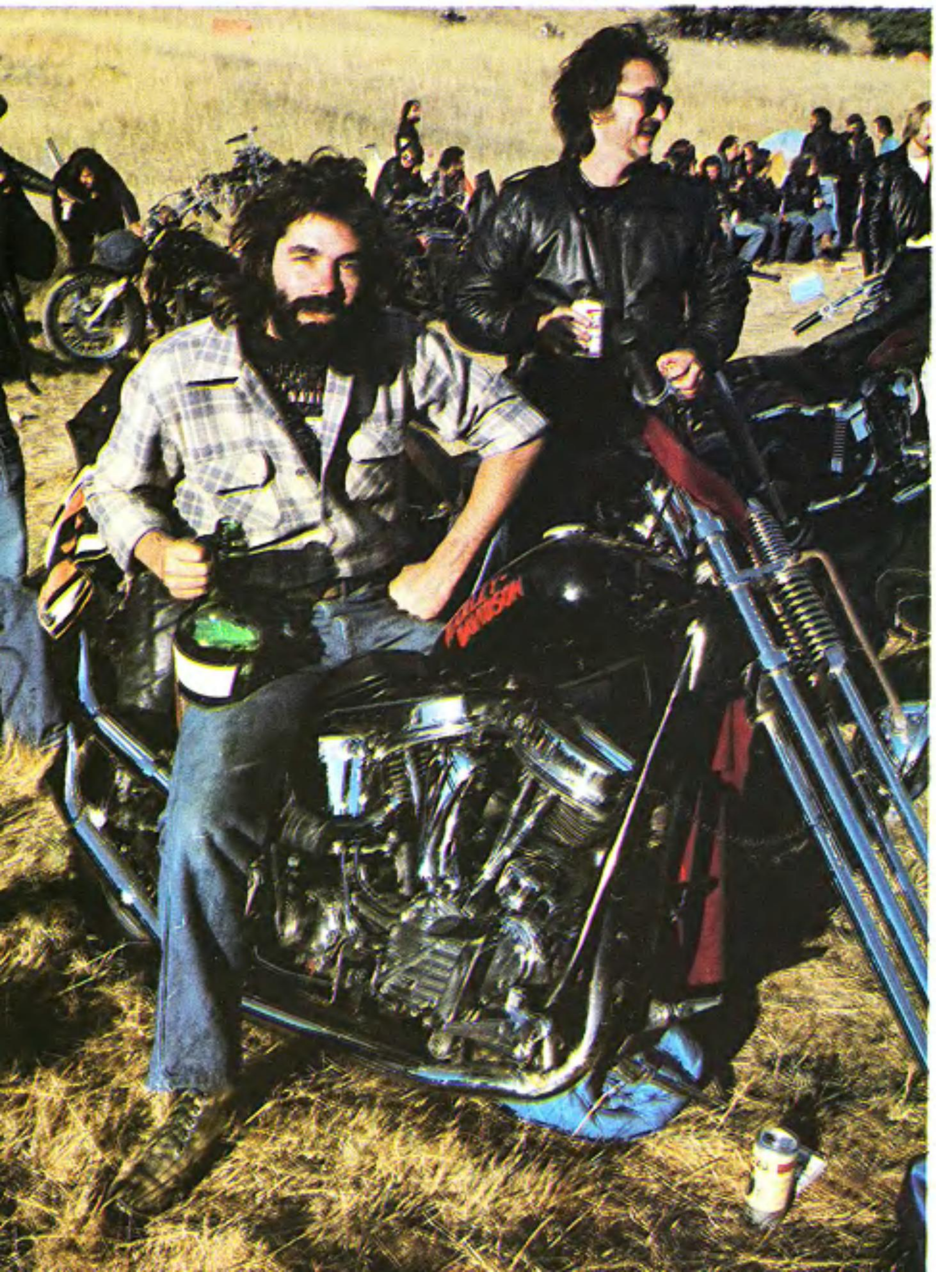
—from Bill Yehl, Portville, N.Y.

—from Bill Yehl, Portville, N.Y.

—from Jane Lysebo, Somerville, N.J.

—from Bob Jamison, Wilmington, Del.

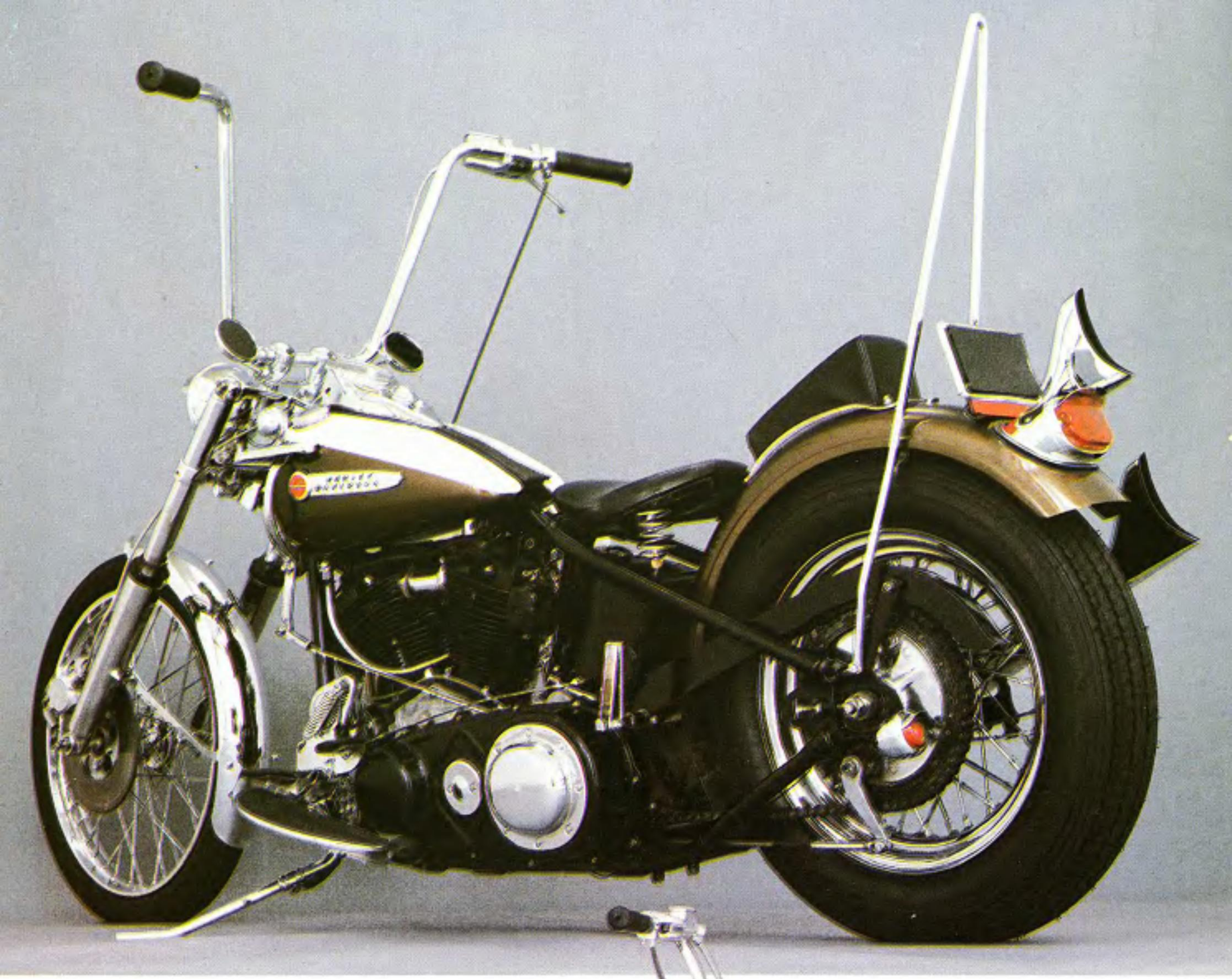
—from Steve Martinez, Livermore, Calif.

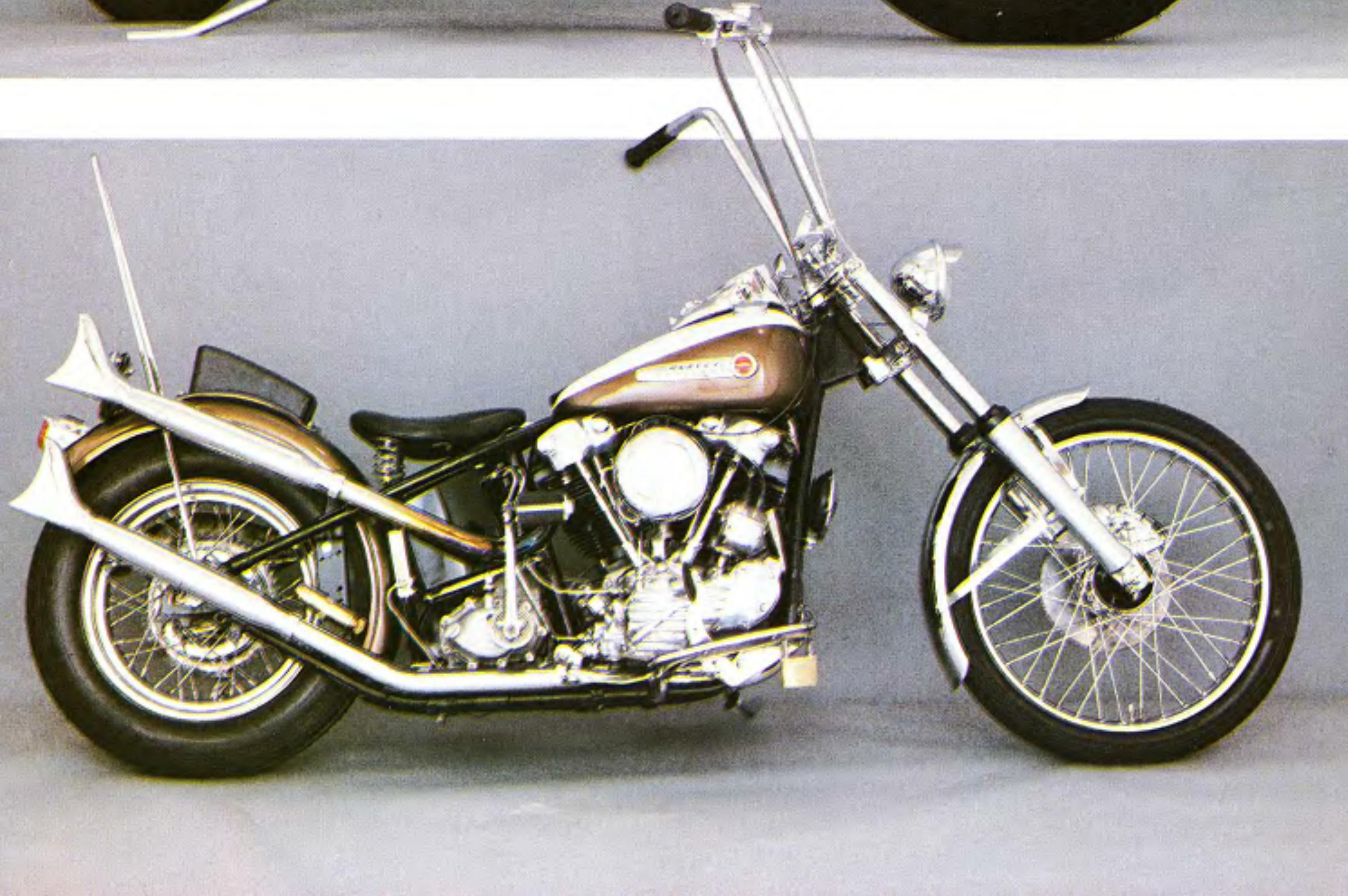


—from Sonny Terrapin, Irmo, S.C.

—from Ellen, Amsterdam, Holland

RACEWAY
Pit Stop
ONE WAY
YEP, I'M CRAZY!
S&S
CYCLE
714
DAVID MANN
Easyriders Magazine





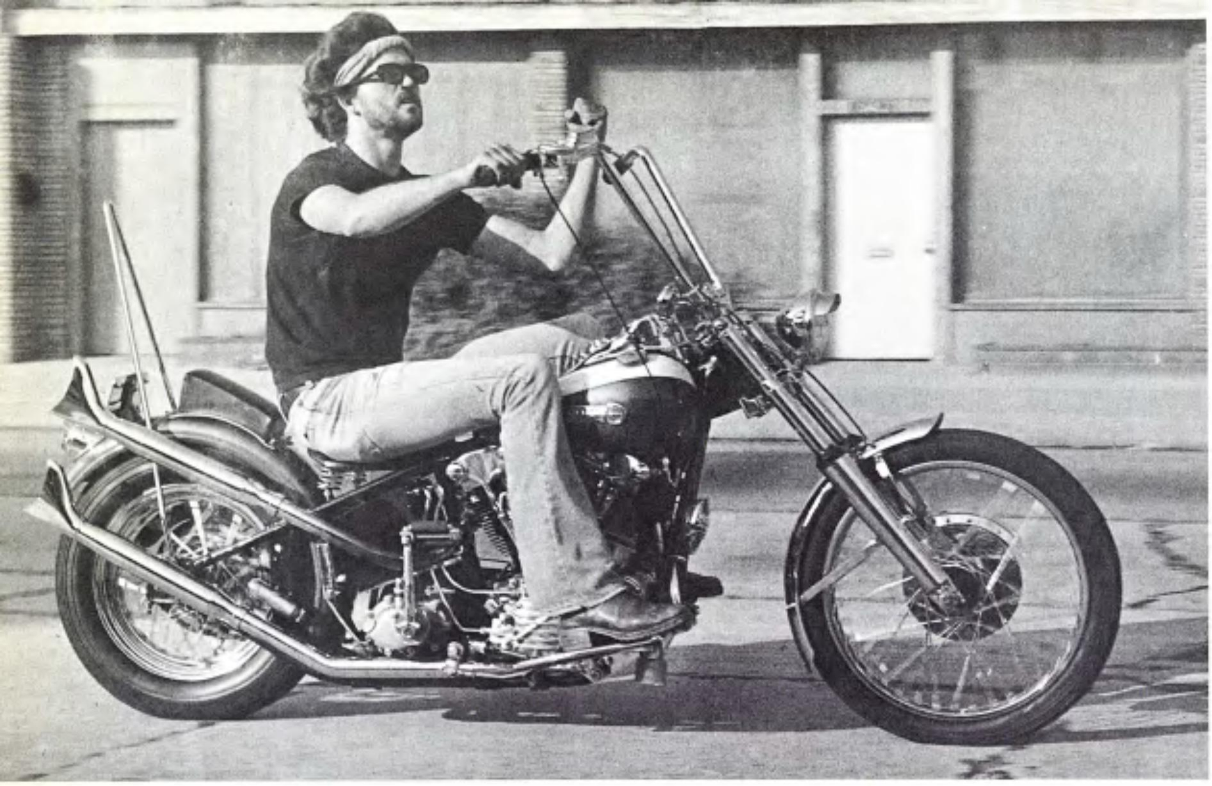
A Vintner's Noble Knuckle

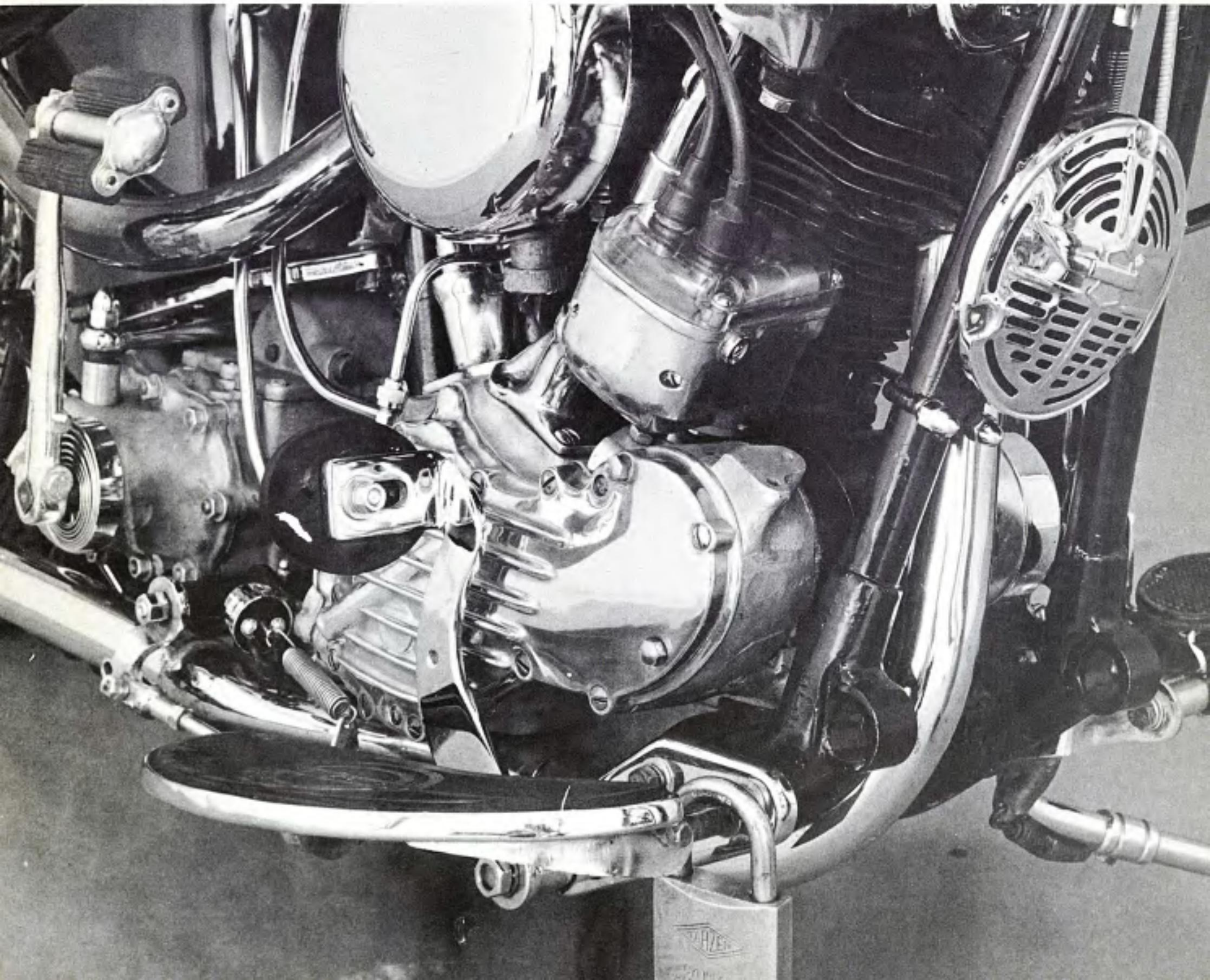
Thinkin' about wine an' bike folk can conjure up some bloody, vivid images — like gallon jugs of Ripple or Red Mountain left drained beside a slumbering body lyin' face-down in a pool of barf. Used to be a fairly typical scene at one point or another on any run.

Times have changed. Take this guy, Greg — he's part of the new breed. When he's out on a weekender, after a day of puttin' his magnificent knuckle, he ain't gonna be found around the campfire, suckin' on no ordinary grape. Like his scoot, the juice has gotta be vintage. Greg's both a student of wines and a part-time winemaker. He's discovered the finer stuff, and now he enjoys a goblet of '74 Cabernet Sauvignon when's he's done puttin' on his bike. Both improve with age, he says.

In between carafes, he managed to tear down his last ride, a shovel we featured back in January, 1980. He then sold off whatever parts weren't destined for his new ride, the 1944 knucklehead you see here. Greg's redone this mount to near stock.

The scoot's been in the Las Vegas area in one form or another for at least the last 25 years, perhaps also doing a desert stint as an army war machine during World War II.





A friend of Greg's first came across the bike in 1970. The same friend bought and sold it three times during the following decade. Every time the scoot would return with a different look, each as individual as a fine wine's bouquet, ya might say. It appeared in radically chopped, bondo'ed and molded versions, including one with an eighteen-over front end that barely kept the bike in one county at a time.

With the present owner's being into fine wines, women, scoots, and what have you, he appreciated the classic look of the original bobjobs from the past. So he took steps to bring it off again, while also giving it the wild look with upswept pipes that could fry your legs like the Vegas sidewalks would an egg. The same wild look accounts for the ten feet of

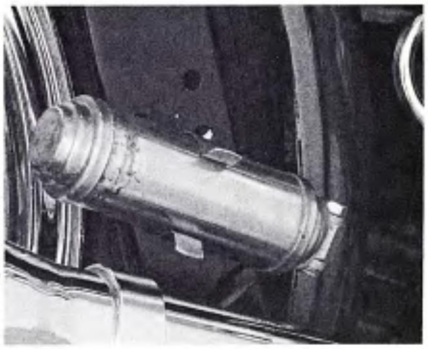
Owner: Gregory R. Haase	**City:** Las Vegas, Nev.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1944	
Year and make: 1944	Builder: owner	
Model: big knuckle	Type: hardtail	
Value: $7,500	Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Mac's Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Big Time Apes	
Year: 1944	Risers: 1-in. risers	
Model: knuckle	Fender(s): custom	
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: it's there	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: cat's eye dash	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: boards	
Balancing: Show Bike	Rear pegs: trim fit	
Pistons: stock	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: glass beaded	Gas tank: 3-gal.	
Heads: 74 knuckle	Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): stock	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: diamond tins	
Carb(s): Linkert	Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: stock	Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: upswept	Height: 10 feet overall	
Muffler(s): tails	Material: titanium	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: stock	Type: wide glide	
Year: 1944	Extension: 2-in.	
Shifting: tank shift	Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: adjustable sidecar trees	
Trans sprocket: stock	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Show Bike	Hub: stock	Hub: star
Painter: Show Bike	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: 2-tone/root beer and white	Tire: Avon	Tire: 5.10 Gdyr.
Type: lacquer	Brake: disc	Brake: mech. drum
Special paint: lear Imron		
Other special modifications: fire extinguisher. Special thanks to Show Bike.		

sissy bar and "the tallest ape hangers in town."

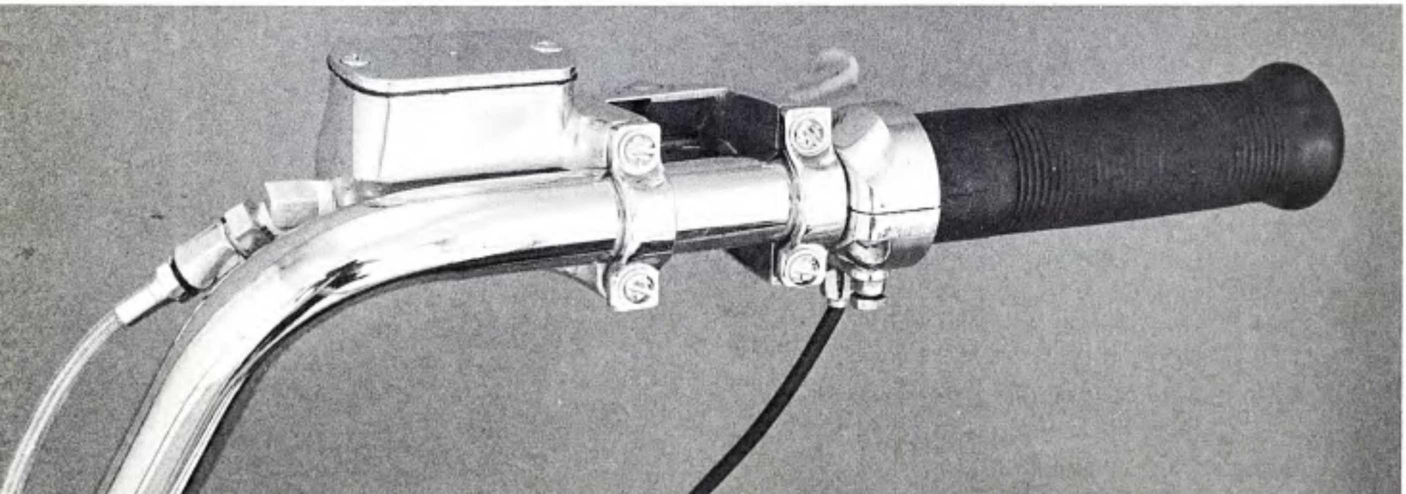
Greg used the front end, floorboards, rocker clutch, and tin covers from his shovel. Now that the rebuild has set him free, he's ready to fill up the gas tanks and his trusty bota bag, and get in some spirited desert riding around Boulder City, Lake Meade, and anywhere else in Nevada.

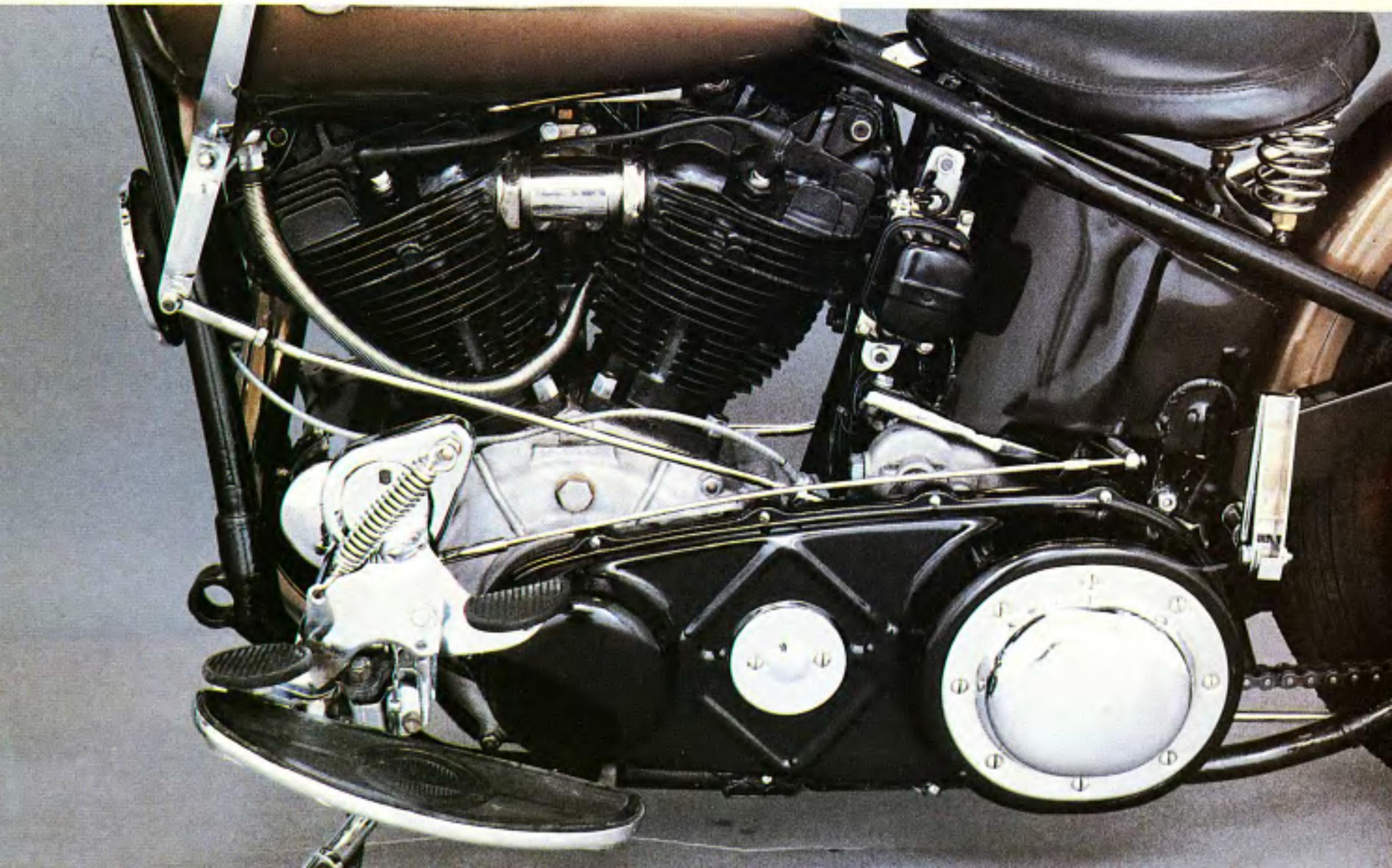
The heat doesn't get the dependable knuck down, as it takes 70-weight in its oil lines and 90-weight in the tranny. Vegas riders have even come up with a tip for the mandatory brain buckets: drill an inch-wide hole in the top for some air flow. Here's an even better one: organize to shitcan the damn things altogether.

—Rebel

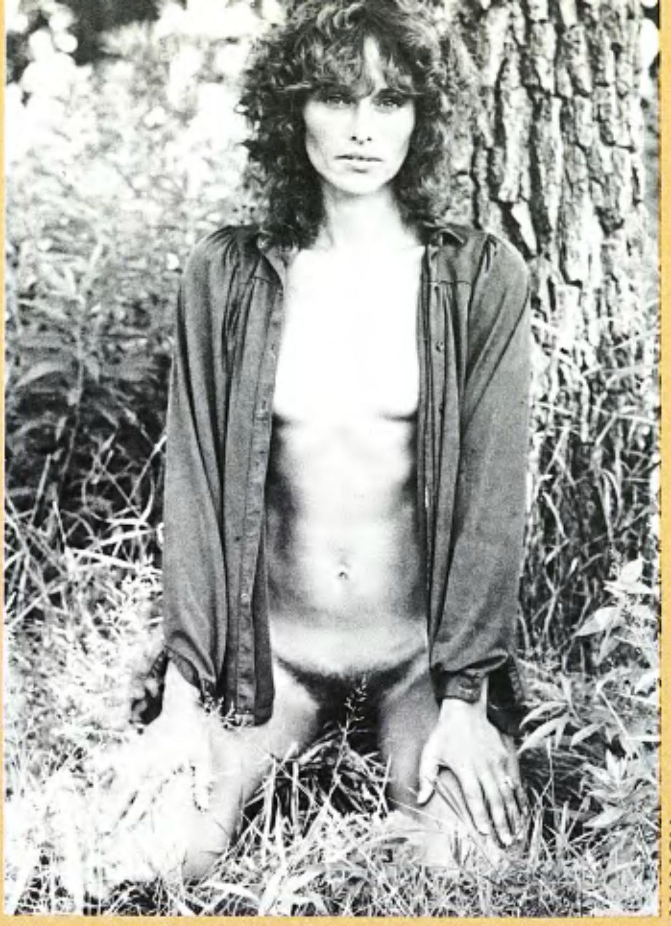


Photos by Pete Chiodo





JULIE



NANCY

PAM

BARBARA

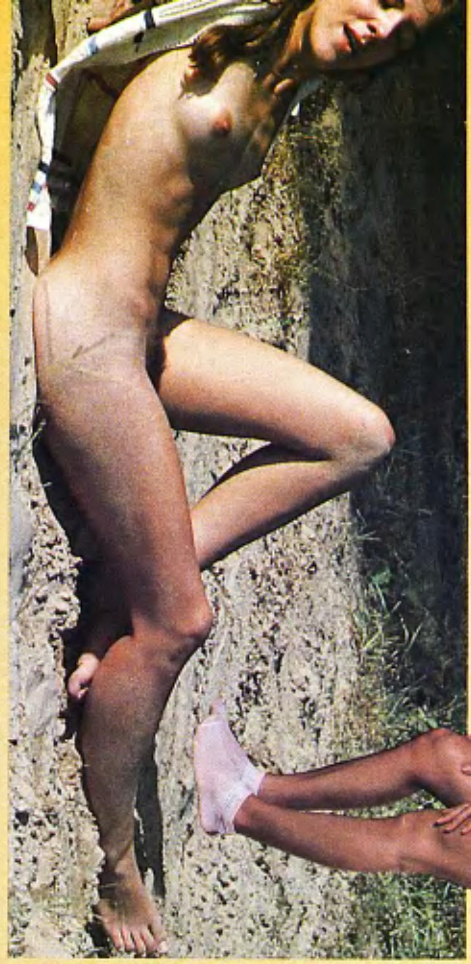
Twelve Tasties

Okay, bros, it's time to vote for the numero uno, the main squeeze — the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year, who will win $1,000 and a free trip to sunny California to party with the staff. (Whaddaya mean, why does the winner get both the grand prize an' the booby prize?) As usual, the Ol' Lady of the Year will be selected entirely on the basis of your votes — Spider's perversions ain't allowed to have nothin' to do with it. So uncap a brew, polish up your eyeballs, enjoy the pictures, and vote for the chickie of your choice.

Mail your vote, written on the back of a post card or sealed envelope, to: *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Deadline for voting is June 29, and the winner will be announced after we get straight enough to count all the ballots.

LIN

MICHELLE

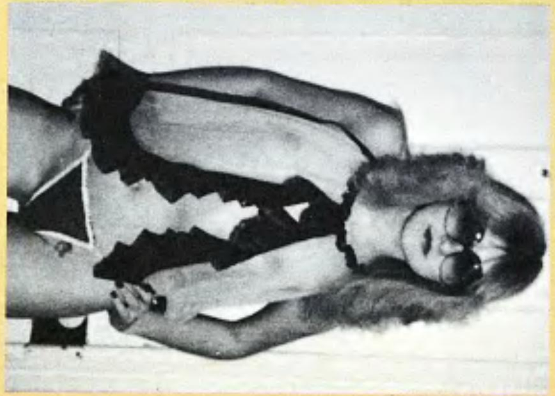

LOU ANN

BARB

CAROL

SERENA

LAURA


BAMBI

Hog RUN

by Sunshine

Now, I ain't the best-looking woman. My tits ain't much bigger than a couple of good-sized oranges and my ass is too broad to look right in tight jeans. I'm told I'm built for comfort, not for speed (a lot like a good scooter). But for one night I felt like the chick who jumps out of the cake at some stud's stag party.

You see, I work at this scuzzy little joint called "The Red Jug." It features an ugly outside sign with a grinning buck-toothed Indian wench holding two big jugs of moonshine over her massive tits. Inside, right next to the door, is a

bandstand with a dance floor the size of most places' men's rooms. The dance floor is so splintery that a chick can't even kick off her boots and dance. 'Way in the back is a pool table that slants a little to the left. There's a sticky spot on the table where Tiny blew chow one night. Tony, the boss, is too cheap to have it cleaned or recovered.

The bar runs the length of the place, and has a mirror right behind it. I'm surprised the damn thing has never been smashed, seeing how a fight breaks out about every Continued on page 95

Illustration by Craig Stamaman

Protect Your Valuables

Won't open until you open it.

Stash Pouch

Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?

With this **Stash Pouch** you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the **Stash Pouch** will stay in position — it does not slip down.

The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

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DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Photo by Cal Khoury

If the music industry ever decides to award a Grammy for guts, heart, pride, and sheer determination, that award should go to Canned Heat, hands down. Rock and roll history is littered with the wreckage of bands — some of them very good bands — that couldn't weather adversity, bands that have broken up because of interpersonal rivalry or the desire of one or more members to go solo or because of a faddish change in public taste.

Hell, compared to the shit Canned Heat's seen come down, those problems are on the order of a hangnail. Here's a band that's endured the whimsical fluctuations of public taste, the tragic deaths of two key members, several personnel changes, and has still kept comin' back for more, continuing to churn out the boogie, and gettin' the fans off their asses and onto the dance floor. Fifteen years after the release of their first album (cleverly titled **Canned Heat**), the band is still going strong, still working gigs all over the United States and Europe, and still making the kind of blues and boogie that people will be listening to long after Barry Manilow's supper club horseshit is nothing but an obscure footnote to pop music history. The band's latest release, **Kings of the Boogie**, stands as a testament to the group's gritty endurance as well as to the timeless power of rhythm and blues played by musicians who have paid their dues (and then some), and who respect and enhance the tradition they're working in.

It's impossible to talk about Canned Heat without covering a little history of the band. They came together around 1966, the leader of the group being Bob "The Bear" Hite, a growling, talented singer steeped in the history of the blues. (Hite had one of the best — if not *the* best — collections of old blues records in existence.) Perhaps no other blues band was so totally authentic and American as the early Canned Heat; reaching back for inspiration to the obscure origins of the blues, Hite and company rocked out a music as red, white, and blue (in the best sense of that idea) as you're ever likely to hear this side of Blind Willie McTell.

The other pillar on which the early band stood was Alan ("Blind Owl") Wilson, an extraordinarily talented guitarist and harp player whose high-pitched vocals were the band's most distinctive trademark. Under the leadership of Hite and Wilson, the group had two Top 20 hits in 1968 — "Goin' Up The Country" and "On The Road Again." Tragically, two years later Wilson was dead. Nearly blind and a victim of chronic depression, he died of a drug overdose.

But in the years that followed, the band stayed together (with a few personnel changes, of course), working consistently and remaining true to its origins for an entire decade. Then, without warning, Bob Hite collapsed and died after a routine performance in Los Angeles. A few months ago, discussing Hite's death with the band's manager, Ray Chambers, I asked if the group came close to breaking up at that time.

"Well, we were reeling, man," he said. "That's for sure. But we decided his spirit and his energy was gonna continue. You recall Bobby's famous saying: Don't forget to boogie. So here we are, going on and on and on."

That comment brings up one of the unfortunate reactions to any current mention of this venerable band. Whenever I happened to mention to one of the bros that we were getting ready to cover Canned Heat, the most common response was, "Are they still around?"

The reason for that reaction, probably more than any other, is the whimsical nature of today's pop music fan and the ephemeral nature of the whole pop music scene. While the United States was briefly caught up in the nonsensical fad of the crazy disco bullshit, Canned Heat was playing to appreciative audiences abroad.

"Basically, what happened was that the band remained very large abroad," Chambers explained. "While we continued to release albums in America, the disco/new wave movement was in and the boogie-type stuff didn't work, commercially speaking. American music remained very big overseas — disco never did a damn thing in the market over there."

It's that attitude, that recognition of the fickle reality of fans and trends, that makes Canned Heat's determined survival so remarkable. While other groups have gone belly-up because the lead singer didn't get a case of Perrier and a Pac-Man console in his dressing room each concert, Canned Heat has hung tough and played anywhere and everywhere. Anything to keep the message alive — boogie! Like Chambers says, it just goes on and on and on.

And on and on they go,

Photos by Kim Peterson

blastin' the boogie right into the '80s with their Destiny Records release, **Kings of the Boogie.** Anchored by fifteen-year veteran Adolfo (Fito) De La Parra on drums, the album also features Henry Vestine and Michael Halby on guitar, Rick Kellogg on harmonica, Raul Rodriguez on bass and — fortunately for all blues fans everywhere — some harp and vocals by the late, lamented Bob Hite. It's a rockin' album, filled with the kind of relentless boogie that's been synonymous with the name Canned Heat for fifteen years now.

> "The more down-to-earth the audience is, the more they identify with us. We never ceased to exist. We always worked. We worked the night Alan died. We also worked the night Bob died. That's the way it's been — you know, the wheel of life."
>
> —Fito De La Parra

By the way, the other night I dug out my copy of the group's second record (they have a total of about nineteen now), **Boogie With Canned Heat**, just to see how well the old stuff stood up to the test of time. I'm happy to report all is well on all fronts. Both albums (new and old) had me snappin' my fingers and twitchin' across my living room floor, much to the amazement of my girlfriend, who hasn't seen me dance since 1975, when I got drunk at a Clifton Chenier performance at Antoine's in Austin, Texas — but that's another story.

Just to round out this review, I should mention that Canned Heat was and is a favorite rock band with bike riders everywhere. A couple of members — Ernie Rodriguez and Fito De La Parra — own motorcycles and ride regularly. Moreover, the band has always been a hit with the motorcycle crowd, playing more biker bashes than you can count and always ready to party down with scooter people.

What can I say — ya just gotta respect tradition, loyalty, and heart. Ask any Harley rider. And believe me, this band has all that in spades. If Canned Heat shows up in your area, go see 'em and tell 'em the Animal sent ya. If not, buy their album and check out the '80s version of a sound that'll never grow old.

Here's to ya, bros. ■

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

Donkey Do

Do you like dogs and mules? We ask this because our dog, Harley, and our mule, Davidson, feel the same way we do about you. Mutha, we love you and we're ready when you are.

The Boys
Brookfield, Wis.

• Put me with that mule of yours, and I'll have the horny bastard thinkin' he's carryin' tourists into the Grand Canyon.

Easy Question

I have a question to ask you. Why is it that every time I read *Easyriders* all the bros are putting you down?

C.E.
Otisville, N.Y.

• 'Cause they gotta stand on a ladder for their blowjobs when I'm standin' up.

Mad Ol' Lady

My ol' lady left me a couple of nights ago. We were at a party and I passed out. She left without me and, while she was gone, somebody took off all my clothes. The ol' lady just happened to come back for me. My dick was hard as a rock for some reason. How the fuckin' hell do I explain it to her?

Hardtop
Pittsburgh, Pa.

• Probably with a black eye.

Keep 'Em

Bitch Mutha, I got a crotchful of your crabs held captive here, and if you don't print this letter, I won't send 'em back.

Scratchin'
APO New York

• Keep 'em — I ain't hungry anyway.

Survival Of The Fittest

I have a problem with three women. One is married to another man, one is living with me, and the other is my ex-wife. The one that is married is in love with me and wants to leave her ol' man and move in here; the one I live with loves me, but I don't love her; and my ex-wife and I still kinda got the hots for each other.

What should I do?

R.S.B.
Lubbock, Tex.

• Strip 'em, throw 'em in a closet, and shack up with whichever one can still walk after an hour.

Chilly Wind

I don't write very many letters, but I feel that some people are really worth writing to. Unfortunately for you, you are not one of them. I really just want the free picture of you, so I can cover the hole in my shitter. It should stop the draft that gets the seat cold.

Roid
Des Moines, Iowa

• Mom always told me that it isn't good to get a cold draft on your head.

Railroad Lady

We can't wait till we get out of North Carolina just to run a train on you. We're even holdin' back our dogs so they'll be horny enough to rip off a piece of your ugly ass, too.

BJ wants to smother himself between your tits, George wants to pluck your nasty pussy hairs, and Bush wants to bottle your farts to use as Harley fuel.

BJ, George, and Bush
Raliegh, N.C.

• Sounds like a damn short train to me. I prefer hundred-car freights, myself.

Feet's Feet

My ol' lady and me enjoy toe fucking very much. After licking the dirt from between each other's toes, we stick them into various openings on our bodies (ass, nose, cunt, etc.). We were wondering if this is considered gross in biker society. We also wanted to know if you and Spider ever do this.

Milo and Gena
Akron, Ohio

• Spider's been known to give me a boot in the ass from time to time.

Dumb Query

You're a Harley mama with her head together. I found me a chick I won't let get away. She loves and gives good head, has a pussy I can suck all day, and fucks like a horny acrobat.

How, or what, do I have to do to fuck her in her ass?

15 inches hard
Chicago, Ill.

• Roll her over on her belly and stick your prick up her asshole, asshole.

Tennessee Studs

I just gotta know what everybody is raving about. Send me your picture right away. Don't spare me. I mean, show your fuckin' tits! I just gotta get a peek at them mammoth mammaries.

A bro told me that you once took on the entire Elizabethtown, Tennessee, football team and marching band. He said you done it right under the Watauga bridge. Is that true? What did it teach ya?

R.B.
Memphis, Tenn.

• It taught me why they call it the Volunteer State — I didn't have to arm-twist a single one of the li'l darlin's.

No Hope

My ol' man wants to get a bike when Uncle Sam sends our check back. I want a Harley, but he says Harleys are too expensive. Harleys are the best bikes on the road, and I have a craving for them. Can you talk some sense into him?

Harley Blues
Greenville, S.C.

• Once had a dog that preferred cat shit to steak — couldn't talk sense to him, either.

Trade Off

Hey, you sleazy old broad. If I could show you that I could braid my hair with my tongue, would you sit on my face?

Scooter

• If I could show you how spaghetti slides through the gap between my front teeth, would you sit on mine?

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

STURGIS 1982
AUGUST 11,12,13
BUFFALO CHIP PICNIC

JERRY LEE LEWIS
JOHNNY PAYCHECK · SUSIE NELSON
· Flash Cadillac · Jim Casey · Mr. Single Jim · William Van Dyke

August 11
1 p.m. to sundown

Concert
Flash Cadillac
Jim Casey
Mr. Single Jim
William Van Dyke

Buffalo Chip Tournament
Swap Meet 1

Whether you're buying or selling, don't miss the motorcycle bazaar of the year!

August 12
11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Black Hills Poker Run — a 117-mile card-collectin' tour to five bars in the scenic Black Hills. Best five-card poker hand wins.

Prizes:

First place:	$500
Second place:	$250
Third place:	$100

Entry fee: Two bucks

August 13
1 p.m. to sundown

Concert
Jerry Lee Lewis
Johnny Paycheck
Susie Nelson
(Yep! That's Willie's daughter)
Jim Casey
Mr. Single Jim
William Van Dyke

Buffalo Chip Tournament
Bike Show/Swap Meet 2

AUGUST 13, 8 P.M.: RAFFLE OF BRAND-NEW H-D STURGIS.

Barbequed Pig, Roast Beef, and Beer at bikers' prices
Prices: Advance tickets for both Wednesday and Friday, $15. Wednesday-only tickets, $7 at the gate; Friday-only tickets, $10 at the gate. 10-by-15-foot swap meet spaces, $25 for both days, or $15 for one day. Discount tickets for groups of 25 or more. Free raffle ticket for '82 H-D Sturgis included with each admission! Additional raffle tickets, $2 at the site.

The Place: Two miles east of Sturgis just off Highway 34.

Sturgis, here I come!

I enclose $ ____ for ____ combo tickets for Wednesday and Friday ($15 each).

Note: Orders for mail-order tickets must be postmarked by July 15. Got some stuff I wanna sell. Please reserve me:

- ☐ A space in Swap Meet 1 and 2 (enclose $25)
- ☐ A space in Swap Meet 1 only (enclose $15)
- ☐ A space in Swap Meet 2 only (enclose $15)
- ☐ Bike Show entry fee (enclose $10)

Discount tickets available in lots of twenty-five or more — call for info.
Phone No. (805) 495-4836

Total enclosed: $ ____

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____

Make check or money order payable to **Black Hills Art Festival, Inc.** and mail to:

B.H.A.F.
Box 5044-459
Thousand Oaks, CA 91358

A Tribute to Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Jimi "Jimbo" Odern.** My first scooter ride was on the back of your Sporty. I didn't know you for very long, but I'll never forget you. Love, Julie.

In loving memory of **Allen G. Kibler,** who will live in our hearts forever. Take care, and I'm sorry. We love you. Rich and the gang from Betty's.

In loving memory of **Charlie "Road Spirit" Caudill.** Each mile I truck or bike will be for you. Till I reach you on that highway in the sky, you'll always be the King of the Queen of Hearts. Your ol' lady, Liz.

In memory of **Sambo,** 15 Oct. 81. Died at the hands of a surf freak. Live on in Harley Heaven. Grot, Zoomer, Wizard, and all the chapters of the Devils Cavaliers MC, Melb., Australia.

In memory of **Roy** and **Laura Ellis,** who left us 6/1/81, no thanks to a drunk in a cage turning left. They left us and their new shop to ride safely in Harley Heaven. Roy was a hell of a Harley doctor. Missed badly by all their bros. Eldon Brackenbush.

In memory of **Bobbi Marcy,** a true sis to the end. The desert will remember you. Tell the rest of the people there we remember. The California Kid, High Desert, Calif.

T.N.T., I'm going to miss you for now, but as you said, our paths will cross and we will ride together again. I'll hang my colors till that day. Free Bird.

In memory of **Smoke.** I looked up to you, and you never let me down. I'll always hold a place for you in my heart. You're gone, but never forgotten. Peaches.

In memory of **Robert Moya,** 12/11/81, who rode hard and died too damn young. We're gonna miss you, friend. You'll be in our hearts and minds forever. Your friends in N.C.

In memory of **Glen "Douche" Massengill,** 11/21/81; **Paul "Toledo" Tucker,** 6/19/76; and **Paul "Butch" Seeman, Jr.,** 8/1/75. All members, gone but not forgotten, of the Roadmen MC, Toledo, Ohio. Ride in the wind forever, bros. Pervert, pres., and the rest of the bros. Roadmen MC.

In memory of **Wild Bill,** a really wild fucker who dug that tequila. From the bros in Queens Village.

Lynn Dugger was always there for us. Now he's up there waiting to show us the way. We love you, Lynn. The Southsiders.

In memory of **Jimmy Bennett.** The world's cruel, bro! Your first ride, and wasted by a cage. See ya. Crack.

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — $12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send $12 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Death row biker needs to hear from any and all biker chicks. I'm 24 and may not see 26. Edward B. Fitzgerald #125564, Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

W/m, 29, 6'3", 270 pounds, would like to hear from some nasty ladies who have their shit together. John Manning #93152, H-2A/WCC, Box 351, Haynesville, La. 71038.

W/m, 38, been down for three, got one to go. I need someone serious. Kids okay. Send pic. Will answer all. Leon Dodge, C-3, Box 158-073234, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Lonely 21-year-old white boy needs letters from lonely ladies. Will answer all. Richard W. Harris #C-24457, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 93576.

There once was a bro doin' time who had no one to drop him a line. Blind, crippled, or shady, this downed bro sure needs an ol' lady to help him keep his mind. Doug Taurel #326427, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

W/m, 28, brown hair and eyes, is looking for some true babes to send him some sweet-smelling and comforting letters and revealing photos. No big mamas, please. Especially looking for someone who will come visit. Steve Longenecker, #9059, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Rod Langford is a long way from Long Beach and looking for mail from long-legged, lovely ladies. Rodney A. Langford #311272, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Two lonesome bros, down for the year, will correspond with all ladies who write. R. Alexander #76956, and C. Thibedeaux #77754, Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

27-year-old Pisces been down going on 18 months and would like to hear from ladies who love sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. Wayne Whitley, Box 231, Statesville, N.C. 28677.

Down dude from Dago, blond, blue eyes, would appreciate a few fine ladies to shoot him a few lines. John Reynolds #C-23104, Box 23104, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Help! Ladies with heart: down and out bro needs pics and letters. White, 5'9", 160 lbs. Duke Bryan #130196, 777 W. Riverside Dr., Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Downed bro, 29, good-looking and solid, looking for that special lady. Must be 18-30 and sincere. Send flicks for fast reply; all letters answered. G. Nelson #C-21274, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Downed bro, 24, white, 6', 185 lbs., in need of letters from all you foxes out there. I'm lonely and depressed. Will answer all. Please send picture. Danny Randolph #37136, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Dirty 30, doin' five. L.W. Burdett #325840, Wynne Unit, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

So blue, doin' two. Bruce Zahn #326840, Wynne Unit, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Been down four years now and am startin' to get short. Sure could use some correspondence to help me through these last couple of years. Steve Quiriconi, Box 607 NSP, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

A 24-year-old, blond-haired, blue-eyed devil would like to hear from some ladies. Will answer all letters. Send photo. Michael A. Clough, RD #1, Box 500, Georgetown, Del. 19947.

Out-of-state outlaw, in prison in California, needs letters from you ladies out there and would like photos, too, but not necessary. Will answer all letters. Mando Esqueda #B-43357, Room 4390, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

20-year-old bro doin' time for a crime that wasn't even worth a dime. Please send letters and photo to Louie Powers #159-244, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

A discouraged biker in prison in the back hills of New York needs communication with life outside. All letters answered and photos appreciated. Jim Mullen #81-D-96, Clinton Corr. Facility Annex, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Two white males, 25 and 21, downed tramps with little to do. All we ask is to hear from you. Dennis Roach #C-38659, and Mike Colbert #C-38672, Box 617, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Been down since '79 and need some mail from you sweeties. I have three to go and I'd like to meet someone before I get out. Dennis Hunsucher, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, N.C. 28144.

I'm down and would like some letters from ladies, for I'm in need of an ol' lady. Send photos and letters to D.J. Scott #204539, Box 316, Fort Madison, Iowa 52627.

43-year-old teacher, 6', 190 lbs., busted on a firearm possession charge. Will be out soon and wish to correspond with any sincere woman from 25 up who does not mind silver hair and brown eyes combined with a face that I consider nice. Appreciate intelligence, personality, humor, more than just attractiveness. Jerry Locker #12780-038, Unit-Texas 2, Box 1500 El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I am a 24-year-old white male down and out and desperate for letters and pictures from all women, age unimportant. Will answer all. Danny Randolph #37136, Box 7, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

We're having trouble here in New Mexico, but your flicks and scribes will make it better, ladies. Peter Galey #28117, Box 1059, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501.

W/m, 26, live wire of desire. Need a lady 18-35 for visits and serious relationship. Send letter with flic; get a reply quick! Bob Wire II, K-58, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

I'm 18, w/m, and would like to correspond with foxy ladies 18-30. Will answer all. John Rossi #107426, 900 Milldale Rd., Cheshire, Conn. 06410.

Down and freezin' in the Far North. Need ladies to write and stay warm with. Write to Garry Maynard #0750, Edmonton Max, Box 2290, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J-3H7.

Locked down Kiwi Harley rider needs letters and photos from all you white, Harley-loving foxes in the states. Tom Tyrrell, Linton Prison, C/Private Bag, Linton Camp, Linton, New Zealand.

Looking for very special lady to share correspondence with and possibly more. I am 30 yrs old, w/m, 5'10", 160 lbs., blue eyes and sandy hair. Klaus Henry Schaeffer #315138, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

W/m, 26 yrs. old, doing last few months on five-year bit. Need lady in Minn. or Wis., 18-35, to help get started again. C. Burch, Box 13, Gordon, Wis. 54838.

Wanted: Good-looking, righteous woman with lots of love to give to a down bro and interested in a lasting relationship. Send picture. I'm w/m 28, 5'10", blond hair, brown eyes, Vietnam vet. Lots of love to give. John Schroeder #48240, Box 700, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

W/m, 23, and handsome too, but I'm down and in need of letters, and visitors too. Looking forward to tying the knot. Please write. Michael J. Maness #280922, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Ladies: One more to go. If you're willing to stick it out, I'm willing to lick it up. W/m, 25, will answer all. Laci Ace #C-60733, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

W/m would like to get letters and pictures from young ladies 18-26. Will answer all letters. Mike Okalla, Prison, 5700 Royal Oak, Burnaby, B.C., Canada. V5H 3N4.

W/bro, 21, 6'2", 180, in the hole. Would like to hear from ladies with heart. Dan McCoy #31023, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

White, 26, 6', 190, brown hair, blue eyes, and not particular. Kenneth Marshall #105881, Star Rt. B, Box 220, Hominy, Okla. 74035.

Ladies in this area: How about some scribbles and flicks? Will answer all who care enough to write. Don Kowolski #29073, Bill Wolff #32872, and Rodney Voulek #33349, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

One downed tramp needs scribes and flicks from some righteous ladies who give a fuck. Dane Hedstrom #123111, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Righteous biker about ready for the wind. Looking for sincere, good-looking lady to share good times with. Letters with photos will receive same. Joe Richardson #305735, Hilltop Unit S-1A, 1500 Statesville Rd., Gatesville, Tex. 76528.

White male, 21, 5'10", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Have 2½ done on 3½ with 10 months to go. Looking for a fine little woman to have some partying with when I step out in Dec. '82. Photo appreciated. Mitchell Harper #46460, U-29-G, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

ALABAMA
Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston

ALASKA
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Piggy's H-D Parts & River Bottom H-D 403 S. Arizona Ave., Chandler
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

ARKANSAS
Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs

CALIFORNIA
The Purple Hog 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Maclay St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceano
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Jammer Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Cycle Specialties 301 Male Blvd., Modesto
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South Gate St., Ukiah
Cobra MC Accessories & Parts 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Clyde's Custom Cycles 5040 Olivehurst Ave., Olivehurst
Biker Bob's Rag Shop 425 El Cajon Blvd., El Cajon
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Road, San Jose
Klein's Texaco & Motorcycle Accessories 1601 Truman St., San Fernando

COLORADO
Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton
Flatirons H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge
Dave's Auto Body 2201 State Ave., Alamosa
Joe Dandy's Cycle Emporium 418 Harrison Ave., Leadville
A Righteous Ride 1103½ 5th St., Greeley
Denver Used MC Parts 1618 Lafayette St., Denver

CONNECTICUT
New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton
Retep Cycle Parts & Accessories R.F.D. #1 Box 214, Voluntown
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Honest Injun's Custom MC Acc. Elgid Plaza 120 Boston Post Rd., Milford

DELAWARE
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4967 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater

FLORIDA (Cont'd)
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg

GEORGIA
H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 7984 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd., Chamblee
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta

HAWAII
Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamaile St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS
Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet

INDIANA
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion

IOWA
Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City
Lucky's Cycle Haven 713 S. Sheridan, Ottumwa
P.M. Cycle Specialties 309 W. 5th St., Waterloo

KANSAS
Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka
Hank's Cycle Shed Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George
Horizons Harley-Davidson 1811 West 6th St., Lawrence

KENTUCKY
Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 383 New Circle, Lexington

LOUISIANA
Motorcycle Products Co. 2662 Barksdale Blvd., Bossier City
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr's Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater
Creative Design Specialties, Inc. 1399 Ramsey St., Baltimore
Blue Earth Boutique 220 Washington St., Mini Mall, Havre de Grace

MASSACHUSETTS
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
Johnny's Cycle Shop 143 E. Central St., Worcester

MICHIGAN
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
P&P Cycle Products, Inc. 2924 N. Woodward, Royal Oak

MINNESOTA
D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Fetrow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
Lakeside Cycle West Lind St., Mankato

MISSISSIPPI
Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs

MISSOURI
St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perriville

MONTANA
D&G Cycle, Inc. 802 6th St. North, Havre

NEBRASKA
Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus

NEVADA
Nevada Cycle Parts 2560 #5 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas
Motorsyckles 550 E. 4th St., Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Motorway 85 Hancock St., Manchester
Cavanaugh Bros. H-D Inc. 101 Upton, Manchester

NEW JERSEY
H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover

NEW MEXICO
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Custom Cycle Inc. 1895 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore
Rolling Thunder Accessories 199 Main St., Nanuet
Sal's Early Cycle Parts 1056 Little E. Neck Rd., W. Babylon
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
KFK Cycle, Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
The Motorcycle Supermarket, Inc. 6695 S. Transit, Lockport

NORTH CAROLINA
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville

NORTH DAKOTA
Bennie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot
Nodak Harley-Davidson, Inc. RR 1, Box 151, Hwy. 83 North, Minot
The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO
Custom MC Sales 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Bear's Bikes & Welding 415 W. Main, Ravenna

OHIO (Cont'd)
Pegasus Cycles 2556 Elm Rd., Warren
Warren Custom Cycles 1914 W. Market St., Warren
Cycle Accessories Rt. 1 Box 203, Byesville
Lake Erie Cycle 7770 Lakeshore Blvd., Mentor

OKLAHOMA
Brinkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 921 N. Choctaw, El Reno
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton

OREGON
H-D of Albany 1286 Commercial Way S.E., Albany
Yelrah's 4522 Cleveland St., Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA
Chopper Shak II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgville
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. RP, Cornwell Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville

SOUTH CAROLINA
Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D Rt. 1 Box 326, Sumter

TENNESSEE
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
K.D. Enterprises 3909 Chapman Hwy., Knoxville
Colboch H-D Sales Rt. 9 Box 517, Morristown
Reed's H-D 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville

TEXAS
Larry's MC Service 217 S. B., Harlingen
The Basket Case 2826 Elm St., Dallas
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
H&H Cycle Accessories 1710 Belle Plain, Brownwood
Livingston Custom Cycles 622 S. Washington, Livingston
Doc & Wendy's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 31 West, 842 A West 7th Ave., Corsicana
Whisker's Cycle Repair 17123 Spiller Rd., Spring
Texas Custom Motorcycles 2621 N. 18th St., Waco
Fly's Cycles P.O. Box 670 Hwy 59 & 150, Shepherd

UTAH
Five Star Cycle 317 W. Main St., Vernal

VIRGINIA
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 W., Abingdon
Master Performance Cycles 9823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deli Rt. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
TR's Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy., P.O. Box 13428, Chesapeake
Repairs Unlimited 1826 A Jamestown Rd., Williamsburg
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond

WASHINGTON
74" Or More 1449 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA
Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton
H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

WISCONSIN
Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Drive, Green Bay
RB's Custom Cycle 1501 W. Court St., Janesville

Choppershopper

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Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, pros, and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog U.S.A. $3; foreign $5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186 (119)

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle). For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send $16. Price includes postage and handling. Add $4 for overseas air mail. California residents add 6%. Righteous Products, Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (120)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For walletsize ordination credentials and 8½ x 11 wall ministerial credential, send $10 to Rev. Dave, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (120)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send $1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (113)

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send $8, plus $1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered to Coco Company, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (120)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (116)

Jennifer's ear-otic sex line. Hot girls who are ready to please and tease you with pictures, scented panties, and much more to a shattering climax. Visa/MC. (414) 261-8811.

45 rider-collector club now in its 2nd year. 2-and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Send $15 for one-year membership; club newsletter and T-shirt sent to all members. Send to 45 Riders Club, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (117)

Young biker chicks, short on cash, will send revealing photos. Send $2 for each one wanted (cash please, guys) to Box Holder, P.O. Box 2071, Costa Mesa, Calif. (115)

Extremely disabled vet needs your immediate help. Have four children and no wife. The VA won't help, and I desperately need help. Please write to Cliff Conn, P.O. Box 50579, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303. Critical. (109)

ABATE Region II field meet. July 16-18, Buchanan, Mich. Sponsored by ABATE of Michigan. Competitions, ride-in bike show, and beer. Members $8 for single, $12 a couple; non-members, $10 and $14. No showers. Info, write ABATE of Michigan, Box 1032, Dearborn, Mich. 48121, or call (313) 525-0699. (110)

Good-looking convict, 28, righteous and white, would like to hear from sexy, good-looking foxes who don't bite. Charles Semerly #148790, Huron Valley Men's Facility, Box 911, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197. (110)

Free knife catalog. Boot and belt knives, throwers, stilettos, etc. Duffy Enterprises, Box 102, Dept. ER, Bayville, N.J. 08721. (109)

"The Tattooists" hardcover book! Color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their art. Featured in Easyriders. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. $36 plus tax. Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. (119)

Blair: You took a piece of our hearts and our lives. A true friend and brother. Your memory will live on with us forever. Love from Mark, Ric, Deb, Heather, and all your brothers and sisters. (109)

Happy birthday, babe, 3-6-56. Happy first anniversary, 5-17-82. I love you, E.T. Love, Deb. (109)

Bikers' charity rally for MDA, June 26-27; AMA Dist. 5 tour, Conneaut Lake Park, Pa. Anniversary Sportster to be given away. S&M Sales, Box 148, Clarion, Pa. 16214. (814) 226-6500 for information. (109)

Notice to all Midwest riders: Novicky's Hideout Memorial Day Run, Rt. 2, Box 166, Eldon, Mo. 65026. (314) 365-2890.

Gene: Happy 25th birthday, babe! Riding with you and being your ol' lady is what I want in life. Thank you for coming back home and for saying you love me. Forever yours, Marilyn. (109)

Club colors done on 3- 4-oz leather. For info and up-to-date price sheet, write to Rob (Evil) DeGuire #101742, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301. Also looking for lady to help with mail-order leather business. (109)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tool and test instruments included. Send for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC52, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (110)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Faye: Happy birthday to you, wonderful lady. May you always be free. I want to know where you are. A friend always, Danielle. (109)

John Wayne from P-cola, we miss ya. Please call (collect) and let us know what's happenin'. Mary and Bob (206) 679-4210. (109)

Dave Patton: Where the hell have you been? Call Mom in Sinton, Texas. Your brother, Tony. (109)

Sandi: Happy birthday, baby. 6-6-82. I will love you forever. Bama. (109)

Lovely ladies, this bro needs you. Doing some very lonely time. Lost my bike and my wife. Looking for anybody with a heart. I'm 23, 5'9", 190 lbs., dark hair and eyes. It doesn't matter who you are; I'll answer all. Donald Miller, Drawer 1072, Arcadia Fla. 33821 Mail #305. (109)

Women of the world, beware and take heed: Lasting friendship is what I need. Released in October from this hell, so all you good-time bitches, send some mail. If you want to glisten like the sun, I'll remember all when I make my next run. Johnny Halsey #298278, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515. (109)

Phillip: Happy 26th (7-18). I love you. Your lady, Kay. (109)

Happy Birthday High, 7-17. Also, congrats! The Low Rider's all yours now. Love, Meri. (109)

Cal: Happy birthday, my babe boy, May 17, 1960. I'll love you for eternity! Yours only and always, Sue. (109)

Harley-lovin' lady, 19, 5'6", 130 lbs., looking for a tramp between 20 and 35 yrs. who's got his head together. No addicts or heavy boozers. Send photo if ya got one. Sandollar, Box 1054, Port Aransas, Tex. 78373. (109)

Carol M.L.: After fifteen years of partying, I met you. Think I could get to know you in the next fifteen? Crazy Dave. (109)

Congratulations, Dave (Spacey) and Lauren Dills, on your wedding 2-20-82. Frank and Phyllis. (109)

Val: Saw your ma in February's "In the Wind." Happy birthday, 5-8-59. Love you. AZ Jim, Germany. (109)

Moe: Have a happy 25th birthday. Yours truly, Toots. (109)

Get out of debt. Biker Consultant, Box 248-ER, St. Joseph, Mo. 64506. (109)

Here it is, folks: The amazing 31-day wine from Stefan—easy, tasty, and guaranteed to rock your socks. For complete instructions, send $2 to Stefan, 24050 Scotia, Oak Park, Mich. 48237. (110)

Dale: Hopefully we are together by now. If not, give me a call. I need you more than ever. Later! Love and kisses, List. (109)

Doing time; another 4½ years to go. Will draw your portrait from your clear, close-up photo (head and shoulders only). Send photo and $10 (money order only) payable to "Joseph Roberge #C-31934 and Calif. Dept. of Corrections." Send them to Joseph Roberge, Box 2000 N-216-L, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (120)

Happy birthday, Chick, 6-30. You and me in the wind. I love you. Hard Tail. (109)

All ladies, help. Two bros in deep sadness, doin' time without letters. Need foxes to get off their asses and make our blood flow again. Send letters and photos to Daniel Whetzel #124646 and Richard Simpson #121261, SCC Box 3500, Staunton, Va. 24401. (109)

Motorcycle swap meets by Donn Marco Productions, Sunday, July 25, 1982, National Guard Armory, Sidco Drive, Nashville, Tenn. Spaces 10x10, $30. Live music, $5 per Person; children under 12 free. For reservations or information, call or write Donn Marco Productions, 2308 Weona Dr., Nashville, Tenn. 37214. (615) 889-5515. (110)

Honey: 4 down, 46 to go. Love ya more each day. Happy anniversary from Jan, Critter, and Sunshine.

Gary Gogol: I love you and need you as soon as possible. Love you. Your babe, Robin Shinn, 4622 Cervato, Long Beach, Calif. 90815. (109)

To whom it may concern: World's Finest Tattooing Equipment® is the registered trademark of Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. Any other individual or tattoo supply firm using this trademark is in direct violation of the law and will be prosecuted n a court of law. If you don't believe it, try it. You won't like it. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Mike: Happy birthday 8-7-56. I'll always love you. There's no one else for me, believe me, please. The ol' lady. (109)

Dad: Happy birthday, 8-7-56. I love you—you're the best. Danny Lee. (109)

Chuck H. Hall: I will always love you. Take care of my "Harley Boy." Love, Ronna. (109)

In-home video recording: Transfer your S/R 8mm and slides to video cassette. Easy-to-follow illustrations and instructions. Allow 3 weeks return mail. Send $3 to Rolbaks, Box 50086, Cicero, Ill. 60650. (109)

Vince: Venturing into memories and thoughts of you is the best feeling I know. Happy birthday. CJ. (109)

Michael: I love you, R.P., and always will. Didn't think I was serious, did you? Waiting for you to get "our" scooter together. Someday we'll have it all. Your "Road Puppy" forever. (109)

There's good rockin' tonight, babe, 'cuz nothin' matters but the weekend. Let's keep the circle goin' and open another bottle of wine. Love ya forever, Deb. (109)

Denny: Happy birthday, sweetheart, 5-1. Lovin' you more each year, hoping that as each year passes it holds happiness, good health, and a lot of good times. You're the best. Love forever. Your #1 lady. (109)

Rob: Happy 1st anniversary, 4-17-82, from the best head you ever had. Laura. (109)

Harley: Happy 1st birthday, 4-27-82. All our love. Mom-Mom, and Da-Da. (109)

Scorpion: Scream of the butterfly. I remember the beautiful night with you. Virgo. Edmonton, Alberta. 443-4105. (109)

Julio: The odds were against us, but we won. When you read this we'll belong to each other in every way. We love you. Sunshine, Doolie, and me, your ol' lady, K. (109)

Tattooing outfit (complete). Good machine, inks, designs. Everything $106.50 ($26.50 down). 360 popular designs $21.95. Steele, Box 242-W, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (109)

White, 28-year-old Sagittarian, prisoner of war, looking for a righteous babe for lasting companionship. Any age, any race. Send sase; will answer all. Billy-Joe Rowe, Box 100, So. Walpole, Mass. 02071. (109)

For sale: First 104 issues of Easyriders magazine. Excellent condition $500 or best offer. Call John Hayes (502) 843-3188 or write Rt. 11, Box 130, Bowling Green, Ky. 42101. (109)

Romantic country dude, 32, seeks phone calls from mellow mountain mamas. Steve (702) 882-7725. No collect calls. (110)

Op: I sure do love you, buddy. Really! I miss you. Hurry home to me. Love always, Kimmer. (109)

Squeaky: Happy anniversary. Lovin' you more and more all the time. Your ol' man, Fig. (109)

David: As long as you and I are one, we can make anything happen. I'll need your love forever. Happy 2nd anniversary, 5-18-82. Sandy. (109)

Stan Lagenly: Honey, where the hell are you? We belong together in the wind. Your H-D cap is wearing out and the Eveready's are dying out. Come back to me soon. (Calie) 400 N.E. 88th St., Miami, Fla. 33138. (305) 633-1471. (109)

Pat: Happy 28th, 5-15-82. Love riding wth ya, and love lovin' ya. Your ol' lady, Cindi. (109)

Downed white Aquarian male will answer all letters. Looks and age unimportant. Richard Dean #142962, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (109)

Attention, Leo dudes: Young, extremely pretty, and independent Leo lady is still looking for that biker of her dreams. He is over 6', 200 lbs., blond, blue-eyed, intelligent, gentle, hard worker (like myself), has goals and dreams and is able to make them into realities. Must be free (no jailbirds, free loaders, heavy drinkers, etc.). He will get one 5', brown-eyed, long brown haired, loyal (for life), crazy, unusual, together mama. I am no house mouse. No game players, please—this ad costs money. All answered with flick of yourself and ride. Answer to Cassidy, 28 St. George St., Chatham, Ontario, Canada N7M 4P2. (109)

Mike: Happy 29th, 6-27-82. Always by your side. Cindy. (109)

Thanx to my bros who helped after my mishap: Blacky, Bawana Dick, Lightnin', Cocky, Mr. Tramp, and Randy—to name a few. Spider. (109)

Sex galore with my low-cost money-making tattooing outfit (many gals trade pussy for tattoos). Wonderful opportunity. Artist, Box 242-W, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (109)

Free Spirit: You've made me the proudest and happiest 1% outlaw that ever rode. You have shown me what real love and respect are. You're the best damn ol' lady there is, and I love you. Hang in there, baby, our righteous times are coming. Your ol' man, Crazy. (109)

1937 Indian Chief, not running. Send $2 and sase for photo. D. Jones, Box 9074, Waco, Tex. 76710. (109)

Charley-Harley: Happy 26th birthday. My lover my friend—together until the end. Love, Tess. (109)

Lookin' for lovin' mama, 18-25, with beautiful bod and mind, to rekindle the fire in my eyes and warmth in my heart. Must love Harleys, outdoors, and work. No dopers, freeloaders, heavy drinkers, or cig. smokers. If you can share life with a mellow biker, 25, with a two-year-old son and a small business, send a kite and pictures to Dave, Box 21065, Long Beach, Calif. 90801-4065. (110)

21, Italian, 5'11", 170, brown hair and eyes, engineering student, seeking young lady for 1-on-1 relationship. Must be 18-28, good-looking, very intelligent, love Harleys, not a hard partier, like finer things in life besides riding, be athletic and health conscious. Send full photo and phone to Gary, S.E. Connecticut. Will do likewise. Send c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (109)

Chicago, single, white male, considerate, 39, 6'2", 185, wishes caring relationship with considerate, not overweight, not mercenary, Chicago-area woman. Write Box 2544, Chicago, Ill. 60604. (111)

To Edna and Tilt: Thanks for being there when I needed ya, and for the Easyriders. Love ya, The Roach. (109)

W/m, 21, 5'7", 145 lbs., and doin' time. I have till '84 and I'm lonely as hell. I need kites and flicks from good people out there. All answered. Harry (The Roach) Silvi EF108535, Box 194, Alto, Ga. 30510-0194. (110)

Professional Tattooing Handbook—illustrations, trade secrets. Expert instruction. Plus tattooed women's photos, 71 pages—$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-W, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (109)

Female slave wanted: W/m, late 20s, big and bearded, chopped Hog, wants submissive female slave. Prefer them young, but depends. Must be loyal, obedient, take care of home, run errands, clean scoot, and take complete care of her master's sexual needs. In return she will have a good home, protection, tenderness, an upper hand when need be, a spot on the back of a righteous scoot on long and short hauls, good times, understanding. Possibility of you moving if things work out. Detailed letter and picture (a must). Less clothes the better. Answer now to Hog-Master, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (109)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (109)

Wanted: One (or more) young, 18-35, tender, loving and understanding female, by a 5'5½", blond-haired, blue-eyed outlaw. Must be patient and able to help me adapt to the free world in Jan. '83. Send letter and picture to Huey White #229413, Ramsey #1 Unit, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

27-year-old brother, good-looking, seeking close relationship with foxy ladies for correspondence and future. Write to Bradley Hebert #87521, Mag 1, Angola, La. 70712. (109)

P.A.: Happy 21st, 7-30, to the love of my life. Nothing to stop us; we're gonna ride every highway. Your lady. (109)

Lonely inmate, 28 years old, white Taurus, looking for down-to-earth chicks for sincere relationship. Will answer all letters. Tony Arrengo #79A3922, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (110)

Mike in Rota, Espanol. I love you. Your H.B.D.S. (109)

Rick: Thank you for making my life complete. I can't begin to show you how much I love you. Happy birthday, ol' man, 6-10, from your babe, Pat, and your baby, Holly-Beth. (109)

Cash paid fast for old boots—engineer, western, Frye, etc. Any size, condition, ever if not wearable. Chuck, Box 511, Altadena, Calif. 91001. (213) 797-0195. (112)

To the ravishingly beautiful young lady in the lower-left corner on page 62 of the May '82 issue (flick from Dirty Ernie): If you're free, write to Steve, Box 381, Sherburn, Minn. 56171. (109)

Hummer, Pacer, Scat, Super 10, Nodel 125 and 165, Bobcat, Ranger—6 bi-monthly newsletters, free classifieds, color pics of members' bikes, membership card—$5 a year. Harley Hummer Club, Box 224, Olney, Md. 20832-0224. (110)

1940 custom knucklehead, needs minor repairs, $3,000 or best offer. Send $2 and sase for photo, Cindy, 1612 W. Callender, Peoria, Ill. 61606, or phone, 9-5, (309) 685-4096. (110)

Darling Thomas J. Hoffman: July 17, 1977. Here's to 5 years of loving, bites, kisses, music, laughter, champagne, flowers, and summer. I love you. Cheers! XXXOOO. Sandra. (109)

28-year-old bro needs to hear from warm-hearted women 18-35. Will answer all. Gary Harger #112520, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501. (109)

Sunshine: We jumped on the black bitch, and we rode her for miles. We cried some tears, and we had some smiles. We rode beneath the moon and in four inches of snow. Now how much I love you, you'll never know. You say it's time to leave and go our own way. But I still love you, Sunshine, and hope you'll come back to me someday. Sundance. (109)

Jacksonville, Florida—4th annual Frank Morgan Memorial Ride, May 30th. Start at Coastline Drive, leave at 11:30 a.m. (109)

Lost buddy. Any brothers who know the whereabouts of Allan H. Harris (Rocky), 36 years young: Former Kalawaski dealer and operator of body rub King Henry VIII, Left Toronto, Ontario, in '78. Hope to locate pal's pad and live again. Surprise Reunion, Box 304, 4500 Queen St., Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada L2E 6T8. (109)

Bill: I miss you, I need your loving desperately. I'll always be yours. I'd rather die young than grow old without you. Kelly. (109)

Two white attractive young ladies paroling in August, need fine dudes with scooters in S. Cal. to party with. Send flicks, letters, and marital status to Tracey Poirier W-15269 LA-250, or Carol Bonham W-16737 LA-238, Frontera, Calif. 91720. (109)

Bob: Happy anniversary, 7-8-82. Glad this next year together will start out under the sun and trees, where it all started nine years ago. Can't wait to be free and in the wind with you forever. Love, Tootsie. (109)

Two white males, 25 years old, jailed temporarily, would like to exchange photos and letters with kinky ladies. No minors! Jeff Kearney and Ronnie Hill, 135 High Court Lane, Hampton, Va. 23669. (109)

"Snag" of N.W. Pa.: Can't forget you; it's springtime in the swamps. 1/3/82. Twinkle on; be free. K.B. (109)

Ladies: Gentle dude, 32, 6'2", 180 lbs., light brown, blue. Sincere only, no games. No collect calls (209) 582-0927. 405 Hanford Armona Rd., Hanford, Calif. 93230. Onefinger. (109)

To Squash, Rock, Buffalo, Gabby, Sam, Medicine Man, Starlite, Spark, Buddy, Woodrow, Woody, DJ, Emily, Beaver, Fred, Moondog, Ghost Riders MC, First American MC: Thanks. Fat Bob, Augusta, Ga. (109)

To Bandit: Don't let the bastards get you down; with your brothers behind you, there's nothing you can't handle. FTW. Fat Bob, Augusta, Ga. (109)

Swap meets, April 25, May 23, June 27, I-70 Drive-In K.C., Mo. 8 to 4. (109)

Biker artist seeks girls who want to do modeling. Contact Bear, 1421 South 1st, Norfolk, Neb. 68701. (109)

Mo: I love and miss you. Never forget me. Sissy. (109)

Skunk: Harleys, bros, Easyriders, and brew. Three kids and a dog, all because I met you. Happy anniversary, 7-20. Carol. (109)

Brian Brown: Thinking about Sturgis '82. Call 465-9275. Fat Robert. (109)

Rolling papers: Job 1.5, Harley-Davidson, EZ Wider. $11 per box of 24. 80 brands available. Send $1 for price list. Paper Connection, Box 952, Albemarle, N.C. 28001. (109)

Good-looking 30-year-old male would like to meet easygoing, attractive female who knows how to treat an '82 Harley the right way. No drugs, cons, or hard partiers. Please send picture. South Dakota, Montana, or Nebraska area, age 19-32. David J., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (110)

Timothy: Happy 30th, March 13th. Praying you're all right. It's been a cold nightmare. I've got to know. I love you! My first real love . . .my endless love. (109)

Bob: Two down and a lifetime to go. Happy anniversary, 6-28-82. Love always, Flash. (109)

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Continued on page 126

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4. LAY ME DOWN SOME RAILS
5. N.P.* BLUES
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2. N.P.* 3. N.P.*
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

fore, but she beats all. Put more of those ladies in there, and I'll be buried with my *Easyriders* under my head.

Lover Boy
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Self-Respect

☐ I must admit that the women who ride with bikers are to blame for most of the bullshit that we get from bikers in general. I am continuously reading in *Easyriders* (yes, I do read it and like the mag) about what a thrill it is for them to rest their tiny rears on their ol' men's bikes, and how it means so much to them to polish the chrome, etc., etc. It makes me want to puke. Don't you women have any self-respect? How can you ever expect to get any respect from your ol' man or anyone else when you go around acting like some airheaded hose rag? Yes, I'll polish my ol' man's bike if I want to, and I do enjoy riding with him, although I would rather be putting alone sometimes. But believe it, I don't consider it any big favor when I get to ride with him. I consider it my due for helping him put it on the road, and I feel as much pride in myself as he does when I'm back there with him. The thing I have a hard time with is that 90 percent of the bikers I've met in the past ten years on a one-to-one basis will sit and talk with you as a person, treat you with respect, and appreciate your good nature. But get that same biker in a group with his bros and he'll treat you like a piece of dirt. Why? Because it's cool. Because that's what biker macho is all about. Well, I think that sucks.

Blondie
Oswego, N.Y.

Another Error

☐ Listen, I sent you a "Tribute to Brothers Lost" letter and you printed it in your April issue. It was for Kirt Hockworth. But you fucked up because you signed it "Your Old Lady, Little Ric." But I wrote "Little Ric and his old lady." Now you made me sound like a fuckin' queer. And I don't like it.

Little Ric
Santa Ana Heights, Calif.

■ Sorry for the error, Ric.

Stayin' Married

☐ Just thought I'd drop a line telling you that after reading "Why I Ride" (January '82 issue), I offered my ol' man a divorce, so he could do what he wants to without any strings and ride free. I told him I'd still be around for him and only him (I've got a property tattoo to prove it). He turned me down. Said staying married would get us more money at income tax time. That's fine with me, 'cause I love him and make him happy by staying in my place — behind him.

Little Bitch
Toledo, Ohio

H-D Switch?

☐ Was wondering if anyone had noticed what is probably an amazing about-face at Harley-Davidson. Looks like getting out from under AMF is the best thing that could have happened.

Remember back a few years ago when AMF Harley-Davidson decided it wasn't good for their image to be associated with "bikers," even though we were the backbone that supported H-D and *Easyriders* magazine?

Have you noticed the sudden appearance of advertisements by Harley-Davidson Motor Company in *Easyriders*? Quite a change from the turmoil of a few years back. Maybe it's a good indication of what we can expect from H-D in the future. Oh yeah, by the way, I agree with the concern over all those sudden TV shows with the "crazed biker" themes. It definitely does us no good.

Freebird
Concord, Calif.

Help! Help!

☐ Please, help! I'm sitting here in Gillette, Wyoming, bored as hell. I haven't seen one biker or tooted one line. Worst of all, I haven't been laid once since I've been here. I was wondering if Snake was available for about two weeks, so I could catch up. I hope you'll answer in your mag, 'cause I'm so desperate that I think I've become a virgin all over again.

"Butch"
Gillette, Wyo.

■ Always willin' to help — but your name makes us wonder if you're serious.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, *Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.* ■

Solution to puzzle on page 38

S H F O R C K C T S E T N O C Y D A L L O V O
H E A L H T N O N A I D N I G U C C I S P S K
O A T L A U U N I P N U R E K I B L D E C B N
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Howlin' Success

Continued from page 18

I said pleasantly.

"C'mon! How'ja really —" he began persisting.

"Git outta the man's face, asshole," Greer advised him. "Jist fer once, mind yer own goddam business, Zeller."

"Vern Ames," offered the other big man, along with a handshake that fuckin' near snapped the shoulder control straps of my phony arms. "Don't pay no mind to our little dipshit here. He ain't got the sense God gave a fuckin' gnat."

"No offense taken," I said, shrugging. "There's beef stew with fresh vegetables an' hot, just-made coffee. Biscuits from last night." I gestured toward the gurgling creek. "And two kindsa wine chilling over there."

"Damnation!" Greer said delightedly, grabbin' a clean bowl and spoon while starting to dip stew. "Yer the fuckin' soul of hospitality, man!"

"Got a name?" Zeller probed disdainfully, moving to the food.

Added dislike for this sawed-off shithead flooded my mouth with a souring taste. "Sure," I told him stiffly. "Jason Parker. Wanderin' through from Nevada and all points east. You guys locals?"

Greer nodded, his mouth bulging with food.

"Wot's the poochy's name?" Zeller demanded flatly.

"It's his secret. And mine." I returned his sneering stare with a burn I usually reserve for those worth it. "Why don't you jist fill yer belly, huh?"

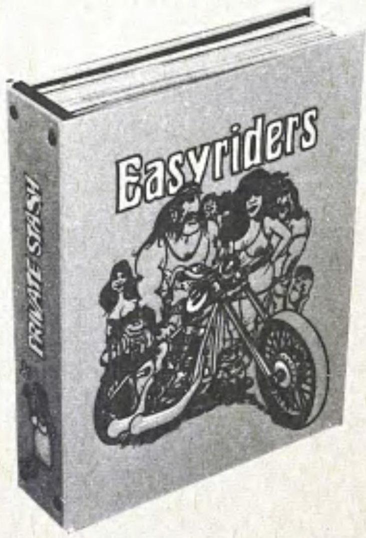
Zeller dumped the contents of his bowl into the fire, damn near extinguishing it.

"Naw," he said coldly, "wot I oughta do — crip or no damn crip — is stuff them hooks up yer ass."

"You're welcome to try," I invited cheerfully, holding both prosthetics level with his face. "I call 'em hooks, but they're really more than that — more like claws. There're two separate steel fingers than can spread and grip. I control 'em through nerve impulses from my stumps. They're the latest thing.

"Something else," I continued, spreading the claws. "The under edges of these gizmos are razor-sharp. If I'm lucky, I might be able to carve you a better face before my friend over there reaches ya — and mangles yer fuckin' jugular vein."

Zeller's face paled, tiny eyes dart-



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ing between me and Devildog, who was taut and trembling visibly with anticipation — my motion with the hooks having triggered his readiness. The slanty golden eyes gleamed with feral hope — a demonic light that never fails to send a shudder through me.

"Whattaya waitin' fer, Zeller?" taunted Ames, grinning at him.

"Yeah, gnat-prick," Greer laughed, gulping coffee. "Ya gonna let a pair of tin hooks and a fuckin' mankiller make more of a pukin' coward outta ya than ya already are?"

Zeller slowly backed away, trying to watch Devildog and me at the same time. That swiveled his head a lot — the beast and me bein' at least thirty feet from each other. I decided to help the mouthy little shit on his way.

"Splittin' is a good idea," I said calmly.

"I don't hafta take all this shit!" Zeller muttered, still movin' backwards. "Fuck ya — all of ya!"

After Zeller had gone, I went over to my shovelhead and dug the weed from the assortment of stuff contained in the ancient sidecar. Handin' the baggie around, I collected the wine bottles from the creek. The sun was all the way up now and we didn't need the fire, so I doused it and joined my guests on the ground.

"That's some dog," Ames said admiringly, gazing at Devildog, who seemed detached now that Zeller had left, and was sprawled with his immense paws over the sidehack's cockpit, blinking sleepily. He looked deceptively peaceful and harmless.

"German shepherd and timberwolf," I explained. "He's not a pet. He's his own person and we happen to be friends because I raised the feisty bastard with kindness and care."

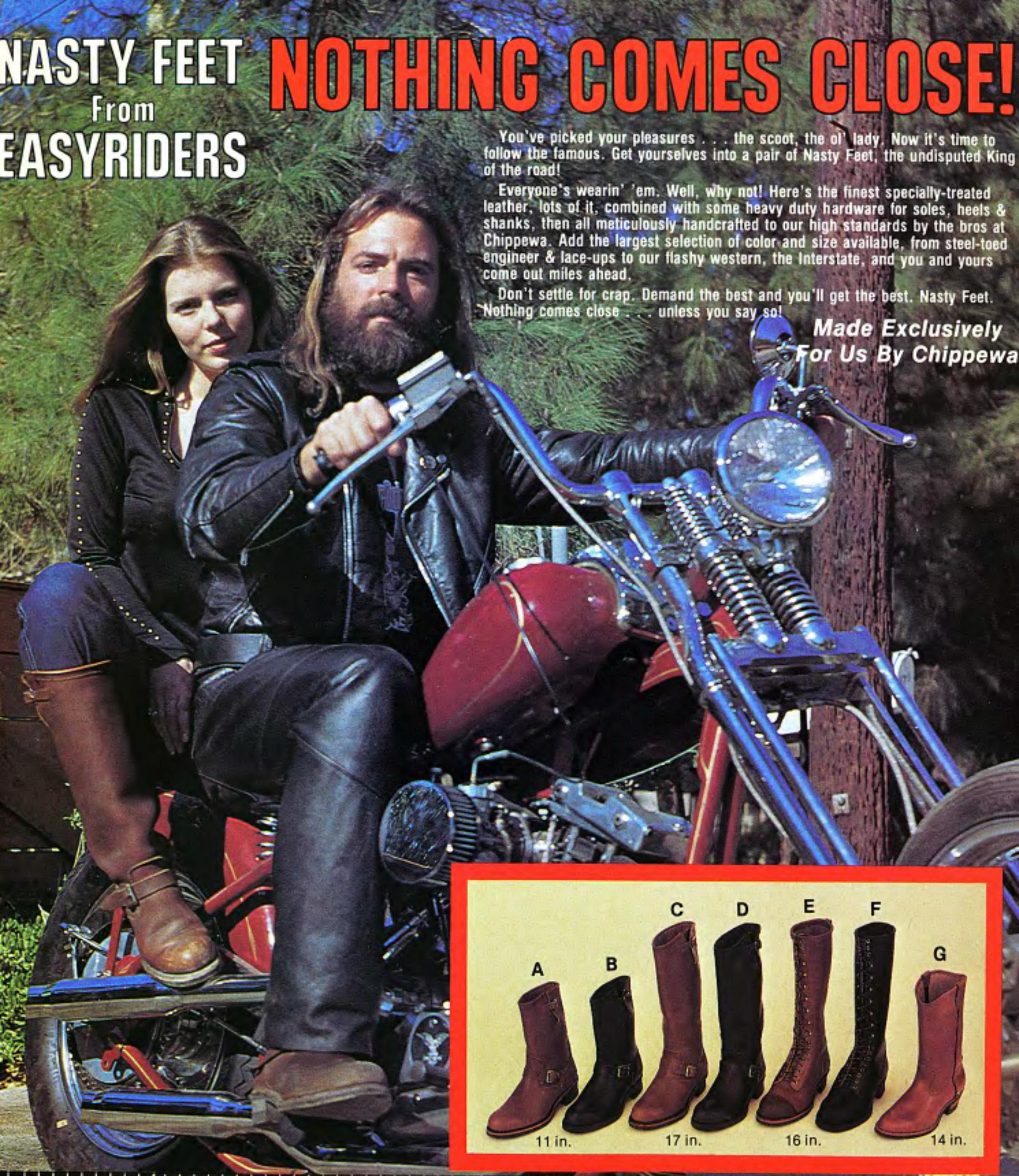
"Beautiful coat," observed Greer, squinting at the sleeping animal. "I've seen a few dog-wolf combos, but never with that coloring. Really unusual, bro."

"Closest word that describes it is steel-dust," I said, "and yer fuckin' well right about him bein' unusual. He was born in a whorehouse."

"Yer puttin' me on!"

I shook my head. "Nope. I paint, see? Not pictures, but signs and houses and shit like that. I'd done a touch-up job for this whorehouse in Minnesota. Them broads wanted their chapel prettied up."

"Chapel? In a cathouse?" Greer exploded with disbelieving laughter. "Aw, c'mon, Parker!"



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"Who's shittin' ya? These cunts had formed their own coven."

"Wot the fuck's a coven?" asked Ames, grinning.

"A churchy-group kinda," I told him. "Only fer worshippin' the damned devil and all. Anyway, I did such a good job and they were so happy with the fuckin' touch-ups, they gave me him as a bonus. He was only about a month old."

"I knew he wasn't no ordinary yard dog," Ames mused, frowning thoughtfully at Devildog. Suddenly, Devildog's eyes opened wide and he was staring intensely at Ames.

"Kin he read minds or unnerstand human talk?" Ames whispered, an uneasy expression on his face. Greer was regarding me with attention, too. I knew it was time to get off the whole fuckin' subject before I said anything that might be regretted later. So I got up, gatherin' up all the dirty bowls and cups. "Listen," I said evenly, "you're polite dudes but I've seen ya eyein' these hooks and I know ya probably wonder about 'em."

Instant protests shifted their minds to the new subject.

Ignoring their protest, I continued. "Never even sat on a scoot until after my accident. But I couldn't stand the sight of cages after losin' all my fuckin' fingernails to the elbows in one. So I bought that shovel, had the controls changed to foot pedals, and been ridin' it fer the past ten years."

"Need the sidehack fer added balance?" Greer asked.

I nodded. "Originally, yeah. But now I only need it to haul the dog and a short ton of paintin' supplies with me. I'm ready to do business anywhere I stop."

They nodded in unison.

"Well, time to head fer town," I babbled jovially. "Bucks-down and gotta hunt up some jobs."

"Ya had the dog before yer accident?" Greer asked casually.

"Yup."

"Shit, he sure don't look that old!"

I winked. "Bro, few damn things in this crappy world are ever as good or as bad as they look. Appearances are not only deceivin' — they're downright, flat-out misleadin'!"

They were still throwing fascinated glances at Devildog over their shoulders as they rode back to the pavement.

While I was securin' my two-man tent onto the shovelhead's rear, Devildog watched me, a canine grin following each movement I made.

"I know yer goddam wild blood is gettin' stronger all the time and ya crave freedom," I said, settlin' my ass onto the seat, "but I need yer help guardin' these expensive brushes and paint fer a little while longer. Once I've settled into my own shop, where all that stuff can be kept under lock and key, I'll send ya into the woods as often as ya want and for as long as ya want. My fuckin' word on it, bro."

The bushy tail wagged slowly as though he understood.

* * *

Work was plentiful along the chain of small towns across the forested area, each link in that chain providing lots of retail businesses in need of new signs or old ones freshened up.

Two or three times I saw Zeller puttin' by, always wearin' his raggedy cutoff for a shirt. Meanwhile, I was daubin' letters and words on small shops along the main streets of various towns. When our paths crossed, Zeller only glared at me, never stopped, never gave me any shit. Every time Devildog saw the runt, he'd start that menacing snarl — and that probably kept Zeller from bein' dumb enough even to attempt a conversation.

One night, sitting in a dimly-lit bar with some newly-made friends and the foxy ginch I'd just met, I heard a blast of sound from outside.

"What the hell was that?" I said, startled.

"Car backfirin', probably," the broad said, smiling knowingly at me. "God, you're tense, lover. You need some beddy-bye action to help ya unlax!" Her hand crept to my lap.

"I dunno. It sounded more like somebody poppin' caps."

"Stop workin' yer imagination overtime," she urged softly, the busy little hand under the table now caressing my naked crank, stroking it hard. "Relax, man. Let yer fuckin' imagination go in other directions, huh? I'll jist bet yer an expert with yer tongue and mouth — not havin' any hands or fingers, huh?"

"Ya don't understand," I said, sliding out of the booth and stuffin'

my sausage back into my jeans with both hooks. "I've left a friend in the alley, keepin' an eye on my shit. I gotta go check him. Be right back."

"Hell, I'll go with ya," she insisted, smirking. "Ain't gonna let no dude with a cock that big git away from me!"

Devildog was sprawled clumsily in a widening puddle of blood a few feet from my bike. His enormous head was all but gone, leavin' jist a few splintery white bone ends, shattered neck muscles, and oozy pulp. Nearby, my scoot and sidehack blazed frenziedly, the flames getting higher and hotter. Running forward, I clamped both hooks around one of the dog's powerful hindlegs. Draggin' the hefty carcass farther from the burning machine, I flinched as the gas tank exploded, fiery hunks flyin' in all directions.

Now the alley was filling with people and sirens wailed in the distance. I stood, numb with shock, starin' down at the mutilated remains. Shotgun, my mind raged — somebody blew his head away with a fuckin' shotgun. My eyes lifted for a few seconds to the red-hot tangle of metal that had been my shovelhead and sidecar. Killed my friend, shrieked my mind, and killed my machine! The glowing metal threw its light upon the blood-spattered body at my feet.

I knew who had done it.

Ignoring the thickening crowd of gawking onlookers jabbering behind me while milling up and down the alley, I dropped to one knee. Using practiced motions, I got my knife out of its sheath, opened it, and began carefully slicing through the dog's chest and belly.

"Hey!" the doll screeched in horror, "what the fuck do ya think yer doin', fer crissakes?"

I kept on, the sharp blade flowing through that tough hide.

"Gawdamighty!" a hushed voice said hoarsely from somewhere behind me. "Th-that weirdo's skinnin' the goddam thing!"

"Sk-Skinnin' yer own pet?" The chick's voice went higher with disgust, fear, and revulsion. "Wot kinda pervert are ya? Shit, and ta think I wuz gonna fuck ya!"

By the time I was finished the cops had arrived and cleared the alley. They listened while I explained what little I knew about the bike and the dog — their eyes returning again and again to the bloody hide crumpled beside the naked, meaty carcass at my feet. I made no accusations, mentioned no suspicions or names. I played dumb through all

their questions, except the last one they asked: "Mind tellin' us why the hell ya skinned yer own dog, Mr. Parker?"

"Guess I jist wanted a memento," I mumbled, keepin' my eyes aimed at my boots. "Jist sumpin' to remember him by."

I didn't want the nosy bastards to see the hate and fury that I could feel glitterin' in my eyes.

* * *

A year passed.

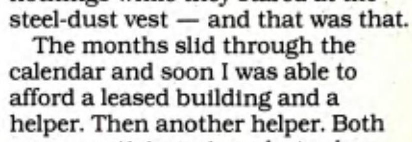
Having been lucky enough to have had all my earnings on me the night my bike was burned, I bought more supplies and walked from job to job until I had earned enough to make the down on a '58 swingarm panhead. Stayin' in the same area, the same chain of towns, I began buildin' a business.

Longer hours, taking every fuckin' sign and paintin' job I could latch onto soon paid off, and havin' a weird reputation actually aided the whole process. It wasn't too many weeks before damn near everybody in that valley knew about the armless dude who wore his own dog's hide as a furry vest and painted the best fuckin' signs that ever designated and ornamented a business.

A couple times I ran across Ames and Greer, but they'd heard about me and didn't seem too eager to be tight. A few words of exchanged nothings while they stared at the steel-dust vest — and that was that.

The months slid through the calendar and soon I was able to afford a leased building and a helper. Then another helper. Both were practicing winos, but sober enough to meet my sign standards and good enough to hang around, freeing me to drum up yet more business when I wasn't hackin' out work alongside of the rummy bastards. The money poured in and I stashed a lot of it in an old-fashioned safe bolted securely to a huge steel plate imbedded in concrete flooring. Deliberately, planning my revenge, I let word of that get around town.

Once, I thought I'd spotted Zeller, but I couldn't tell for sure. The dude looked like the rotten little mutha, but the chopper was a shiny new custom and he was beyond my line



Easyriders

"Here kitty, kitty, kitty!"

of vision and lost in tourist traffic before I could make a positive ID. Other than that instance, Zeller might as well have been on the dark side of the moon for all I saw of him.

Scrunched down in a booth one afternoon, pleasantly stuffed with burgers, fries, and suds, I was having a leisurely smoke before returnin' to the shop — where I now had a dynamite little secretary who sucked and fucked almost as good as she did paperwork and handled the phone — when I realized the matched set of zit-faced jerks in the booth behind me were discussin' Jason Parker. So I listened.

"— wears this far-out vest made of some kinda screwy fur and has metal hooks insteada hands," gabbled the first voice, "but he gits all the foxiest broads in three towns because he's got money comin' out his ass and both ears."

"Yeah," piped the second voice. "And I've heard he's a mean fucker! They say he made that damn vest from his own dog — after stabbin' the poor hound ta death in a drunken binge when he ran amok, burnin' cars and slashin' at people and —"

Grinning, I silently shook my head. My, my, how truth gets twisted and stretched into warped stories, I thought. I stood and walked to the next booth, where I let both hooks clank onto the table top with unnecessary noise and violence, dentin' the shit outta the surface.

Jaws dropped. Eyes widened. The little shitheads sat paralyzed with disbelief and terror.

"Do me a favor," I said quietly. "Keep that bullshit circulatin'. It's makin' me richer by the minute!"

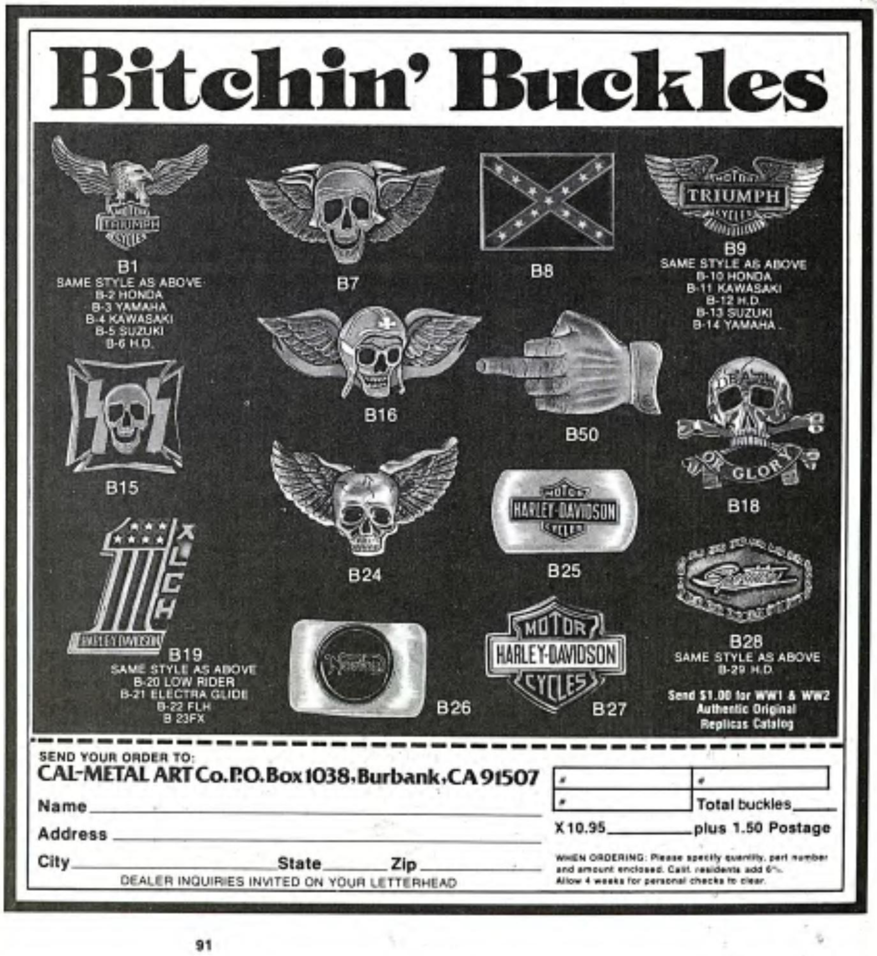
With that, I walked away, laughing like a madman.

* * *

Three nights later, at twenty-two minutes before midnight, the lush help had gone home and my secretary was sittin' on my peg while I devoured her big-nippled jugs. Slowly, moaning with pleasure, she lifted her naked ass up a few inches — shrill little noises escaping her mouth as she lowered her pussy down over my throbbin', swollen meat while I gobbled a bit more enthusiastically on her knockers.

Faintly, I heard the rear door bein' forced open. The broad didn't notice the sound so I stayed put — waiting and hoping.

Feet stealthily moved through the darkened part of the building. Voices muttered. The broad on my



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tool heard them and went straight up in the fuckin' air, scrabbling away from me just as Zeller strutted into the lighted room. I sat back, relieved that he'd finally arrived when I was there. My greatest fear had been that he'd try robbin' the place while I was gone. But here the vicious runt was, leering at Delfy as she frantically stuffed both tits back into her opened blouse. Behind Zeller came a guy closer to my size, but with a vacant-faced expression that told me he wasn't too swift in the head.

Zeller hefted the shotgun. "It's the same one, dog-lover. The same one I used to blow yer dumbfuck mutt away."

"Figures," I murmured.

"Now I'm gonna take yer money away from ya. Maybe take this sweet thing along for sharin' with Bruce here, and I might jist hafta torch that goddam motorsickle out back for the pure joy of bein' able to watch yer stupid face while it burns this time!"

Bruce, also toting a greener, moved in on poor, frightened Delfy, nuzzlin' and gropin' her while she squirmed and whimpered helplessly. I doubted that bein' felt up and nuzzled was new enough to scar her little mind, so I remained relaxed.

"Gee," I said dully. "Ya might burn down the whole damned building. Can'tcha jist take the money instead?"

"Hell, no!" Zeller shot back. "I like what ya jist said. So getcher ass over there and open that fuckin' safe — now, asshole! Ya ain't got no dog to back ya up anymore!"

I raised the hooks. "Can't do it with these," I lied. "Delfy can open it if Bruce can bear to part with her long enough for the chick to run through the combination."

"Let the cunt go!" Zeller snapped.

Grumblin' and moving with her, his hands still busy, Bruce accompanied a wild-eyed Delfy to the safe, where he allowed her to squat before it, her hands pushin' his hairy paws away from her crotch as she spun the dial.

"Stand up," Zeller ordered.

I stood, some gut instinct assuring me that the runt wasn't going to waste me. He was after better revenge than that right now. He wanted me humiliated, degraded. Maybe he'd dust me before leaving; but right this minute, he had all kinds of cute plans. I could almost see them written across his ferret-like face.

"Take off yer little puppy vest," he laughed. "I've been gettin' tired of this beat-up old cutoff anyway.

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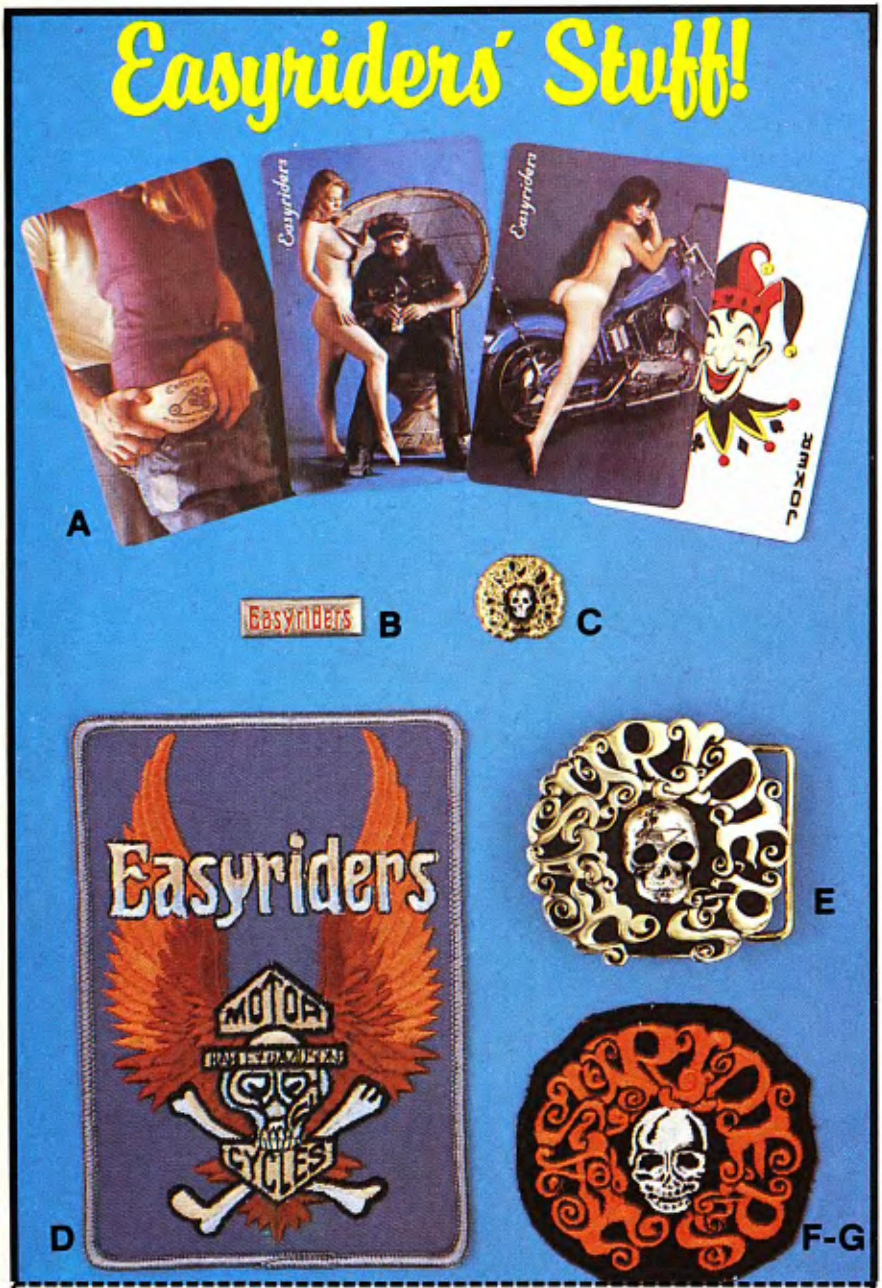

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Might as well replace it with a huntin' trophy."

I obeyed, removing the vest from over my heavy wool shirt and watchin' his tiny eyes follow the thing as I threw it a few feet distant to the floor. He slid the cutoff off his bare back and donned the vest. Instantly, I carefully aimed the 12-gauge under my desk at the safe.

Controlled by a cable leading from its hair trigger to a lever next to my foot, it did its work and tore Bruce — who had been busy stuffing wads of greenbacks into a sack — apart.

Zeller swiveled, watching his partner go down. In the instant, before he could turn back and re-aim his shotgun, I whipped loose the skeleton-framed .22, specially modified for my metal fingers from its slide mount under the desk's center drawer and calmly let off three shots that passed close enough to Zeller to allow him to smell his own skin burn. It's really amazing how steadily a stainless-steel appendage can hold a gun.

Screaming and weaving and dodging, Zeller ran from the shop, leaving behind his dead partner, my stacked secretary, and all my money. All he got out of his ripoff attempt was Devildog's hide and, though he didn't know it, that was exactly what he was supposed to get.

I gave Delfy a hundred-dollar bill along with a couple of 'ludes and told her to get home and go to sleep. I'd call the cops and take care of everything. Then I wedged a few clothes in one side of a pair of leather saddlebags, stuffed the other side full of bills, and threw the bags over the fender. Everything else could be left behind. I was through painting for a while, maybe forever. The only pattern I wanted to create was the shadow of me and my bike moving down the concrete.

Ready to split, I had one final card to play — the payback card. I reached for the phone and dialed my own number, the number that was supposed to make my pocket pager beep when I was out on a job — only this time, I knew that the pager, carefully stashed inside the lining of my Devildog vest, would not beep. It would, instead, cause a relay to close, a relay that would complete a circuit between a nine-volt battery, a detonator cap, and a quarter-pound of plastic explosive.

From far across town I thought I heard a faint explosion and — over it all — the wild high howl of a soul set free. ■

Hog Run

Continued from page 75

ten minutes on Friday and Saturday nights. Forget the cops — hell, those guys know better than to try coming into the Jug. There's a fish tank behind the bar, too. It's got water, weeds, rocks, and a model of a chopper with a little skeleton on it. It's got everything except the fuckin' fish. Tiny ate the piranhas one night when the Worm bet him he wouldn't. I think that was the same night he puked on the pool table.

Now some may ask why the fuck this righteous chick is working in such a scumhole. Simple. It's the bikers. There's something about rubbing my tits against a leather jacket and burying my busy little fingers in some guy's jeans while his Milwaukee iron vibrates between my thighs that turns me on. Now, don't get me wrong — I really dig these bros, but there ain't no way I'm gonna get attached to one of them animals. 'Cause sure as shit, if it came down to choosin' between me and that scooter, his last words would be, "Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out."

It was mid-August and hot. The sweat kept pouring between my tits and sticking my shirt to 'em. Hell, I didn't care if the bros saw; there's been many a wild night that I discarded the shirt (among other things) altogether. Around eight, Tiny and the Worm showed up and ordered a couple pitchers of suds. Tiny and the Worm sit at the end of the bar under this electric thing that fries bugs when they hit it. On really boring nights, after about ten or twenty beers, the Worm does kamikaze bug imitations.

Tonight they had this glazed look that comes only from mega-brews or some mighty fine weed. I couldn't smell any alcohol, so I opted for the weed. "What are you two slimebags up to?" I smiled sweetly.

"Keep talkin' so nice to us and we may take you home," threatened the Worm, trying to grab a bountiful handful of ass.

"We got some serious slutting to do," snarled Tiny, slamming down his second beer. Just then a couple more of the regulars strutted in. More brews, more smartass talkin' — something was up.

Someone finally announced that it was the night for the club's Hog Run. Now in case you don't know, a Hog Run ain't got nothin' to do with ridin' a big scooter. You see, these

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You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—whatever.

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tramps have a yearly contest. Everybody kicks five bucks into the kitty, then they go out and search for the homeliest chicks they can find. Each dude has to be back with his hog by midnight. At one o' clock, when the band played its last song, the bros had to take their hogs out on the floor for a dance. Then, after all that, each dude had to plant a big, juicy smacker just below his hog's mustache.

Jed, Angel, and Grandpa came in together. I had set up a couple more pitchers long before they ever came through the door. You can tell when they pull up — their bikes sound like a freight train full of gravel.

Jedediah Montana took his usual place in the middle of the bar. Nobody called him Jedediah. That is, nobody who wanted to keep all his teeth. Jed is probably the closest thing this club has to a leader. He's also the best looking. No sloppy seconds or waiting in line for him.

Angel grabbed the stool to Jed's left. Angel's the strange one. He's the second in command. Together he and Jed look really tough. You see, Jed is real dark with short hair. Angel, though, is light with blond hair that he braids to the middle of his back. He's got a light in his eye that tells a chick right away she's in trouble if things don't go his way. Rumor's got it that Angel's got callouses on his dick from screwing around so much. Bar bitches hang around him more than Jed. It's real rare, though, that I ever saw Angel leave with a broad, and I sure as hell never saw him pull in with one. Lots of nights he's the last to leave. Accordin' to the club's groupies, he's a lot like a Harley — a little hard to start, but once you get him going, ain't no way to stop that fuckin' machine.

Grandpa sat all alone at the end of the bar nearest the door. I ain't never seen anyone tighter with his money than Grandpa. He waits for guys to come in the door. He grabs them by the arm, thumps them on the back and hollers, "How the fuck you doin'?" Grandpa keeps his glass half full. So the guy sits down to shoot the shit for a while. Well, the guy finishes his first brew and then yells, "Hey, Lisa, gimme a beer and while you're at it, give one to Harry."

They decided to let me hold the money for the Hog Run. I was really flattered. Usually those bros don't trust nobody any farther than they can throw him. I thought I was different until Tiny threatened to braid my tits if any of the dough was missing at the end of the night.

It was around eleven-thirty when Angel arrived back at the Jug with his date. By that time, the bros who had been appointed judges had stolen all my napkins and drawn big numbers on them to rate the hogs. Angel plopped his porker down on a stool. The stool was immediately swallowed up by the massive rolls of lard that the sow had tried to squeeze into a pair of jeans. Actually, her legs looked like two big blue sausages. Angel draped an arm around her pimply shoulders. In a voice that could have shattered lead, she ordered a Pink Squirrel.

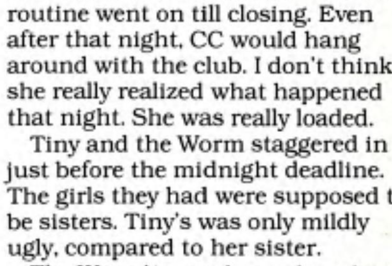
Now, I've seen my share of rats in my time, but this dame made my eyes water at five paces. Close up, I wasn't sure where the stench was coming from; but she could have used a bath and a douche — with something like Janitor in a Drum.

Jed and Grandpa came in together. Jed's wench wasn't so bad. She had big, fresh-looking welts on her face and her pimple-sized tits seemed to have shriveled in the summer heat. But, hell, in the dark with a bag over her head, she could almost pass for human.

Grandpa's chick wasn't bad at all. Other than looking like a toad with a constipation problem, she seemed okay. They called her CC, but until a few weeks later I didn't know what it stood for. (It meant Canyon Cunt.) CC was loaded with the bucks. She just kept peeling twenties off this big wad of bills. Then she'd shove the whole roll and change into her less-than-ample cleavage. It made her look like she had three tits. This routine went on till closing. Even after that night, CC would hang around with the club. I don't think she really realized what happened that night. She was really loaded.

Tiny and the Worm staggered in just before the midnight deadline. The girls they had were supposed to be sisters. Tiny's was only mildly ugly, compared to her sister.

The Worm's wench, on the other hand, was *ugly*. I knew this chick had all the others beat hands down. She kept yelling, "Mister Worm, Mister Worm, can you get me one more teensy drinky-poo?" It was



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awful. This chick could drink any of those bros under the table. After about her third pitcher, I began to wonder if she would be all right. She looked a little green. Mr. Worm assured me that she always looked a little green — and furry.

At last, the final dance was called. One by one, each bro lead his hog to the floor. I haven't seen so much tonnage in one place since Tiny brought his family in for the Jug's Friday Fish Fry.

The Worm was having trouble trying to persuade the queen hog to dance. Finally he looked deep into her shit-brown eyes, and said, "My dear, with looks like yours, I would want to show them off."

She looked at him uncertainly for a second. "Aw, you're shitting me."

"Would I kid a nice girl like you?" asked the Worm. "Hell, with looks like yours I would do ads for septic systems or something."

Obviously, she had no idea what a septic system was, because the next thing y'know the Worm was whirling her out on the floor. The band really put their all into the last tune. It went on and on. Angel's girl danced okay, but the rest really weren't up for all the dancin'. They looked more like a cattle stampede than a bunch of lovelies shakin' ass. Finally, the song was over and, one by one, the bros kissed their hogs while the others rated them. Of course, the Worm's chick won for ugly.

Nearly closing time. I served them all one last drink. About halfway through, Jed and Angel got up to go to the can. I didn't know what happened to them until I found the window in the can jimmied open. Grandpa suddenly had to show Tiny something on his bike. That left two more hogs on their own.

At two o'clock, I'm left alone with all these bitches screaming, "Where the hell is that no-good SOB?" If you think that they were ugly in a good mood, you should have seen how ugly they got when they were pissed. It took a whole lot of suds and pizzas to keep the cattle under control long enough to find them rides.

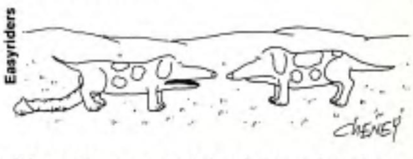
I was washing up the last glasses when the Worm and his prize-winning hog wandered through the door. Worm was snapping his jeans and she was smacking her chops.

"Night, Lisa," he yelled, stumbling over the pattern in the cheap linoleum. He leaned over the bar and whispered drunkenly, "Ya know what? She says if I'm a good Mr. Worm, she's going to show me the tattoo on her chest that says 'Mother' and the tattoo on her thigh that says 'Slippery When Wet'."

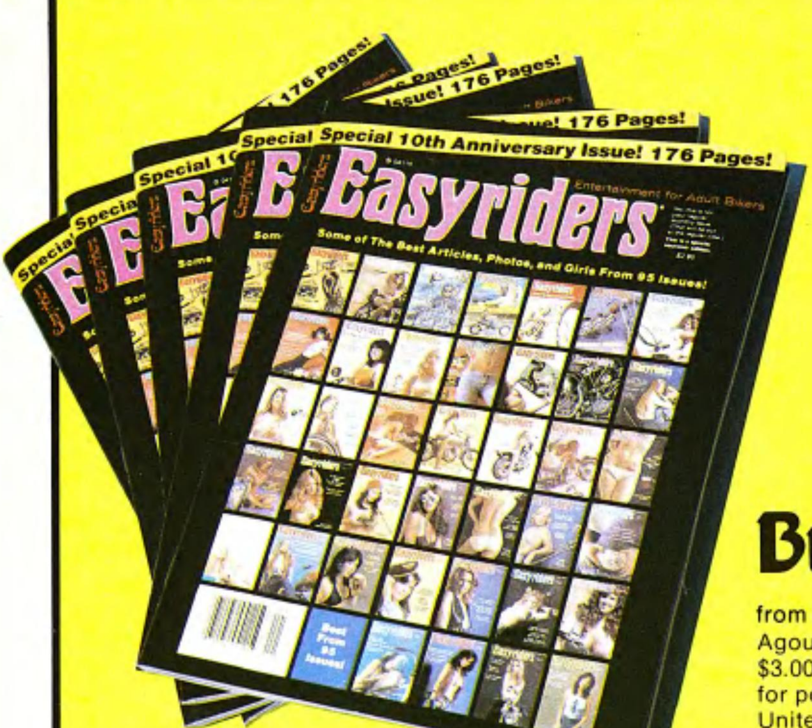
"That's wonderful, Worm," I said, yawning.

"And if I'm really good, she said she'd show me that one that says 'Servants' Entrance In the Rear'," he said, excitedly grabbing me by both arms. "Ya know, I ain't never been to bed with an ugly woman before. Woke up with quite a few, though. Yup, this is a first for the ol' Worm."

Nobody saw the Worm for two weeks after that. And of course, by that time he'd forgotten all about the loot he was supposed to have collected. It's better that way, I s'pose — I had to use it to feed those porkers. ■



"My mother was a chihuahua, and my father was a St. Bernard."



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Perfect Payback

Continued from page 52

Anyway, I guess what I'm drivin' at is that it wasn't Weasel's excessive attention to Sarah that finally pissed me off so bad. Shit, I watched her make 500 bucks on a clubhouse pool table after hours one night, suckin' and fuckin' all comers. What the fuck — I'm a broad-minded guy and her sideline work helped pay the rent (to say nothin' of financin' my new belt drive), so I wasn't complainin'. No, basically, it was Weasel's smug, arrogant assholery that finally tore it with me. He kept makin' smartass remarks like I didn't know what was goin' on, needlin' me about how he was pourin' the pork to my ol' lady and shit like that.

To make a long story short, I cooked up a special payback for Weasel, somethin' befitting a real dickhead who couldn't keep his wiseass cracks to himself. Now, before I go on with this little tale of revenge, lemme make it clear that I could have taken a more traditional approach to gettin' back at him. For example, I could have massaged his teeth with a crescent wrench or kicked his nuts up between his ears or planted a roach-killer boot tip several inches inside his asshole.

Shit, for that matter, I could have snuffed the cocksucker. I mean, I've got a piece that'll leave a hole in ya the size of a front spool. But that would have been the easy thing to do, and since I was bored with things generally, I decided to use my imagination and come up with a novel approach to retribution. Fuck, it just wasn't worth killin' the creep — I didn't want to go to the slammer just because I'd offed a scumbag barely one step up from a polecat. And I didn't want to fuck him up in some obvious fashion either, figurin' it just wasn't worth months and months in the county slammer in exchange for the pleasure of bashin' the guy's nose into mush or nailin' the turd's skull with a beer bottle. No, it wasn't that he was porkin' my ol' lady — lotsa guys were gettin' a piece of that sweet meat. It was just that he thought he was gettin' away with somethin' and was tryin' to rub it in. So I resolved to show him what I thought of that kind of high school bullshit.

Now, I wanna make it absolutely clear what I'm talkin' about here. Sometimes, for whatever reason, you just gotta take retribution. A payback is the only thing that will satisfy you — nothin' else will calm

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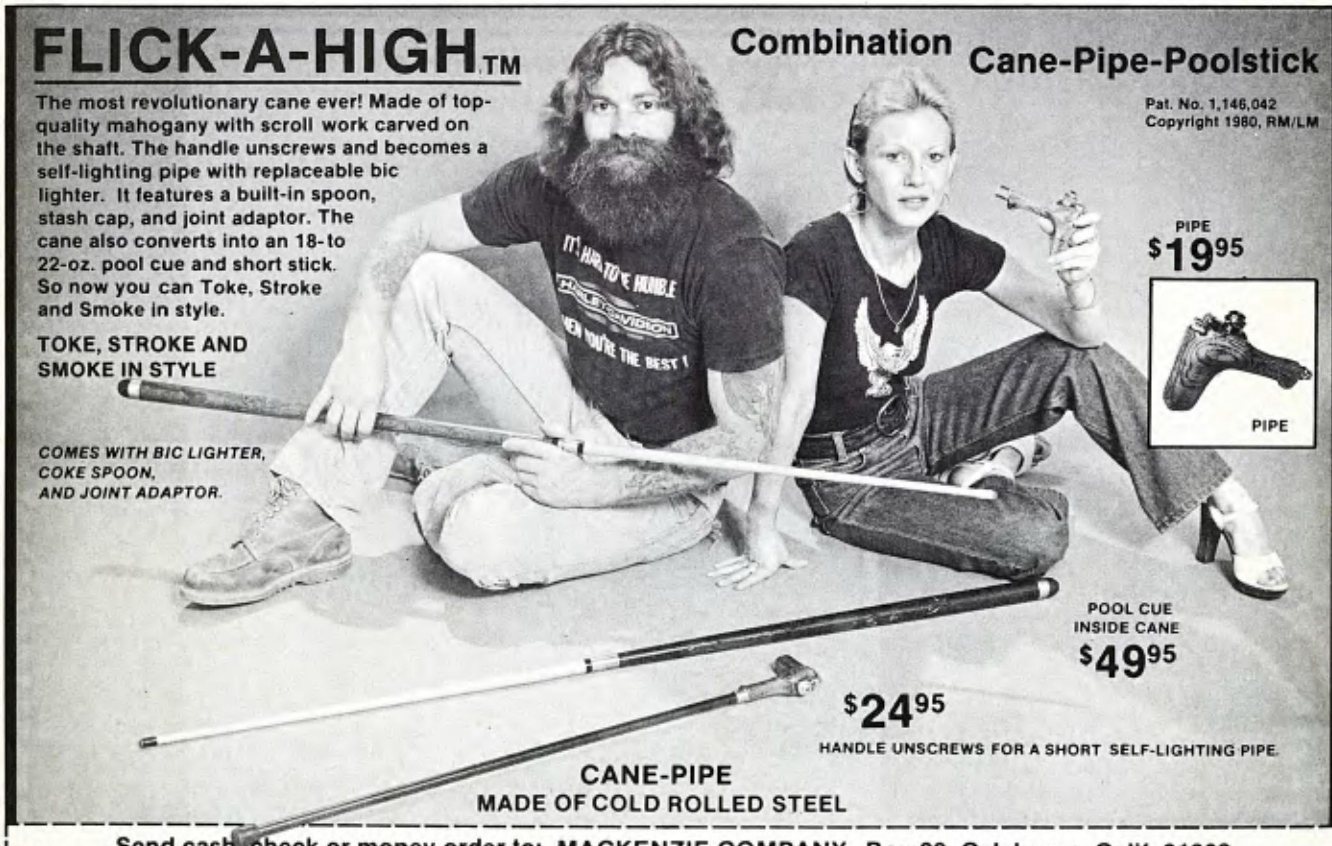

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the gut-twistin' feelin's of offense and indignation. But most people don't fully appreciate the possibilities of a payback. In fact, most people are pretty stupid about it — hotheads acting impulsively and screwing themselves as badly, or worse, than the object of their anger.

Think about it. Suppose you take your revenge by killing the turd who's fucked you over. Where's the satisfaction in that? For one thing, the creep is no longer around to appreciate the revenge you've taken on him — a brief moment of pain and then he's out of the picture, escaping the humiliation or the long-term misery he deserves. Revenge is effective only if the fuckface is fully aware that you've paid him back — with interest.

Furthermore, there aren't that many things — given the penalties — worth killin' over. Put a round through a dude 'cause he wet his noddle in your ol' lady's box? Don't make me laugh. He gets instant oblivion, while chances are you get ten or twelve pussyless years in the slammer — ten or twelve years for you to become a dim memory in your (former) ol' lady's mind, givin' you plenty of time to think about all the dudes she's screwin' while you're poundin' your pud behind bars. Who's the real loser in that deal — the shithead blown to hell or the poor sucker stampin' out license plates?

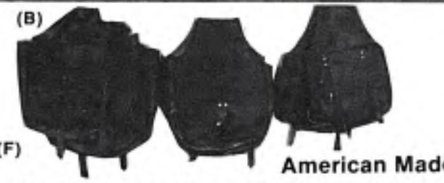
No, real paybacks can be fully appreciated and savored by everyone involved without leaving anybody dead or multilated — unless the fucker's killed a brother, in which case, it's an eye for an eye. Otherwise, all that's required is that you leave the asshole thoroughly humiliated and teach him a lesson he'll never forget.

So anyhow, I listened to Weasel's smartass cracks and put up with his sarcastic bullshit and laughed off his nasty remarks about Sarah — like how many inches of cock she could swallow without chokin' or how she'd scream like a banshee when she came, squirtin' pussy juice all over the sheets. But while all that was goin' on, I was busy puttin' together a very special payback for the fucker.

• • •

I rode the pan over to Dixie's Bar, intendin' to slug down a few brews and lookin' forward to slammin' the meat to Sarah later on that night. I noticed Weasel slip outta the bar

Jim Byrd P.O. Box 1434, Citrus Heights, CA 95611-1434.



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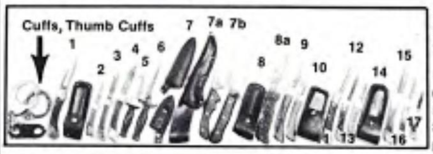

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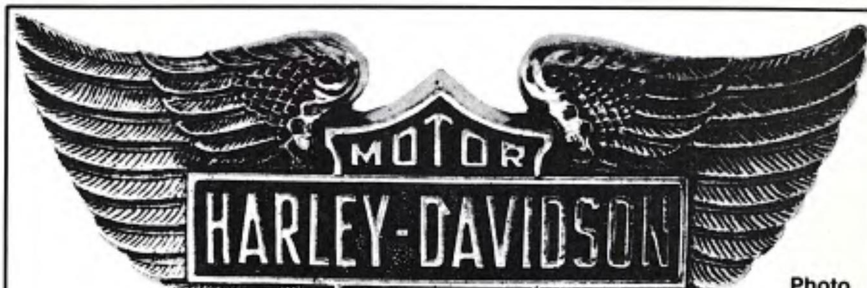

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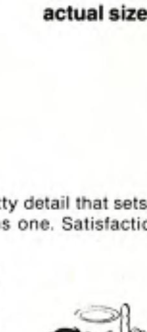

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about the time I walked in, and you didn't have to be a genius to guess that he'd split to go visit my ol' lady. Well, that was fine with me. This was just the opportunity I'd been waitin' for.

Guzzlin' a quick beer and droppin' a buck on the bar, I went out and cranked up the scoot, headin' for home. I took my time, knowin' my revenge scheme was finally comin' together. I wanted to catch the fuckhead in the act, so I cruised along in third gear, makin' sure I gave him all the opportunity he needed. About a block from my pad I killed the engine, coasting up to the house where — just like I expected — Weasel's Sportster sat in the driveway next to Sarah's battered Toyota. I rolled to a stop at the curb and eased down the pan's stand. Stealthily, I tiptoed toward the house.

Quietly, taking my time, I made my way to the rear of the house, entering through the screen door on the back porch. Already I could hear the sounds of Weasel throwin' a fuck into Sarah. Easing my way into the house, I inched up to the darkened bedroom door and peered around the corner. Weasel was really into it, holdin' Sarah's thighs apart by her ankles and pumpin' the pork to her like a pile driver. Sarah's eyes were rolled up into her head and she was moanin' with each thrust of Weasel's dork, both of them oblivious to everything but the slippery thrills of their noisy fucking. Neither of them heard me enter the room.

I wish I had an 8x10 of Weasel's face when he felt the muzzle of my .45 against the base of his skull and heard the click of the hammer being pulled back. I thought he was gonna seize up on me right then and there and die with his dick buried in Sarah's snatch. Weasel froze, his eyes buggin' out and his pud shrivelin' up and poppin' outta Sarah's pussy like a cork from a bottle of champagne.

Sarah freaked and rolled off the bed, grabbin' her clothes and runnin' outta the room with her bare tits floppin' every which way. About fifteen seconds later, I heard her old Toyota grinding to life, laying twenty feet of rubber as she got the hell away from the scene of the crime. Meanwhile, I wrapped Weasel's mouth, wrists, and ankles in duct tape, ignoring his blithering pleas for a break, lettin' his imagination work on what was gonna happen next: was I gonna put an ACP hardball through that poor

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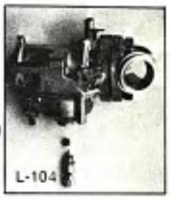

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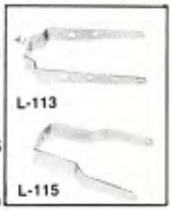

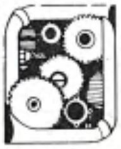

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excuse for a brain — or did I have something even worse in mind?

That's what I mean about creative revenge — you gotta fuck with the asshole's head and let him imagine what he's in for. I wanted Weasel to have plenty of time to conjure up lots of horrible revenge scenarios: imagined scenes of a rusty razor blade sawin' off his peter; usin' sewing needles to play pincushion with his eyeballs; pourin' boilin' 60-weight into his nostrils.

To give him time to think, I split without a word, leaving Weasel to mull over his sins all trussed-up and bug-eyed on the bedroom floor. Outside, I kicked over the pan, dropped it in gear, and took a leisurely putt over to Las Casuelas, my favorite Mexican food joint. I dearly love pepperbelly grub, and all that fuck-bustin' and duct-tapin' had really given me an appetite.

As soon as I'd settled into a booth, Rosita, my favorite waitress at the place, trotted over, all smiles and holas. Handing me a menu while depositing a basket of tortilla chips and a bowl of salsa picante on the table, she leaned forward and treated me to a generous view of her ample tits, spilling over the low-cut neckline of her embroidered peasant blouse. I smiled up at her, admiring the heavy fullness of her drooping tits and the wide circles of her dark nipples. I ordered a pitcher of Carta Blanca while I studied the menu.

A few mugs of chilled brew later, my eyes still glued to Rosita's bulging tits, I gave her my order: a plate of nachos and a plate of quesadillas, a double order of guacamole, six tacos, three enchiladas, a couple of chile rellenos, four tamales, a dozen flour tortillas, and another pitcher of Carta Blanca, the first one bein' all but empty.

Now, Rosita was used to the idea that I was a tad eccentric. Shit, who am I kiddin' — she thought I was nuts. She called me El Loco when I'd wander in all fucked up and cravin' mashed pintos. But this order was a bit much even for El Loco. With a skeptical look on her face, she asked me if I really wanted all that chow. Assuring her that I fully intended to consume every bite — with some flan and pralines for dessert, for that matter — I dunked a chip into the salsa while fighting down the urge to grab those tan titties swaying invitingly only a foot or so away.

I really packed it in that night. I continued to stuff food in my face and guzzle beer long after my turgid

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belly begged for relief. I ate enough Mexican grub to feed a whole family of wetbacks and half their in-laws. My stomach felt like it was gonna bust apart, but I kept crammin' down the tacos and soppin' up the suds. Two hours later, when I waddled outside to the scoot, my gut hung over my belt like Rosie's tits poured outta her blouse.

Fighting the urge to barf all over the sidewalk, I kicked the bike to life and headed home, vowing never again to put an enchilada between my lips. Sarah's Toyota was still gone when I pulled into the driveway, but Weasel's Sporty remained exactly where I'd last seen it — mute testimony that the gutless hard-dick remained taped-up inside the house. I'd given him plenty of time to think it all over and, sure enough, when I walked back into the bedroom, he stared in terrified anticipation of imagined tortures to come, while croaking incomprehensible pleas for mercy through the tape covering his mouth.

Weasel's fear-distorted eyes followed every move I made. Savoring my hour of revenge, I took my time gathering the payback equipment I'd purchased weeks before, enjoying Weasel's mindless terror as he thrashed helplessly on the floor.

I brought in the canvas campstool I'd bought at the surplus store and placed it a few feet from Weasel's head. I'll never forget how he cringed when I approached him, and how he yelped when I tore the duct tape from his mouth, ripping out a goodly supply of beard whiskers in the process. He knew it

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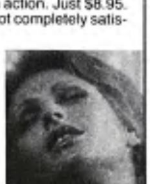

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was payback time and he oozed mindless fear. He riveted a baffled, horrified gaze on me as I extracted from a drawer the gas mask, funnel, and eight feet of neoprene tubing.

Before he could scream or plead, I clamped the gas mask over his nose and mouth, cinching it tightly with the rubber straps behind his head. Making sure it was secure but that Weasel was able to breathe, I slipped one end of the neoprene tubing into the intake valve. I stood back and laughed at the silly-looking fucker.

Weasel was flippin' out with fright, and God knows what bizarre thoughts flashed through his mind as he watched me undress, finally standing naked before him, holding in my hand the free end of the plastic tube leading to the mask on his face. I worked it over the small end of the funnel and held the wide mouth tight against my ass as — gingerly — I lowered myself onto the camp stool, my butt hanging off the edge.

Leaning forward a bit while holding the mouth of the funnel tight against my butt, I snapped on the television set — none too soon, I realized, because the beer and Mexican grub were kicking up a storm in my innards, and it was time to take care of business. My distended belly churned with the gaseous byproducts of a $27 Las Casuelas meal.

The TV picture resolved itself and I gazed at the familiar face of John Wayne. Sure, I'd seen "Rio Lobo" before, but I was having fun, so what the hell. It promised to be a long night, since "High School Hellcats" came on next, and right after that was "Ghost Of Dragstrip Hollow."

The rumbling in my gut told me a blockbuster fart was on the way. ■

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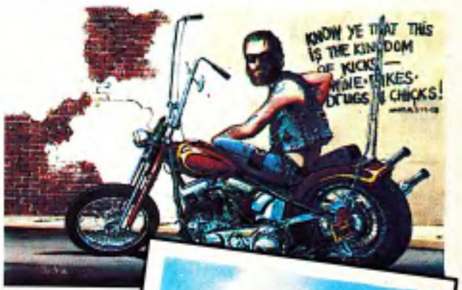
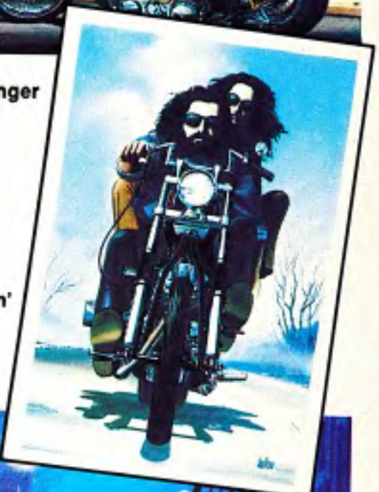


M-6 "Apehanger Days"



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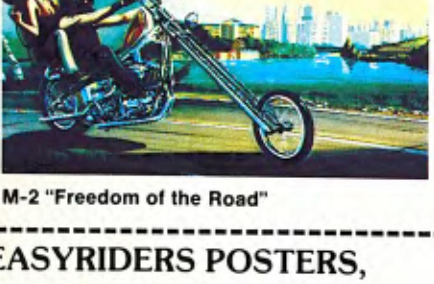

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Bros of the Road

Continued from page 30

told of her days in the wind:

The eagle flew to the mountain
to find the mountain gone
Even the eagle flies wearily
without a home

Sandra Jean Hunter
and child
Beloved Woman
Child Without Joy
1941-1980

The truck's air horn pierced the chilly morning air.

Clark's hands and arms jerked and stiffened on the bike's handlebars, his head snapping up, his mind and body suddenly together, collected from their melancholy daydreams. The big 74's tires sprayed sand and gravel into the air, and the noise against the undersides of the fenders was like hail on a tin roof. The rear of the bike fishtailed as he fought for control. Instinctively, he shut down the throttle, and as he did so the big bike's front tire trapped itself in a mound of sand and the scoot upended, pitching Clark into a slow somersault onto the sand at the highway's edge.

The trucker stopped, pulling in behind the fallen bike, and the youngster driving the rig hopped down and ran toward the bike and Clark. Clark was already getting to his feet, brushing at the sand on his clothes.

"You okay, man?"

"I think so."

"Bad stretch. Put you to sleep?"

Clark smiled. "No. Mind just wandering. I'm all right. Thanks for stopping."

"Your bike?"

"It's taken worse falls; even taken on a few rigs like yours over the years."

The youngster smiled. Clark picked up the bike, his shoulders smarting somewhat. Mounting it, he kicked the starter. The 74 coughed and started.

"There's a choke-and-puke up the road, at the border. Buy you some coffee?" the trucker offered.

"I'll buy you some."

Clark followed the silver trailer's tailgate at a safe distance. When they reached 60mph, the trucker held that pace. The Arizona state line was still another 25 miles, and in those miles Clark's mind occasionally wandered. But it was not the desert, not the white lines coming so steadily and

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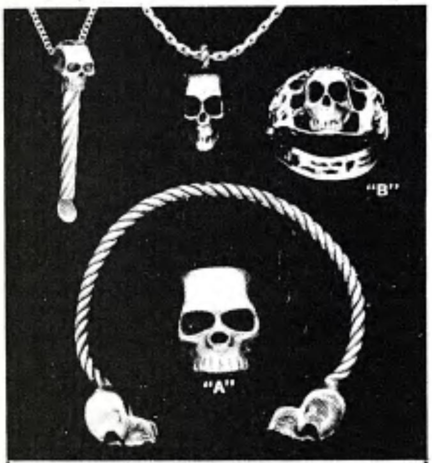

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unceasingly — it was life that was bothering him. Death had been there just minutes before, but death had cheated him, robbed him of peace, ripped away the waiting balm of relief from grief and loneliness. Death had failed to claim him.

At the truck stop, the front parking lot was full, so Clark rode his bike into the side lot with the trucks, stopping alongside the rig of the trucker who had stopped to help him. As the trucker stepped down from the cab, the two introduced themselves.

"Seems like we should really be opposites, man," the trucker said as they walked to the entrance to the cafe. "Always wanted a Hog like yours myself. What year is she?"

"I stopped giving it birthdays a long time ago; it's a lot of years, a lot of parts." Clark laughed. "Kind of like Johnny Cash's Caddy in the song."

"Been on the road long?"

"All my life," Clark said, his voice trailing off, his eyes drifting to the distant mountains, a yearning tugging at his mind.

The trucker grabbed the door and swung it open, waiting for Clark to enter first. They took a seat in a window booth.

"You kidding about the all-your-life bit?"

"I turned fifty yesterday — been ridin' since I was seventeen."

"Ever think of hanging it up, settling down?"

"Oh, sure, I think about it. I was thinking about it when my scoot went off the road back there. If you hadn't blasted your horn I just might've gotten off the road permanently."

The waitress came and took their order for coffee and breakfast. As they waited for the food, they talked some more, Clark telling him about Sandra.

"She had to be a good woman," the trucker said at last.

Clark nodded, and his glance went out the window to the mountains. He hardly touched the food before him. His mind was on Sandra and age and death.

"You say she was thirty-nine?"

"Yeah."

"Don't see too many gals on bikes at that age. She sure must have been something special."

"She was," Clark said with a remembering smile. "Though some dudes don't think of their ol' ladies as bikers, I did mine. She lived to ride and rode to live."

"I've heard that expression before. It's a biker's motto, isn't it?"

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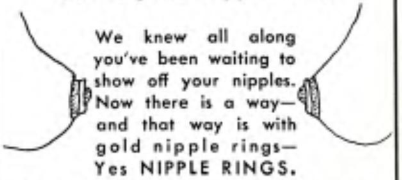

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"It's freedom," Clark said tersely. "Coffee's cold. Want some more?"

"No, I got to put it on the road, make some miles today. Figure on rolling into Albuquerque late tonight. You ready to roll?"

Clark shook his head. "No, think I'll drink another cup and rest awhile more. Little accident shook me up some. Got to let it get out of my system."

The trucker nodded and reached for the food check. Clark put his hand on it. "My turn. Another time, friend," he said, putting out his hand. They shook in a brothers' handshake, and the trucker was gone, leaving Clark staring out the window.

He sat there for another fifteen minutes and two cups of coffee, watching the mountains, thinking about yesterdays and today, but not tomorrow. When he got up to pay the bill and leave, his eyes were dry and his heart light. He had made up his mind. He would die today.

The big 74 lay on its side, the fork bent and the front wheel mangled. Clark looked at the scratches in the gravel and pieced together what must have happened. A truck had apparently backed its trailer over the bike; it appeared to have been an accident, maybe even unknown to the trucker who had done it. If a trucker had wanted to waste his bike, he'd have given it a direct hit.

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As it was, the damage wasn't really all that serious — except that he was out in the middle of nowhere. Getting a new wheel and fork could mean a trip into Vegas or Phoenix. He didn't want that. He wanted to die. Today. Quickly. On his bike. In the desert among the mountains and memories of yesterdays. He stood motionless, not thinking, not reacting, stunned, like a stranded man wondering whether to go east or west.

A chromed chopper led six bikes into the truck parking lot. A three-wheeler brought up the rear. All six bikers were packing women. The brother on the chopper was the first to spot Clark and his downed bike, and he turned his head and motioned to the others. In a moment, they were gathered around Clark.

"Ridin' alone, man?" the leader asked.

"Yeah. Like a fool, I parked the scoot in the truck lot. Brains got scrambled in a spill this morning. Wheel's no good no more and the fork's bent."

"Well, you're in luck, brother. We're packing a parts stash. Hey, Lugnuts! Bring up the trash box. See if we got a good wheel in there.'

The three-wheeler pulled up even with Clark's bike, and a beer-belly dude with glasses got off and opened the trunk lid. "What's happening, man?" he grunted at Clark.

Clark smiled briefly. The other bikers and their ol' ladies were off their bikes too, examining the damaged scoot and making comments.

"Ain't got no fork, for sure, Red Rooster. Got a wheel, though. That should work okay."

"We might get a torch from the garage and bend 'er back in shape," said the red-haired leader. "Gimme a tool box. Charlie, help us turn her over. Snake, bring up a pan for the gas. Linda," he said to his ol' lady, "you and the gals grab us some coffee. This is going to take a while."

Ignoring Clark to some extent, the brothers began to work on the bike.

"Appreciate the help, man," Clark said to the leader.

"No sweat, friend. Been in some fixes myself." He looked at Clark, at the weathered leathers, the Harley cap, the gray beard, the re-heeled boots, and he knew by all the signs that he was looking at a brother. Also, no Sunday scooter freak had a bike like this one. The motorcycle showed love, a masterpiece of craft and pride. Red Rooster wondered why Clark was alone on the road, particularly on this strip. Few bikers

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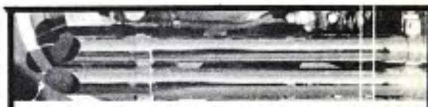

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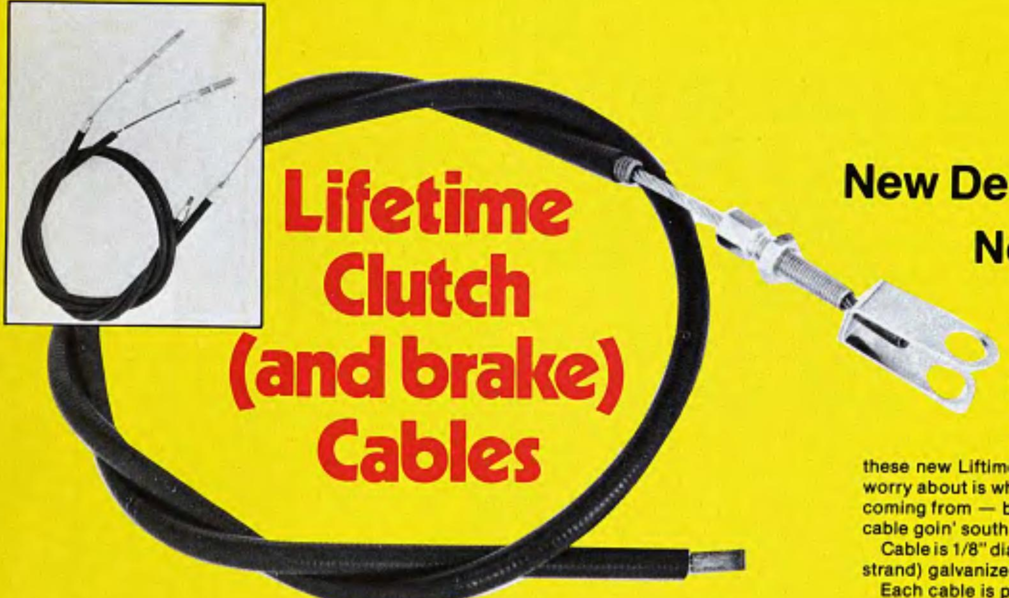

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travel the desert alone. "You got family, man?"

"Just me and the Hog."

"Heavy trip alone, bro. Well, we'll get you fixed up to ride shortly. Which way you headed?"

Clark thought for a moment. Which way *was* he headed? "Dallas," he answered finally.

Red Rooster smiled. "Good town, Big D. I did a stint at the fed hospital in Ft. Worth once. Spent some time in Big D. My ol' lady's from Houston. Your ol' lady split on you?"

"She died last year in Dallas."

"Sorry, bro. Didn't mean to pry."

"It's cool. You didn't know."

The gals returned with carry-out cups of coffee. The brothers had gotten the fork off and taken it to the garage behind the truck stop.

"Lugnuts is good with a welding rig. He can heat up a piece of iron and sculpture it. That old Hog's got some good years left in it. Be good as new in another fifteen minutes."

"You ridin' far?" quizzed Red Rooster's ol' lady, a blonde wearing tight jeans and a leather jacket.

Red Rooster frowned at her. "He's going to Dallas. You ask too many questions."

"Think I'll go in and see how it's coming along," Clark said, wanting to take the strain off his new-found friend.

When Clark had disappeared into the garage, Red Rooster turned to the blonde. "His ol' lady died last year," he said.

"I'm sorry, baby. I wouldn't have said anything if I'd known. He looks —"

"— alone," Rooster finished for her. "Heavy dude. Class. A real brother. Bet he was riding that Hog long before we were sprouts."

"Rooster?"

"Yeah, sugar?"

"You sense something about him? I mean, something more than just being on his own?"

Rooster had ridden the desert alone one time. Today, the instant they had pulled up next to Clark, he had seen the look on the man's face, seen the freedom in the calm eyes. But with Clark, he had seen more than just the calm eyes — he had seen the sadness. He had seen death.

"Maybe he needs family," the girl said.

Rooster shook his head. "No, babe. He needs something more than family. He needs to be what he is. We need him, not the other way around. We owe those Harleys there to him. I mean, dudes like him made a Harley a Harley."

The girl poked Rooster in the ribs.

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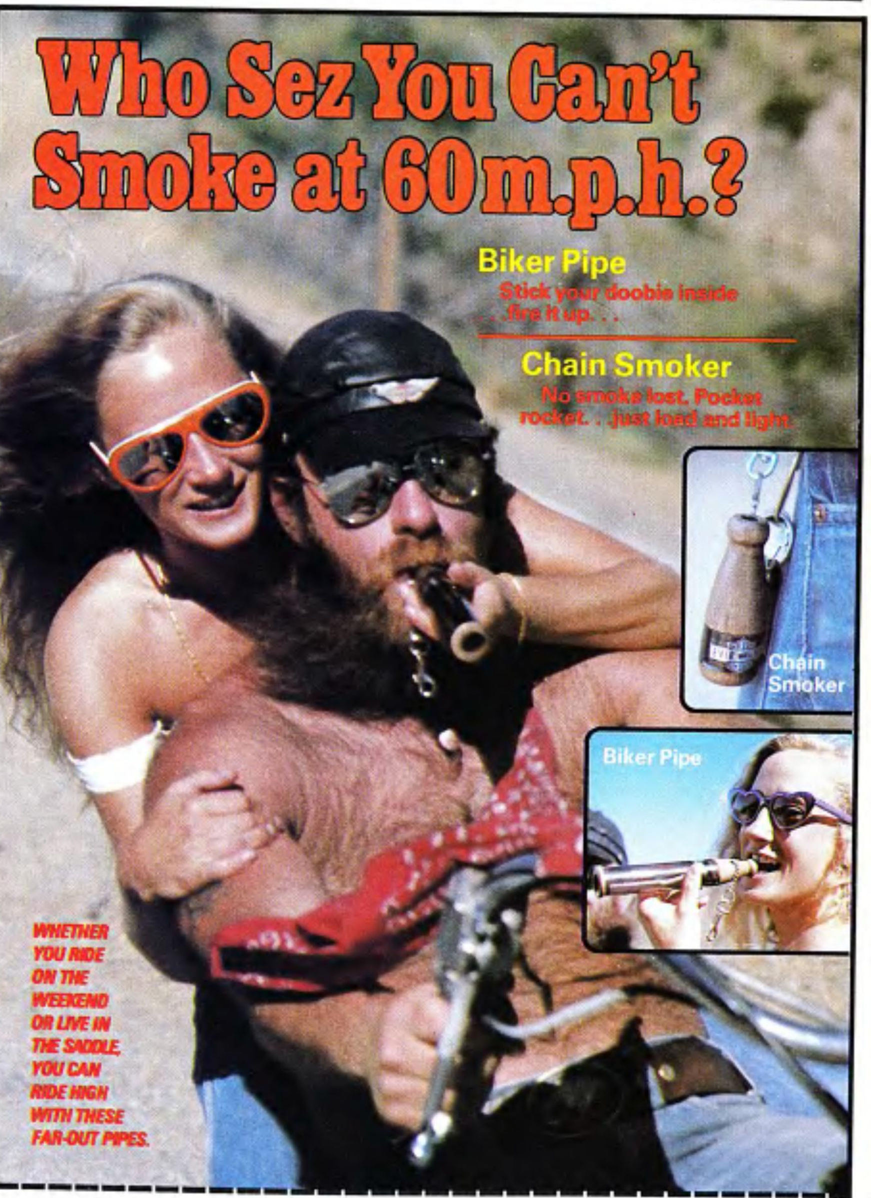

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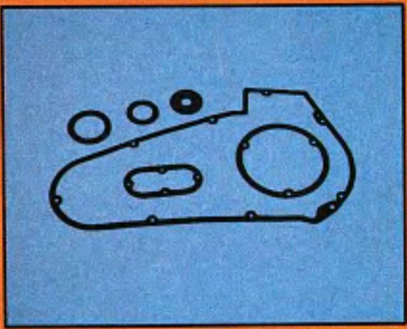

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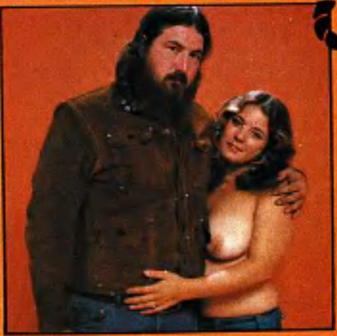

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"You saying he needs love, baby?"

Rooster was embarrassed. Love was an ol' lady's word to him. The girl giggled.

"That talk is love, baby," she chided.

He gave in and smiled. "Maybe. Quiet! Here they come."

"Got 'er good as new," Lugnuts said. "Have it back together in another ten minutes."

Clark looked happy, even loose and at ease, less a stranger than he had when the group first rode up. It felt good being around his new brothers. But shortly, he knew, they would leave, put it back in the wind and leave him and the old Hog to the business at hand. Death still slept in his thoughts. At least, he thought, the Hog and I can go together. He could take the last worldly thing he cherished with him to the mountains he loved, to join the woman he loved.

"There, she's done," Lugnuts said proudly. "Good as new. Lot of years left. Man, that's some scoot."

"I want to pay you," Clark said. "I'd have had to go to Phoenix to get a wheel. Don't know if I'd have been able to fix the fork, either. I owe you guys a lot."

"Time to ride," Rooster said. "You ready, bro?"

Clark turned to look for the "bro." All eyes were on him, silent.

"Me?" Clark asked quizzically.

Rooster smiled and nodded.

"Well, guess I can ride with you far as you go. Be good to have company. Ain't rode with nobody since —"

"Climb aboard, everybody," Lugnuts interrupted. "We got to make Flagstaff before late afternoon."

Engines kicked over. Clark and Rooster mounted their bikes and started the engines. Seven clutch levers were held. The group waited for its leader to pull out. No bike moved. Clark looked from one rider to another. All eyes were on him again.

Rooster smiled at Clark. "We going to Dallas, bro, or we gonna sit here all day and eyeball each other?"

Clark eased out the clutch and the big Hog rolled forward. The other six bikes followed suit and moved in close behind him, the three-wheeler taking the rear. The front wheel of Clark's Hog hit the pavement to the entrance ramp and he shifted, picking up speed.

At 60mph, the sound of seven roaring Harleys cleared the sadness from his mind. Melancholy and death were blown away in the wind. ■

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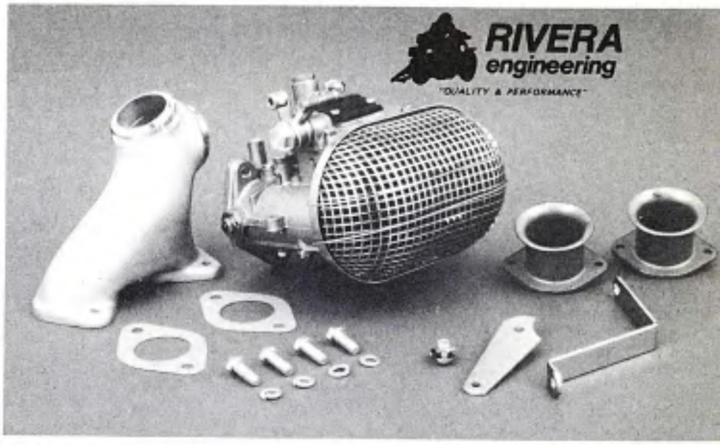
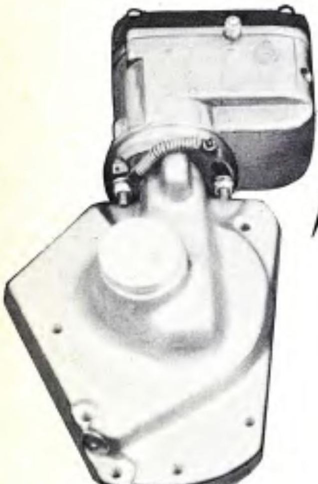
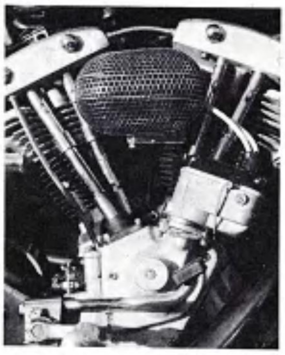
Dell 'Orto Carburetor Kits For Harleys



Here's bolt-on high performance for your scoot. Lots of time has been spent in research and development to adapt this carb for motorcycle use. What you're getting is a dual barreled sidedraft carburetor with dimensions identical to a Weber or Solex. The Dell 'Orto is actually two carbs in one, siamesed by a common float bowl. It utilizes dual throats containing individual venturies and separate jetting. This 40mm beauty is available with either a straight-out or new plenumed manifold which angles 25° to the front of the bike, eliminating the common leg clearance problem. All our kits include the carburetor, manifold, velocity stacks, breather type air cleaner and all necessary hardware for easy installation on yours. Complete tuning instructions are also included. Each Dell 'Orto kit is priced at $229.95. #135041 comes with angled manifold and fits Shovelheads & Sportsters. #135042 is delivered with straight manifold. If you've got a Panhead, order #135043.



MORRIS MAGNETO



Morris Magneto For Harley Big Twins

If you own a 1970 and later Big Twin Harley here's magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting. This unit is "manually retardable," making starting much easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically. Another big bonus is that this magneto mounts upright eliminating a common fear of potential damage. Supplied complete with a new cam cover, all necessary hardware and installation instructions are delivered with this unit. Order yours by #13605 for $349.95. You'll love it!

Electric Start Belt Drive For Harleys

phase 3 OF AMERICA INC

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

Get behind a real winner! Any Harley 74, 80 or big stroker up to 106 cu. in. will come alive with this unit. Featuring a tough 1½", 11mm Uniroyal belt that's 60% lighter than your stock chain drive and designed to live longer, this kit will improve the overall performance of your bike. With pulleys machined from a prime aluminum alloy and hardened to aircraft specs along with engine shaft inserts machined from 4130 chromeoly, this unit can handle all you give it. Besides being Bonneville and dragstrip proven, thousands of everyday riders continue to make the switch. Believe us . . . runnin' with the belt is a must! Get yours today for any 1965 and later Big Twin by ordering #143066, priced at $225.00.

ADVERTISEMENT

Jammer's

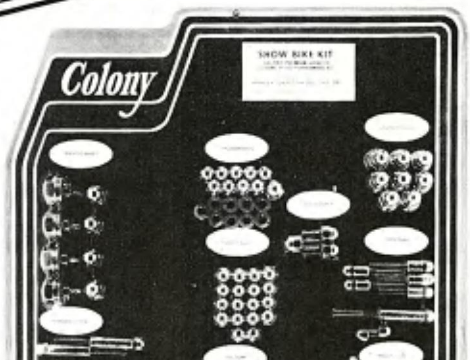
Chrome Oil Cooler For Harleys

You know the damage hot oil temperatures can do. Well, here's your cure! This oil cooler will reduce hot oil temperatures 20 to 80 degrees. Since each 20 degree drop in oil temperature doubles, yes doubles, engine and clutch life that's reason enough to run this chromed medicine. Besides looking good, cooling takes place rapidly. Featuring a patented inner swirl core design hot engine oil is swirled and turbulated as it passes through the cooler. At the same time, external fins force the outside air against the cooling surface. This combination of inner and outer swirling provides twice the cooling power, making this unit the overall choice in its field. Get yours now by ordering #37042 for Harley Big Twins and Sportsters, priced at $109.90.

Mulholland Shocks For Late Model Harleys

If you're looking for a heavy duty replacement shock set for your tired old ones, we've got 'em. Our complete kits will do the chores without complaint. Any 1973 and later FL or FX model (except FLT) will ride better after this quick and easy installation. Featuring mirror chrome springs & cans, this set is delivered completely assembled and ready to ride on. They are design engineered to work and look right for your model . . . this makes the difference! Selling for $159.95 a set, order #78031.

COLONY



Chrome & Gold Show Bike Kits For Shovelheads

Take a long look at the hardware on your engine and transmission. It probably doesn't do much towards bringing out the real beauty of your pride and joy. Our chrome and gold show bike kits are designed specifically for enhancing the other work that's gone into your bike. What we've got for you is all the necessary replacement hardware for the rocker shafts, primary cover, lifter base, cylinder base & head, oil pump, motor case, rocker box, cam cover, air cleaner, transmission and plug. Once installed, we know you'll wonder why you waited so long. Any 1978 and later Shovelhead should have one. Our chrome plated kit is $172.00 (#124043), 24 carat gold is $230.00 (#124059).

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

Jammer's

Pushrod & Lifter Conversion Kits For Harleys

If you're tired of hydraulic lifters collapsing, yet you don't want solids because they have to be adjusted too often, we've got the cure . . . our pushrod and lifter conversion kits. This item is also a must when you're running a hot cam, but it's also a great improvement even with a stock cam. You're not going to gain gobs of horsepower without using a cam with them, but you won't be losing any because of a hydraulic lifter being half collapsed either. Installation is very simple and we supply everything necessary, including four aluminum alloy adjustable tubular pushrods. Each kit is yours for $39.95. #140015 works on 1953-1965 Big Twins, #140016 on 1966 and later Shovelheads.

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)

Joe Hunt Magneto For 1937-1969 Harleys

Designed for 61", 74" and stroked OHV Big Twins, this magneto is a living legend. Ask anyone who's been around . . . they work, they look good and they'll do wonders towards increasing the performance of your bike. You can run this beauty without a battery for hassle-free ignition as well as pull the r's assured you'll get the spark you need. So, why not replace the ol' distributor and do what so many have for years . . . switch to mag power. Delivered complete with points and condensor for $229.26 (#13602). Remember to order the hold-down clamp for installation at $3.95 (#136021).

High Performance Pistons For Harleys

These are our choice for overall performance, dependability and quality. Manley's pistons are forged from special high silicone aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in giving you a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands without sacrificing seal and power. Add to this the original dome shape for maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug, and you've got everything worth wanting! Each piston is shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings.

Forged Aluminum Pistons

Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
12606	74 4¼" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
12607	74 4¼" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
12608	74 4¼" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
12609	74 4¼" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
126011	74 4½" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
126012	74 4½" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
126013	74 4½" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
126014	74 4½" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75

Forged Aluminum Pistons

Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each
12605	80 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
126010	80 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
126015	80 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
126020	80 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
126016	Sportster 1000	.010	10.5	58.75
126017	Sportster 1000	.020	10.6	58.75
126018	Sportster 1000	.040	10.7	58.75
126019	Sportster 1000	.060	10.8	58.75

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Those eligible to order C.O.D. must remit a minimum of 25% deposit when placing the order. Order will be shipped C.O.D. for balance plus shipping and handling.

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15.01 - 25 Dollars	20% of parts total
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Sorry, we cannot offer freight-paid on foreign shipments.
Please include correct postage.

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QTY	PART #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	TOTAL

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☐ PARCEL POST
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A./B. Cross Country Saddlebags
Lightweight saddlebags made with tough cowhide and water repellant woven nylon cordura. Features built-in map pockets in the bag. Measures 13″ l x 12″ h x 5½″ w.

51011........ Brown 106.95
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C./D. Winged Wheel Saddlebags
We've been sellin' these for years. Tough and durable they're a favorite on any bike. Large measures 12″ w x 9″ h x 4½″ d. Small measures 9″ l x 7½″ x 2¾″ w.

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51013......... Small 66.95

E. Oval Saddlebag
A big favorite, handcrafted in beautiful leather. Measures 12″ l x 9″ h x 5″ w.

51017.........................99.95

F./G. Utility Bags
These upright leather tool bags hold a bunch. Come complete with straps. Large measures 8½″ w x 11″ h x 5″ d. Small measures 5½″ l x 10″ h x 3½″ w.

51030......... Large 48.95
51019......... Small 32.95

H./I. Winged Wheel Bike Bags
Use these bags most anywhere. They'll fit tightly over your sissy bar alone, or they'll expand to fit over both your bar and seat. Everyone uses them! Choose from the regular size 9″ w x 7½″ h x 2¾″ d or the extra large which measures 12″ l x 9″ h x 4½″ w.

5109 .... Regular 30.95
51012........ X-Large 48.95

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

Choppershopper

Continued from page 83

Wanted: First 20 issues of Easyriders, or will buy complete set and sell all the issues I have—some single, double, and triple copies. Bill Hendrikson, 1219 S. Gates St., Aurora, Ill. 60505. (109)

Lonesome biker with some bread and a fine machine needs a lady small and sweet for riding in the wind, wherever the front wheel goes and fair winds blow, from June until September, with only the bike and a tent for home. If you're an easy-riding, loving lady who is slim and trim and wants to hit the road, then send a scribe to Box 703, 1250 Oakmead Pkwy., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086. (109)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

KC: Don't forget 7-31-77. Always yours in my heart. Fire Ass. (109)

J.G.: Happy anniversary, honey. The happiest times of my life were spent with you these past two years. Keep that "wood" burning. I'll love you forever. Your babe. (109)

Rhode Island bikers: Small club looking for a few more good bros in central R.I. If you always have to prove you're badass, or you're on a power trip, don't bother writing. If you like good partyin' and hard ridin' and bros you can rely on, write to M.C., Box 511, Coventry, R.I. 02816. (109)

Detained, good-looking w/m, 34 years old, dark blue eyes, 6' tall, 195 lbs. I am intelligent, sensitive, and sincere. I desire a sweet mama who is physically attractive and mentally together. Picture appreciated. Will answer all. Michael Keeyes, Rm. 1223, P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (109)

Faith: You are the life in me, you fox. Tennessee doesn't know how lucky it is, but this man in Oklahoma does. I love you with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength—forever. Your Jesse. FLJ and JLF forever! (109)

Mario: Hope you've surfaced and are back on your scoot by the time you read this. We are counting the days, too. Love, DJ, Pip, Mac, and Slam Dunc. (109

Loni: Happy anniversary, 7-3. Let's get married at Sturgis! Love ya! Your man. (109)

Ray: Happy birthday, 4-29-56. You're the best ol' man I could ever ask for. I hope we're in the wind for a long time into the future. I love you, baby. Forever, Leslie. (109)

Happy birthday, Joker, 6-2-82. I'm glad ya found me. We'll be in the wind yet. Love ya forever, Annie. (109)

Need ladies to write blond, green-eyed, 200-lbs., 6'3" Ron Blucher, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933. All answered. (109)

4-20-82 Robin: I love you more than yesterday, and less than tomorrow. Bridget (Fla.). (109)

Free bird caged in N.Y. 27-year-old Taurus. Females, write to Howard Ferber #81-A-4331, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (109)

Rugrat: May you always ride the way you love me—hard, swift, and well-lubed. Happy birthday from your lovin' woman. (109)

Attention, ladies: White male, 28, doing a dime, looking for that special lady interested in planting some roots. Picture appreciated. Robert Walsh #67420, Box F-1, Leesburg, N.J. 08327. (109)

Cloudy days ahead. How about some of you honeys putting a little sunshine in our lives? Write to Pete Janulis #67047, or Robert Ramouth #65417, Box F-1, Leesburg, N.J. 08327. (109)

Prather: Happy 7th anniversary, 7-82, and birthday, 8-82. You're the best, baby. The circle has no end. I love you. Apache Lady. (109)

Bandido Oz 1%er. You're the neatest daddy ever. Keep ridin' that Harley in the wind. Lots of love to you from all your bros, myself, and the ol' ladies. BFFB. Emerald Eyes. (109)

Dreamer: Thanks again for a fantastic ride. You definitely make my dreams come true. I'd love to do the same for you, and then some. And then some more. Always, Fantasy. (109)

Lonely. Need mail in the worst kind of way. Will answer all serious-minded people, 18-80. Thomas Simmons #296694, Thomas Jorden #286907, Charles Shannon #287259, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515. (109)

Leaving mid-Sept. '82, down the east coast to Florida. I want to meet good scooter people on the way. Please write. Bruce Densmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, Maine 04029. (109)

Sunshine in Hull, Mass.: Still loving you after all these years. Please write Stacy, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502-0800. (109)

Sheri: Happy birthday, 6-7-82. I love you, babe. Stay high, stay free, with me. Love, Barry (109)

Boone brothers from Houston need ladies to write, visit, exchange flicks. Willard Boone #304669, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478. Tommy Boone #283484, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851, Frank Boone #295292, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (109)

Collecting motorcycle license plates. Will swap Michigan for any other state or country. Falcon Fred, 32611 Utica, Fraser, Mich. 48026. (109)

Mellow dude, 30, 6 ft., 200 lbs., has knuckle and pan, also a job. Would like to meet one good lady who likes camping quiet times around a fireplace, not heavy into drugs. Rugrats okay. Send photos to Michael Scott, 17537 Chatsworth, Granada Hills, Calif. 91344. (109)

Good-looking, 26-year-old So. Calif. white bro down with '82 date. Females, drop me a line. Richard Falkenthal #C-27755, Box 500-AU-81, Chino, Calif. 91710. (109)

Non-possessive biker, 34, with good job, needs carefree, open-minded lady. Must like to ride and party. Box 18429, Denver, Colo. 80218. (109)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (109)

Man wants woman: White, 43, 170-lb. welder, hopefully getting out of prison soon. Been down for 12 years and need a female who's willing to start from scratch. Write me and let's talk about it. Jody Worton #219636, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (109)

Dude, 24, getting out this year, is looking for a righteous chick to putt and party with. Michael Fay #153518, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (109)

Alarm/attack-dog training, personal bodyguard, the ultimate companion. Don't be tomorrow's victim. Step-by-step, you teach at home. Send $15 to Manstopper Enterprises, Box 5187, Portland, Ore. 97208. (109)

White Wis. biker, 25, 6'2", 220 lbs., wants to hear from hardcore women between Wis. and Calif. Need places to stop at and party while heading toward L.A. on run this summer. Reply to Fellas, Box 211, Mayville, Wis. 53050. (109)

$100 per week part time at home. Webster, America's popular dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Call (716) 842-6000, ext. 7140. (109)

Leroy: Happy belated birthday, 2-10. Wish we could have had our run, but that's life. Hope someone puts a smile on your face like the ones you left on mine. Ride free and in the wind forever. Judy. (109)

Southern California 1%er, 34, 6'2", 185, long blond hair, green eyes, Leo, handsome musician, wants pretty, 18-35 ladies (no dogs) to write, with pics. Stacy Schmidt #33999, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502-0800. (109)

Tattoo artists: Huck Spaulding and his staff want to thank all you great people out there in the tattoo world for your support during 1981. We have lots of new equipment and products for 1982, made possible through you, our #1 customers. Don't miss our new 100-page color catalog. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (113)

Lee Theirault and Zeke Klopp: Contact Carl (Zeke) Riedel at 607 Richey, #137, Pasadena, Tex. 77506. Also anyone else from Sellers. (109)

W/m, Texas prisoner needs real woman to treat me right. Charles Williams #275344 Darrington, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (109

W/m, 27 years old, discharges in July. Spent 5 years in hell lookin' for fine lady who can show me heaven. She'll need to sparkle when I call her baby, and not run home to momma twice a week. Must understand meaning of "TCB." Help me get my ride back and we'll see who can make the other laugh the most. Kid or two acceptable, but not a whole truckload. Send photo. Michael Philpot #270087, Rt. #3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (109)

Chicano Harley rider needs sincere lady, 25-35, to start over. One kid super. Would consider relocation for right one. Send picture with letter. D.A., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (109)

Attention, ladies: I'm a w/m, 28, who's sincere and lonely in prison. I draw, play a guitar, and write poems. Please write when you can, and I'll answer all. Edward Nicholas, Box A-6216, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (109)

Rick C.: Happy birthday, hon. You're our #1 forever. Love ya, Lynn and Robbie. (109)

Sex/drug prices. Send sase to Smoky, Rt. 4, Box 1055, Minden, La. 71055. (109)

Desperately need girl. Jerry Rogers, Box E-41, New Bedford Mass. 02740. (109)

Ladies: Need mellow ol' lady, 18-24. Send kite and photo to Gregg "Rebel" Combs, Box 5203, Bloomington, Ind. 47402. (109)

Bill: Happy anniversary. Nine great years, and many more. Love always, Patti and Daniel. (109)

Eddie: Happy belated birthday. You know we love you and want you home with us. Love, Clara, Brian, Adam, Ed Jr. (109)

Beautiful, particular girl in Baltimore is now ready to settle down into serious relationship with that "one in a million guy." Must be 6 ft. or over, 29-33, extremely good-lookng, clean, intelligent, sincere, have good personality and long, thick, shagged hair. Absolutely no exceptions to the above. No hardcores. I prefer the loner type. If you're looking for anything other than a serious relationship, don't waste my time. Baltimore and Maryland residents only. Valerie, 522-3188. (109)

35-year-old w/m looking for a sincere relationship with a special lady. If you're tired of one-night stands and want to develop a special relationship, leave the games with your last one. Marriage-minded. Samuel Mohren #B-49210, Box 500-C-226, Chino, Calif. 91710. (109)

26-year-old downed bro, out in '83, seeking marriage-minded lady, 18-30. Write with photo soon. Bruce Gibbs #304209, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (109)

Ladies: Are you in need of a friend or a pen pal to rap to? I'm 22, white, and have blue eyes. I'm an inmate photographer looking for all those ladies who are into photography, the outdoors, and making new friends. I will answer all letters immediately, and will exchange flicks. So drop me a line. Rick Pruitt #102157, Box 351, Waupun, Wis. 53963-0351. (109)

White male, 27, looking for a sexy and attractive woman, 25-30, for a permanent relationship. Must be honest, level-headed, gentle, and a very loving one-man woman. Must be willing to relocate to Kentucky. Must love Harleys and traveling. Include recent photo. Steve B., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (109)

The Country Gentleman is down again, ladies. Looking for the woman worth my trust. Must be solid white. I love redheads, but any worthy fox will do. Send a flick with first letter, and I'll do the same. I'm 6'1½", 230 lbs., hazel eyes, brown hair, handsome, and horny. But you'll have to be able to wait another year at least, ladies, 'cause I don't play no games. Carl T. Riley Jr. #39522, Box 7, 4-A-958, Moberly, Mo. 65270. (109)

Tired of sending hearts and flowers? Then send ours. Twelve original pen-and-ink all-occasion cards with the biker in mind. Insides of cards are blank, because nobody can say it like you can. $8 per set, prepaid. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order today to Cards, Box 8, Lincoln City, Ore. 97367. (109)

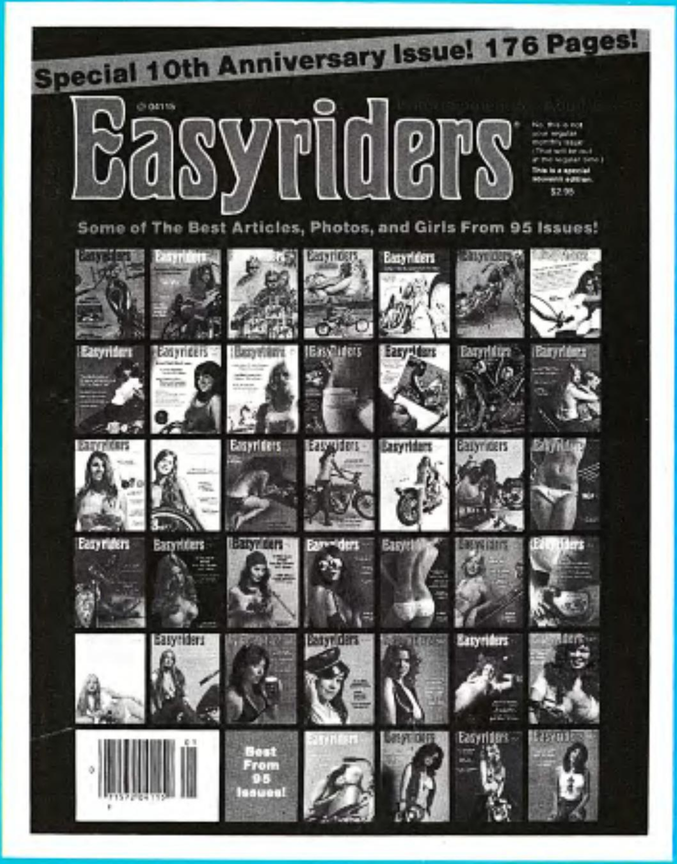
Kelly: Please get in touch with Rip. I lost my phone book. Call and leave message at (213) 889-8740. (110)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for White Rights and against government tyranny! Write for free information and a copy of our newspaper, the White Patriot. We also have available Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items. 1214 Old Lee Highway, Tuscumbia, Ala. 35674. Phone (205) 383-5468. (116)

Ladies: I need letters to help me through this year I have left. I'm 26, brown hair and eyes, 5'10", and 175 lbs. Wayne Belt #33803, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

Rick: Happy birthday, July 18. I love you more than you'll ever know. You're the best. Marci. (109)

Remember This Magazine?



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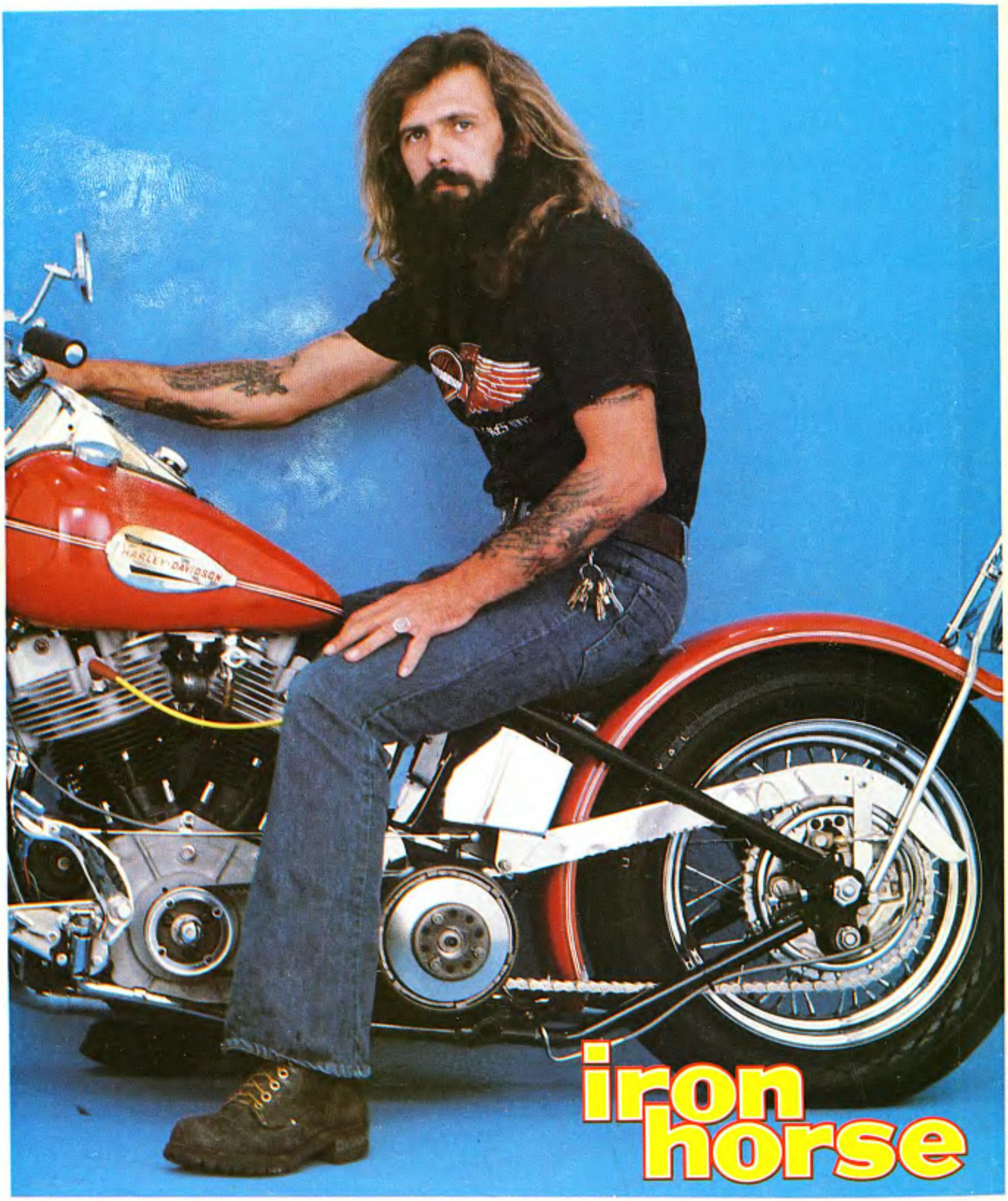
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